

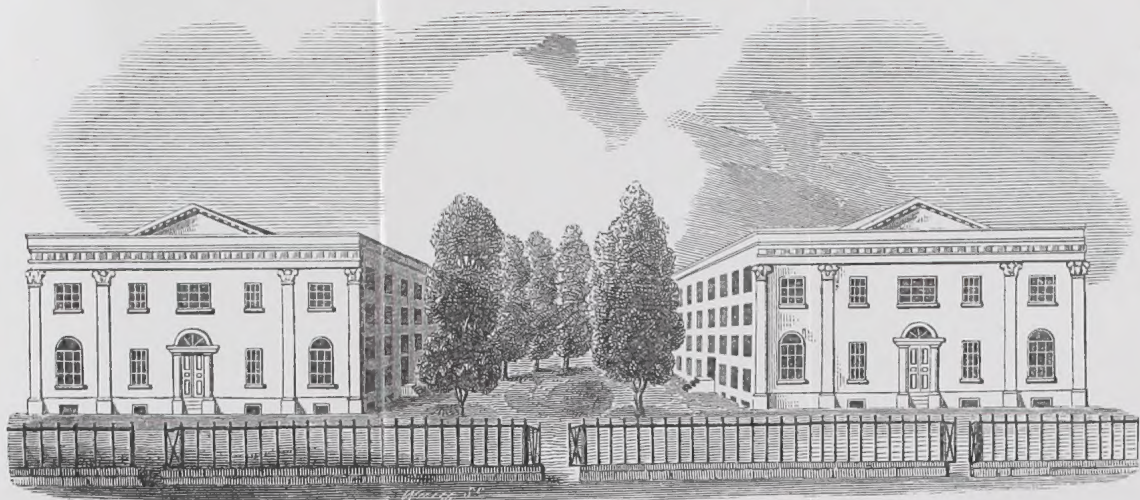
This When a Medical
Student

Mrs. C. H. Nassau.
Care of Rev. C. W. Nassau, D.D.,
Lawrenceville,
New Jersey.



R.H.N.

Nov. 1859



UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia Wednesday Nov. 30. 37.

Dear Mother,

The Fall of 1837 shall not close without a letter from Hamill to his Mother. This is the last day of Autumn, & I am glad it is Wednesday, for it & Saturdays are my writing days. I had set apart last Wednesday for the purpose, but it happening down, I deferred it, knowing he would not be a letter's post.

I was glad to know from him that you had recovered from your cold & fever, under which you were suffering when I was with you 4 months ago. I pray you may not have a recurrence of it.

Probably the weather would seem colder at home than here; with you, whatever wind blows is

caught & felt; & probably the face of the counter looks more desolate, cold. Yet notwithstanding its desolation, I long sometimes to see it. It would be a strong conviction of duty that could make me settle in a city, however pleasant the situation might be.

My location here is a very agreeable one, thanks to you & Pa, & sisters, & a directing Providence. I wish I could repay you all; love is all that I can give & have given, & even of that I am conscious of having failed to make the proper manifestations. I have not a necessity which is not supplied. Pa suggested to me that perhaps this very superabundance of provision was my source of danger. The idea was a new one, & I have kept it by me. It has been a sort of amulet. I am not disposed to be careless when you are under your eye; on the contrary, I think I can say that I have felt & acted better in Princeton & here than in Lawrenceville.

I have not been at Grandpa's since Pa was here, & so I do not know how grandparents are. I took dinner & spent Thanksgiving at Mr. McLammon's new house on Logan Square. I have always enjoyed my visits with

that branch of my family ^{more} than with any other of my Philadelphia relations. The education & refinement & Christian cordiality & undisguised friendship that has always characterized my reception by Mr. Milb. & cousins was the same, ^{the other day} that it always had been, though I must acknowledge I had treated them very shabbily by living here two months before they knew of my presence in the city. Mary appears very sad. She inquired for you all & particularly for Bella. I wish if Bella happens ~~to~~ here this winter, she would go with me, & make ^{at least} a short call.

I have gained a good ^{deal} by making the change of room I spoke of when at home in October.

Instead of occupying half of a room, the other half of which was constantly open to all sorts of transient boarders, I have come into a room, half of which was already occupied by a permanent boarder. He is a pleasant young gentleman; intelligent, of good manners, exemplary character, & exhibiting excellent home training. I see such wretched characters, the result of bad culture at their homes, that I value good ones wherever they are found. If I were an autocrat, I am afraid I would be disposed to

issue some very stringent marriage laws, involving
as conditions good moral & physical education.

Since Pa was here last week, I have
been concerned for my future duty. Not as to
whether I should go on a foreign mission; for that
is with me no longer an open question; & you have
~~there~~ given your consent, which of course you will
not withdraw. Not as to whether Africa should be
my designation; for my preference still exists, & I
hope parents will interpose no objection, - obstacles
arising from others I can disregard. But as to
whether I should now present my name to the Board.
This is complicated with a suggestion of Pa's, that
I should spend a ~~year~~ ^{year or two} at medicine. Of
this I had no idea when I came down this
fall. These last two questions are dependant on
each other & must soon be settled. The Profss.
-sas here are almost all Christians, & if I ask
them, of course they as physicians would say, study
longer; if I ask the Board, they in a desire for service,
might be disposed to advise my going sooner.

I know where wisdom is obtained, ^{but} I want
my friends to invoke its aid for me.

Always your obedient son,
Hamill.

M.S. of "My Life",
to be placed in the hands
of Prof. Libbey of
Princeton University

No. 1. { 1835 }
 { 1876 }

R. H. Nassau

NASSAU, Robert Hamill
AutobiographyLoose items BOX 1 MS
NL875a

Speer Library

1. Small stamped (3 cts. Philadelphia, Dec. 1, 1859) envelope, 11.2 x 6.3 cm.
addressed to: Mrs. H.H. Nassau, Care of Rev. C.W. Nassau, D.D., Lawrenceville,
New Jersey
added comment by RHN: This when a Medical Student
on the back: R.H.N. Nov. 1859
 2. Contents of envelope: One sheet of ruled stationery with engraved picture of "UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA."
Manuscript letter dated Philadelphia Wednesday Nov. 30, '59 addressed to "Dear Mother," four pages closing with "Always your obedient son, Hamill."
 3. Shipping tag: M.S. of "My Life", to be placed in the hands of Prof. Libbey of Princeton University (sic) R.H. Nassau No. 1. 1835 - 1876 Crossed out on verso: thin Summer dress Shoe.
- 18 tied packets of M.S. sheets numbered 1 - 512
- | | |
|---|--|
| packet 1.
(1 - 14) | pp. 1-6 Genealogical; Chapter I <u>At Montgomery Square</u> 1838-1841
p. 14 Chapter II <u>At Easton</u> 1841-1850
(clipping pasted onto p. 7 in 2 parts) |
| packet 2.
(15-31) | continuation of chap. II |
| packet 3.
(32-45) | p. 33 Chapter III <u>At Lawrenceville School</u> 1850-1851 |
| packet 4.
(46-71 + 66 1/2) | p. 46 Chapter IV <u>At Princeton College</u> 1851-1854
continuation of chap. IV |
| packet 5.
(72-81) | p. 73 Chapter V <u>A Teacher</u> 1854-1856 |
| packet 6.
(82-129 + 109 1/2) | p. 82 Chapter VI <u>In the Theological Seminary</u> 1856-1859
(clipping pasted on p. 127) |
| packet 7.
(130-153 + 152 1/2) | p. 130 Chapter VII <u>Studying Medicine</u> 1859-1861
(clippings - 2 parts - pasted on p. 153) |
| packet 8.
(154-172) | p. 154 Chapter VIII <u>A Touch of Nausea</u> July 1861 |
| packet 9.
(173-191) | p. 173 Chapter IX <u>Journal of the Voyage to Corisco</u>
July - Sept. 1861
(on 14 pages clippings are pasted from The Presbyterian with the text of letters he sent to the USA) |
| packet 10.
(192-286) | p. 192 Chapter X <u>On Corisco Island</u> Sept. 1861-Oct. 1865 |
| packet 11.
(287-338) | p. 287 Chapter XI <u>At Benita</u> Oct. 1865 - Dec. 1871
(writing on page 338 crossed out) |
| packet 12.
(338 repeat-371
+ 367 1/2, 367 1/4, 369 1/2) | p. 338 Chapter XII <u>On Furlough</u> Dec. 1871 - April 1874 |
| packet 13.
(372-385) | p. 372 Chapter XIII <u>Return to Africa</u> . April, May, 1874 |
| packet 14.
(386-404) | p. 386 Chapter XIV <u>Benita Re-visited</u> June, July 1874 |
| packet 15.
(405-418) | p. 405 Chapter XV <u>Preparations</u> July, Aug. 1874 |
| packet 16.
(419-427) | p. 419 Chapter XVI <u>Entering the Ogowe</u> Sept. 1874 |
| packet 17.
(428-464) | p. 428 Chapter XVII <u>Prospecting</u> Oct. 1874 - Sept. 1875 |
| packet 18.
(465-512, error: 482 missing, 483 twice) | p. 465 Chapter XVIII <u>At Belambala</u> Sept. 1875-Oct. 1876 |

MS.
N1875a

Box 1

1

Rev. Robert Hamill Nassau. M.D., S.T.D.

His Autobiography.

Genealogical.

A.

Karl Hans von Nassau, of the German House of Nassau-Ussingen, emigrated with his family from Saxony to Holland, and thence to America, in 1745, and settled in Pennsylvania.

B.

His son, Charles Wilhelm Nassau, married Hester Lohmer, and amassed property in the city of Philadelphia. He died in August 1802.

C.

His eldest son, William Nassau, born June 22, 1781, married Ann Parkinson, of Kensington, Philadelphia; had his home on 5th St above Poplar, and a store on Market St, as an importer. He transferred his church-connection from the German Reformed to the Presbyterian 3^d church ("Old Pine St") under the ministry of the Rev. Archibald Alexander, D.D., and subsequently that of the Rev. Ezra Stiles Ely, D.D.. He was a Ruling Elder in that church; but, under the division of "Old" and "New", in 1837, he united with the 2^d Presbyterian church, Rev. Dr. Buyler, Pastor. He died March 17, 1860.

D.

His eldest son, the Rev. Charles William Nassau, D.D., was born, in Philadelphia, April 12th, 1804.

When only seventeen years of age he graduated with first honor, from the University of Pennsylvania, in 1821, then, he studied Theology in Princeton Seminary, N.J. Pastor of the Presbyterian churches of Norristown, and Noriton and Lower Providence, Pa., from Nov. 16th, 1825 to Oct. 21st, 1828.

Married at Norristown, April 11th, 1826, to Hannah McBlintock Hamill, second daughter of his Reeling Elder, Robert Hamill and Isabella Todd.

Subsequently, President of Lafayette College, Easton, Pa. And, later, Principal of the Female Seminary, Lawrenceville, N.J. Died at Trenton, N.J., Aug. 6th, 1878.

His children were,

Joseph:- Rev. Joseph Eastburn Nassau, D.D., Warsaw, N.Y.

Isabella Ann:- Batanga, Kamerun, West Africa.

Mary Elizabeth:- Philadelphia, Pa.

William:- William W. Nassau, M.D., Burlington, Iowa.

Hannah:- wife of Edward Wells, Esq., Peekskill, N.Y.

Robert:- Rev. Robert Hamill Nassau, M.D., S.T.D.

Letitia:- wife of Rev. Abram Gosman, D.D., Lawrenceville, N.J.

Matilda:- wife of J. R. Lourie, Esq., Warriors-mant, Pa.

Charles:- Charles William Nassau, Esq., Troy, N.Y.

Emma:- wife of Rev. William Swan, Lambertville, N.J.

The Hamill Family Tree.

Robert Hamill,
of Bush Mills, County Antrim, Ireland.

John Hamill

Hugh Hamill

Robert Hamill

Born, 1759. Settled in Norristown, Pa., 1798. Married
Isabella Todd, June 26th, 1802. Died, June 27th, 1838.

Letitia:- born April 2nd 1803,

wife of Rev. James C. How, D.D. St Georges, Del.

Andrew:- born 1804.

Hannah:- born Jan'y 27th, 1807,

wife of Rev. Charles W. Nassau, D.D., Lawrenceville, N.J.

Hugh; born Feb'y 27th, 1808. Rev. Hugh Hamill, D.D. Newark, Del.

Elizabeth; born Nov. 10th, 1809.

wife of Benjamin Davis, St Georges, Del.

William:- born 1811.

Samuel:- born July 6th, 1812;

Rev. Samuel McChistock Hamill, D.D., Lawrenceville, N.J.

Robert; born 1814.

Robert:- born April 21st, 1816.

Rev. Robert Hamill, D.D., Lamont, Pa.

Preface.

When my father retired, in ill health, from Norristown, in 1828, he went to his father's country-seat in Frankford, Philadelphia; where, in Jan'y of 1829, my sister Isabella was born. And in the fall of that year, he removed to a farm, ^{bought for him by his father} at Montgomery Square, some twenty miles north of Philadelphia. The farm work being under the care of a tenant, the hope was that, with freedom from care and with exercise in country air, my father would regain his health. He did. And he opened a private Boys' School; and preached, from time to time, in adjacent vacant churches.

There I was born of a Sunday, at 11, A.M. of Oct. 11, 1835.

A scheme was presented by speculators to organise Marion City near Hannibal, Mo. A College was to be located there; and emigrants from the East, consisting only of persons of education and refinement, were invited to locate there. The project commended itself to my grand-father's Pastor, the Rev. Ezra Stiles Ely, D.D., who induced him to invest. My father was promised a Professorship of Hebrew in a proposed Theological Department of the College.

(6)

I insert, from the Philadelphia "Press" of July 27, 1907,
a history of that project:-

~~To-morrow Famous Newspaper~~
~~Papers~~
"Phila. "Press"
July 27, 1907

There is an old bit of Missouri history almost forgotten that is well worth the telling. Historians have had very little to say of William Muldrow, one of the most noted men of the stirring period when the foundation for the present great Commonwealth was being laid by the brawn and daring of its pioneers. He was the first great Western promoter. A man whose dream of Empire was vast enough to have done credit to a Cyrus or a Napoleon, except that it differed in the one essential of not being a conquest of arms. Instead of the forced march and the establishment of kingdom by right of might, he cherished the vision of dominion by the most peaceable procedure of commercial mastery. He was going to transform the barren plains into a land teeming with people, traversed by railroads and studded with cities.

Muldrow was the unlettered son of a backwoods father—a salt-boiler by trade—yet he possessed such a strong personality and was endowed with such forceful powers of persuasiveness that he exerted a strong influence over all with whom he came in contact. He sought out men of means and intellect who listened to his marvelous prophecies and entered at once into his manifold schemes. His pet project was the exploitation of Marion City which, like Babylon of old, rose and fell. He laid his plans for a mythical city which he confidently expected to become the metropolis of the entire western country. Well equipped with numerous maps and plans he went West to "raise the wind." He told the cautious Eastern capitalists that a railroad would soon be built from his city to the West, and that it would only be a short time until its residents could board the cars at home on Monday morning and wash their faces in the Pacific Ocean the following Saturday night. He told his tale so well that he loosened the purse strings of his hearers and sold \$185,000 worth of land in and around his mythical city. A boat load of speculators passed St. Louis from the East in 1835, bound for the boom town. The sides of the boat were adorned with streamers that blazoned the destination of the party, and a brass band stirred the echoes and aroused the denizens along the way. That same year a railroad embankment—the first one built in the State—was thrown up for several miles west of the town. It was predicted that sleepy old St. Louis, whose population at that time was less than 8000 souls, would have to wake up or Marion City would forge to the front. Muldrow was the man of the hour.

But all men make mistakes, and this early promoter made a fatal one in the selection of the site of his town. It was located on the west bank of the Mississippi at a point about midway between Quincy, Ill., and Hannibal, Mo. The locality was subject to slight annual inundations, and strong objection was entered against it on this account. But Muldrow argued that St. Petersburg had been built upon a bog, that Chicago was growing upon a marsh and there was no reason why Marion City should not prosper upon the lowlands. He carried his point and in so doing doomed his project. The next Spring brought heavy rains, and the waters of the Mississippi rose higher and higher until the young town was completely submerged. Residents of the place had to move to the bluffs, and newcomers had to camp out until the flood receded. Every effort was made to keep up interest in the place, but confidence in its future had been shaken and the settlers began to drift away. After a hard struggle the town that might have beaten St. Louis for first place in the Mississippi Valley gave up the ghost. Now there is nothing left of it but the wreck of a dismantled hut, around which there is the accumulated flotsam of the floods of years. All other traces of it are obliterated by a corn field.

It took twelve years to settle up the estate of this primitive plunger, and of the many hundreds of thousands of dollars he had handled during his life there remained for his heirs only a paltry sum amounting to less than \$100.

So, in the Spring of 1836, my parents, with their family of six children, myself a six months old babe in my mother's arms, were carried across Pennsylvania by canal and stage-coach to Pittsburg, and thence, by steamboat down the Ohio, and up the Mississippi to Marion City.

The Theological Department never materialised. So, my father, for two years, was Professor of Latin and Greek in the College. Then, some thing happened. The treasurer, Muldrow, disappeared, and the funds with him. And the College collapsed. My sister Letitia was born at Marion City. Then, in June 1838, with their seven children, my parents returned to Montgomery Square, retracing the route by steamboat, up the Ohio river, and by stage and canal across Pennsylvania.

Chapter I.
At Montgomery Square.
1838 - 1841.

Many persons have doubted that memory can go back to the age of two years and eight months. I am positive that I do remember. Just like a vista-view out of a window; nothing to the right or to the left; but a distinct vision in those narrow limits.

On the upper deck of the Ohio river steam-boat, I was playing with my brothers and sisters, and happy in the possession of a new pretty velvet cap. A gust of wind carried away my precious cap into the river. And, my little heart was desolated over the loss of my treasure. To a child, it meant so much!

The Square was, as it still is, only a cross-roads village. On one corner, at that time, was a country inn and store; on another, a blacksmith shed; our ~~house~~^{stone} dwelling-house was on the diagonal corner; and, the fourth was an open field (now a grave-yard).

Since manhood, I have twice re-visited the place, riding a carriage from

the Gwynedd William Penn Inn, the two or three miles to the Square. I recognised the cool stone spring-house on the edge of a meadow, on the same side of the road as the dwelling-house. I was allowed to go through the house and recognise the old rooms. They looked very small.

Among my childhood memories of the Farm, are walks across the meadow, down to the spring-house, escorted by one of the servants, as she would be going there for milk or cream. I liked to go, for the sake of the drink of clear cold water. But, I looked with dread at the oxen feeding in the meadow, especially if they happened to advance toward us. Doubtless, their advance was not intended as offensive. Probably, they were seeking some favor. But, I feared their big eyes, and uplifted heads.

My most distinct memory, in my fourth year, is of a broken leg. The farmer, after going with produce to market, on his return, as he entered the lane, would stop to report to my father, before driving on up to the barn. On such occasions, the children were always keen to jump into the wagon, and have a ride. One day (I do not know the exact date, certainly

I was not four years old I we all ran out into the lane, and began to clamber into the wagon. Father was on the front seat of the open vehicle, sitting by the driver. The elder children had succeeded in scrambling in; but my little feet had failed. My father turned, and forbade me. He never was severe, but, he was strict. We never asked, "Why?" at any of his prohibition or restrictions. Doubtless, he had a good reason. But, I was unable to look on the joy of the others, and submit to the deprivation. I took advantage of his back, and with the connivance of the others, climbed in and sat among them. Presently, when my father happened to observe me, he said nothing; and I thought no more of the prohibition.

The barn, like so many barns, stood on a gentle slope. At the rear, an artificial earthen incline had been built up to the main floor. That incline was only a narrow drive-way, for wagon loads of hay to reach that floor. On the sides of the declivity, at irregular spaces, were large stones, as a rough preventive wall against any horse or vehicle going over a side. That rear entrance was through two very large, tall,

the broken one. For, I remember that the doctor stood at the right side of the bed, and reached across my right leg to handle my left.

I am sure that the season was in the latter part of Spring or early Summer; for, my eldest sister, to amuse me while I was recovering, made little cups and saucers of very small fallen fruit no larger than marbles.

During my sickness, a lady called to see my mother, and was brought to look on me. She was Miss Latta, from the Great Valley church, Chester Co. (Twenty-three years later, I was married to a niece of hers.) I was confined to bed four weeks. When I was allowed to rise, I was afraid to walk. My mother retained for many years, as souvenirs, the splints with which Dr. Foulke had held together the fractured bones.

At the Square, I, for the first time looked on the face of death. A young uncle, a younger brother of my father, was a frequent visitor at the Farm, from Philadelphia, as playmate of my oldest brother. One summer, on one of his visits, this uncle died. I was taken up stairs to the room, where, in the coffin resting on two chairs, the corpse lay surrounded by ice. I was lifted up, that I might look upon the face of the

wide, heavy folding doors. The wagon drove up the ascent, and on to the barn floor. There, we all alighted, and romped, while father held some conversation with the farmer. Then, he turned to go, and called us to follow. As the youngest, naturally I was the last. The others were already down the slope, with father, awaiting me. A strong March-like wind was blowing. It lifted one of the big doors from its hinges. The children screamed to me, I saw the heavy boards falling toward me. I toddled to one side of the declivity; and, unable to go farther, fell between two of those big stones. They saved my body; but, the big door, as it crashed over me, broke one of my legs below the knee. I have no memory of the pain. My father gently lifted me, and carried me in his arms to the house. He did not rebuke me. Whether it was my own conscience, or a suggestion by some one else, I thought that God had punished my disobedience. I remember the room, and the side of the bed on which I was laid, until the doctor should come. I remember his name. He was Dr. Foulke (whose descendants are living in that region to-day). I am positive that the left leg was

dead. And, then, when the hearse and line of carriages came, and the older members of the family started on the twenty-mile ride to the burial in a Philadelphia cemetery, I felt very lonely, as, leaning over the yard-gate, I watched them drive away.

There are other distinct remembrances:— of the big peach tree in the front yard; of the tall pear tree near the lane; of the great bushes of box-wood on the lawn at the rear of the house; of the old dog that died; and of the butchering of hogs. I do not remember about School or Church.

Then, in April 1841, when I was in my sixth year, my father was called to the Professorship of Latin and Greek, in Lafayette College, Easton, Pa. The neighbors came to say good-bye to the family. Among them all, I remember the name of but one, pretty Miss Steinmetz. As I sat on a little stool at the side of my eldest sister, they ~~two~~ two were chatting interestedly; and, I was looking up silently at the young lady's face, as at a pretty picture. I had no knowledge of her before that good-bye day; but, I have been recently informed that she became Mrs. Matilda Steinmetz-Vice. And, then, in a big stage-

coach, parents and eight children (my sister Matilda the babe in arms) we rode up the hill on the pike the long day's drive to Easton.

Chapter II

At Easton, 1841-1850.

The Lehigh river was on its Spring freshet, as our coach came to it, in the chill April evening, to cross on the ferry to the north or Easton side. That ferry-boat was low, flat, and without guard-rails. With some dread we looked on the rushing water, as the boat was drawn across by a pulley, fearing lest some alarm might cause the horses to plunge over-board. But, they were tired with the long journey. So were we; especially my little sister Matilda.

It being too late for us to go to the cottage on the College Hill, we were royally entertained for the night at the home of Judge James Madison Porter (at the same house on 3^d st now occupied by his grandson, Prof. Porter.) I began that evening of the first day of my life in Easton, with a demonstration of a trait of character that has remained with me almost to the present day. Naturally timid and cautious and

peace-loving, when what (to me) some great principle was in danger of attack, I rushed to its defence, even if alone, regardless of opposition, and fearless of any danger involved. In the ancient days of Persecution, I certainly would have been a Martyr. That evening at Judge Porter's, my parents with my older brothers and sisters were in the parlor, hospitably entertained by the Porter family. I and other of the younger members were playing out in the hall with the younger Porters. With us was my cousin Henry Nassau of Philadelphia, who was temporarily under my mother's care. I was behaving myself very properly; but, Henry, running up the broad stair-way, would then slide head-foremost down the heavy mahogany balustrade. This he would do with noisy shouts, and at the bottom falling with a thud on the floor. This certainly was disorderly; and, one of the Porter girls, displeased at him as he lay on the floor, exclaimed, "You ought to be spanked!" Just at that moment, Mrs Porter, who probably had heard the disorder, emerged from the parlor, and dignifiedly bade us make less noise. I do not believe that the generous lady had any thought or intention of administering any punishment.

But, in my childish simplicity, I connected her presence with her daughter's words. I sprang to my prostrate cousin, and with my little legs astride across his body, protested, "You shall not strike my cousin!" I have no memory of what followed, except that Mrs. Porter was only countenances and kind.

College Hill, at that time, had none of the present terracing and landscape-gardening. There was (as now) the long road ascending toward the eastward. But, the commonly used route was a steep flight of 220 wide heavy wooden steps that faced the Hill directly from the Bushkill bridge below, the northern terminus of 3^d street.

Instead of the present array of buildings, there were only four, old South College; to the west, the Model School; to the north, the Refectory, where the students boarded, and where dwelt the family of the man in whose charge was the College farm; and, to the east a small white framed cottage. That was my home for several years.

The Rev. George Junkin, D.D., L.L.D., had been President. But, as the result of dissensions between him and the McKeen and Porter factions of the Board of Trustees, he had resigned. In his place, had been called, from

a pastorate in Trenton, N. J., the Rev. John W. Yeomans, D. D., at the same time in 1841 that my father was called to the Vice-Presidency.

The Yeomans family lived on the first and second floors of the east end of South College. (That end has since then been added to.) They had three sons and two daughters. These five children affiliated with the Nassau eight. My mate was Louisa. We romped together on the hill-side, as "Hamill" and "Lou". Our friendship continued during her entire life. She married a wealthy gentleman of Harrisburg, Pa., Mr. James Boyd. On my furloughs from Africa, I was several times their guest.

When the continued fiction in the factions of the Board of Trustees resulted in Pres. Yeomans' resignation, Dr. Jenkins was recalled. He had four sons and three daughters; and, they became companions of the Nassau children. Of them my companion was Julia. When, later, Dr. Jenkins left, and went to the Presidency of a college in Virginia, his entire family, except Georg, married in the South, Julia returned, after the Civil War, as the widow Fishburn; and, living with her brother George in Philadelphia, was for a number of treasurer of the Presbyterian W. F. M. S.

After Dr. Junkin's departure, my father occupying the Presidency, we lived in ~~that~~ east end of South College. Prof James H. Coffin, L.L.D. (who then occupied the cottage) had a son and two daughters, who affiliated with the ten Nassaus. My mate was Selden (the Rev. Selden J. Coffin, Ph.D.).

My two elder brothers attended Model School and College. My sister Isabella attended Miss Lorrain's Female Seminary in the town. I did not go to any "School": my parents taught me at irregular hours. As my brothers' classes kept them bound to certain hours, I was available as errand-boy to run down those 220 steps to the stores of Coltingham, or Wilson, or Farguhar, or, to weed in the vegetable garden; or, to go for chickens and eggs a mile north toward Chestnut Hill (where now is a new town) to Lerch's farm. I was not a very strong child; I was afraid of dogs. But, I was too proud to let it be known. Though timid, I was brave, simply because I did not shrink from any duty however hard, when obedience to my parents was involved. (That spirit of obedience to duty has stimulated all my life.) How I dreaded those farm dogs! What detours I made to avoid their hauses! And then, how I ran, to

make up for the errands over-time spent on those detours! Had I had a dog of my own, I think that that fear would have been earlier dispelled.

I studied my lessons faithfully, ready to recite when my noble mother could find time from her many household duties. Daily there were Reading, Spelling, Geography, Arithmetic, a verse of some hymn, and once a week a question in the Westminster Catechism. I did not like Arithmetic: I remember lying on the floor, crying over a sum in "Long Division". (The only Mathematics that I ever liked was Geometry.) Under my father, I studied the Latin Grammar before I had taken up the English.

We attended the 1st Presbyterian church of the Rev. John Gray, D.D. We sat in the front pew. I never thought of sprawling or fidgeting. My neck became very tired with the steady up-lift and backward-bend of the head toward the high pulpit. I have no memory of any of Dr. Gray's sermons, except once, his pleading for famine-sufferers in Ireland. And, once, later, when I was sitting in the gallery, listening to a Revival appeal by evangelist Rev. Dr. Baker. Perhaps my boyhood thoughts wandered. I know that I watched for the entrance of certain families; among others, the

Reese family with their pretty daughter from Philipsbury, across the Delaware, in New Jersey; and the cordly bearing of Judge and Mrs Reeder (afterward Governor of Kansas.)

While as a lad I had no companions from the town of Easton, and only my brothers and sisters and the members of the families of successive Presidents already mentioned, I had the daily excitement of watching the students of the College. They marched in military order, in pairs, marshaled by one of the Tutors, as they went to their meals at the Refectory. I remember a tall young Tutor, as a marshal, leading his little brother wearing a child's bib. That child, in later days was my University class-mate (Judge Edward T. Green, L.L.D.), and that tall Tutor became my Honored Seminary Professor in Hebrew (Rev. William Henry Green, D.D., L.L.D.).

The students played "shinney" on the campus immediately in the rear of South College. Laid as I was, I frantically joined them, as keen as any of them for the defense of "my side." Doubtless, my rash presence was a nuisance to them, though none of them ever so intimidated. One day, in my zeal to stop the ball from the "other side", I stood only thirty feet from a strong young man who was having

an undisturbed chance to strike the ball a deliberate blow. With my shinty I would stop the ball when it should come to my feet. Instead of that, the ball, with fearful velocity, came in a straight line to my nose. I fell bleeding and unconscious. The distressed young man carried me to my parents. My father was just; I alone was to be blamed for my reckless audacity.

I was a very truthful and honest child. But, one day, I made a mistake as to honesty. I had been sent on an errand to Mr. Farquhar's store. While awaiting my turn, I was standing behind a man who was being served. As his package was being tied up, he helped himself to two or three pea-nuts from an open box at his side. He did it openly as a passing act, in the presence and with the knowledge of the proprietor, who said nothing of it, and who probably was willing to gratify a customer. To me, it looked like stealing as I had been taught, i.e., taking another's property without permission. But, immediately, temptation of a new ethics came to me: if that man can, without offense, take three nuts, why may not I take a handful? And, I did; but, secretly. On my return home, my mother inquired where

I had obtained the nuts. Of course, I told my
 revered mother the truth. She sent me back
 to the store, with direction to return the nuts to
 Mr. Farquhar and to confess my sin to him. He
 was very considerate.

In our household, "novels" were forbidden. I read Sunday
 School books, the narrative pages of "The Presby-
 terian", "Pilgrim's Progress", "Infant Progress",
 Bunyan's "Holy War", Plutarch's "Lives", and Fox's
 "Book of Martyrs". The latter gave me ~~that~~ insight
 into the true character of the Roman Hierarchy,
 which ever since has made me regard it as
 an unchristian Body and the greatest menace
 to our country's liberty. By special favor
 one day I was allowed to read Dickens "David
 Copperfield". The season was winter. I sat by a
 warm stove, shivering with excitement over David
 and Bill and Nancy. Many such novels would
 not have been good for me at that age. (Later
 in life, I have read all of Dickens' works.)
 I read also Greek and Roman Mythology. The
 gods and goddesses seemed to me almost as
 real as the passing present.

I think that the most remarkable experience of
 my youthful days, was my inner-life view
 of future obligation and duty. I believe now that

I was called of God, though I did not know or understand it at the time. Three steps in life seemed inevitable (1) that I should come to Christ's Communion Table, (2) that I ought to be a Minister, (3) and that I must be a Missionary. But, I did not wish to be either. Of course, Baptism had made me a church-member; but, I thought that I could be a Christian without coming to the Table. And, I wished to be a Soldier, and go to West Point. And, I shrank from Missionary Sacrifice. (I had read about Judson.) And, yet, strangely, "church" was one of my plays. Sitting on the stairs with some of my sisters, I "held meeting" and "preached". And, when I sang the hymn,
 "Yes, my native land, I love thee.

All thy scenes I love them well,
 Friends, connections, happy country!

Can I leave thee,

Far in distant lands to dwell?"

I would weep at the thought. ~~A missionary seemed to me a paper-lion. The Rev. and Mrs. Simpson, on their way to the West Africa Mission, spent a day in our home, as my parents' guests. Was it true? Were these persons just like ourselves?~~ Strict as were

my parents in the observance of Sunday, I

never felt the day as a tiresome one. While excursions were not allowed, we had enough of exercise in walking down and up the Hill in going to and from church in the morning. The Sunday dinner had been cooked on Saturday; but it was warmed over. In the afternoon, there was the reading of Sabbath School books (all of which, ~~in those days~~, had some religion in them); the recitation of the Catechism (learned during the preceding week); the repetition and singing of hymns. As a result of this, I know scores of hymns, for which in church I do not need a hymn-book. I bless my parents for thus guarding for me the sanctity of the Sabbath. Of the Ten Commandments, the two which are most associated with promised earthly blessings are the 4th and the 5th. I believe that my long life is a fulfillment of the promise held in those two commandments, to which I was especially obedient.

I had an impediment in my speech; I could not pronounce "th" in such words as "with". I made it "wizh". (That difficulty followed me to Lawrenceville, and to Princeton, I overcame it before I went to Africa.)

For a short time I was sent to a Music Class of the 1st Presbyterian Church Sabbath School, taught

by Rev. Dr. Gray's brother-in-law, Prof. Leavers. But, I did not learn anything. I think that I was occupied in looking at the ringlets of pretty little Emma Heckman.

Under my father's instructions, I wrote Compositions. It was an admirable point in an educational curriculum, too much neglected in the present day. I am grateful to him for the facility the use of the pen gave me for expressing thought.

It was of inestimable value later, in my writing from Africa a great mass of documents to relatives, friends, churches, schools, and Societies. I copied most of these Compositions into a blank-book which I have to day.

But, my first literary attempt was a "poem", entitled "Carmen de meis pedibus". The "Song" has no date; but, the last stanza of the third Canto (I obtained that word from "Rokeby") shows that it was written in a Summer.

I am certain that it was not during or after the Summer of 1849; probably during my 13th year, in 1848. In the little M.S. of twelve pages in which it was written, there are three illustrations, in water colors. The 1st is a description of,

"But, lifted it; and down it came" (Canto i, stanza 12)
Scene: the foot of College Hill; the Bucknell Bridge;

Mr. Green's Mill; the Hill; a buttonwood tree by the steps; a pile of boards, one of which I had just lifted, and finding it too heavy, had let it fall on my toe; my young brother Charles at my side.

The 2^d. is descriptive of the Arrival at Home.

(Canto 2: stanza 1.) Scene: the dining-room; breakfast dishes yet on the table; my brother, having already seen the bloody toe, is not alarmed, but my mother and sisters Elizabeth and Matilda are shocked. The 3^d. is descriptive of "Misery or misery". Scene: my bed-room, which opened into parents' room; a bedstead and a chair; I am sitting half-dressed by my bed, rubbing my toes. My attempts

at painting and even sketching from Nature were on my own initiative, and without any aid (except from my sister Isabella.) Had I had any instruction, I might have done creditable painting.

Of my compositions, before Nov. 1849, I have no copies, nor any recollection, except that the title of the first one was, "Punishment certain"; (Possibly, this was suggested by some personal experience.) This maiden essay was based on the adage, "Be sure your sin will find you out;" this was illustrated by the case of Cain. The titles of the other compositions during 1849-1850,

are, "The Seven Wonders of the World"; "Livy"; "January";
 "The Affairs of Europe"; "The Indians"; "The
 Advantages of the Study of Mathematics";
 "The Governing Principle"; "The Superiority of the
 Religion of the Bible over that of the Greeks and
 Romans"; "Patriotism"; "The Murderer";
 "Julius Caesar"; "California"; "Mexico";
 "Volcanoes"; "Anger".

On Oct. 11, 1849, the day that I was fourteen years
 old, I passed my examination for entrance as a
 Freshman in the College. When I was told that
 I was accepted, I rushed out onto the campus,
 and raced about in frantic joy at the
 honor of being a college student. There were
 only four other members in the class. I had
 no difficulty in maintaining my place at its
 head, especially in Languages.

Then, having joined the Franklin Literary Society,
 a vista, that to me seemed splendid, was
 opened up for the cultivation of Oratory. I
 had a wild ambition to become a great speaker;
 to sway the feelings of an audience. The
 subjects for my declamations, which I selected
 from a book, "The United States Speaker", were
 those of tragedy, e.g. "Marco Bozzaris"; "On
 Zindeh, when the sun was low"; and a scene,

where a woman, imprisoned on a false charge
by her "tyrant husband", pleads with the jailor,
"Stay! jailor, stay! and hear my woe!"

She is not mad who pleads with thee.

For, what I was, too well I know,

And what I am, and what may be."

[In the end she became "mad"]

Notwithstanding all my errands to the town, and
the regular church-going, I had scarcely an
acquaintance with the people of Easton. Of
course, I remember many names. Besides
those already mentioned there were, Shrie, McCoy,
Michler, Missell, Chidsey, Sitgreaves, Foy,
McCartney, Titus; Miss Julia Lachonauer, admired
by & my brother William; and the Misses Kennedy,
companions of my eldest sister Isabella.

There was one family however, whose members
I know more intimately. At the foot of the Hill
lived a widow Green who had married a
Mr. Carpenter, owner of the mill located there.
She had several children of her first marriage.
One of the sons, William, companion of my brother
William, years afterward, as a business man,
lived in one of the Philadelphia suburbs.

[A daughter of his is to-day the wife of my
surgeon son, Charles F. Nassau, M.D., of Philadelphia.]

Another child of Mrs ~~on the Spring of 1850~~ Carpenter, Miss Ann Green, was a companion of my next older sister Hannah. Hannah was my favorite sister; not simply because we were so nearly of an age, but because, psychologically, her vivacity gave to my quiet serious nature the fitting supplement it needed. Among my mother's friends, Mr Carpenter was of the kind that does not need to knock at the door for entrance. She simply walked in and announced herself. With her would come Miss Anna and her little sister Emily. Sister Hannah chatted with her friend. And, I sat silent by, only looking at Miss Anna's charming face; for, I had reached the age when boys are "afraid to talk with girls".

The Rev. and Mrs Simpson, on their way to the West Africa Mission, in the Spring of 1850, spent a day in our house, as my parents' guests. A missionary seemed to me a super-human. Was it true? Were there persons just like ourselves?

In my love of Nature, I wandered all over the Hills of Easton, and along the banks of the Delaware and Bushkill. To the north was Chestnut Hill. At the top of a steep declivity, where the ridge faced the Delaware, was a tower-like stone. It was a feat to

climb that tower; but, a greater feat to safely descend from it. (That rock still stands, by the present trolley route to the Paxinosa Inn.) I know no town in the United States whose woods and vales have the wealth and variety of flowers that Easton had for me. Almost every month of the year, I could find at least a hepatica, under some sun-warmed, sheltering, rock on the Delaware.

I think that the first ten years of one's life are the most impressionable. During the nine years from 1841 to 1850, I had drunk in the richness of Easton's natural loveliness. The Delaware, and up to the Water Gap; the distant Wind Gap; Chestnut Hill; the Bushkill creek; the Lohigh Gap; the rocky masses Mts. Ida and Parnassus, in South Easton and Phillipsburg, covered with their laurel; and the city's streets sloping gently upward westward around and past Mt. Jefferson. I have since then been in many towns in the United States; have wandered in Africa and in Europe. They have never eliminated the cherished memory of Easton. Its natural surroundings were a symphony, whose perfect harmony has for me never been rivaled.

But, there came a day when

we were to go away from Easton. The chronic
fiction of the Trustee factions, while ~~the~~ had not
personally touched my ironic father, had so
affected the College, that the public lost
confidence in it. When Presidents were compelled
to resign, students who loved them deserted, and
went elsewhere. All this so affected the College
finances, that, notwithstanding his love for the
Institution, his own harmony with the Trustees,
their respect for him, and the reciprocal
friendship with the citizens of Easton, his
resigning the Presidency was, with my father,
simply the question of seeking elsewhere
pecuniary support for his large family. He
recognised also another consideration, :- The very
life of the College depended on an increase of
the number of students; students would come
if a sufficient-sized Faculty awaited them;
such a Faculty must be properly salaried. The
problem was reduced to question of Finance.
My father was a Scholar, a Preacher, a Teacher.
He was not a Financier. He would resign, and
may way for a financier. [After he left, one
was obtained.] The way opened
happily. At Lawrenceville, N.J., was a flourishing
Boys' High School, under the ownership of my

mother's brother, Rev. Drs H. and S. M. Hamill, My brother Joseph, after his graduation at Lafayette had taught in that School. In the village also was a Female Seminary of the Misses Craig; sister Leabell had graduated there; the Seminary was just then offered for sale. My father took it. (He made it a success for twenty-four years.)

So, the day came, after the regular College Commencement in the end of Sept. 1850, that my father's resignation was peacefully accepted. (I left Lafayette College with great regret. I have quite appreciated that though I was only a Freshman, the Lafayette Alumni Association has always retained my name on its list.) Then, in October, all the family, in a large stage-coach, started on the long day's drive down the Delaware road, past Reigelsville, to Washington's Crossing bridge across the Delaware into New Jersey; reaching, in the cold Autumn evening, for the night, my uncles' High School in Lawrenceville.

Chapter III.

At Lawrenceville School.

1850 - 1851.

In those days, the sessions of Schools and Colleges were in Winter and Summer; the vacations in April and October. Those two months suited the proprietors for the semi-annual house cleaning; and the two sessions suited patrons for sending their children with clothing needed for only two, instead of three, seasons, as now.

The Female Seminary was located at the northern end of the village of Lawrenceville, about a mile distant from the High School, in what is now known as the "Davis House". (Because, when, in 1875, my father retired to Trenton, he sold the property to my cousin Rev. R. Hamill Davis, Ph.D. And, when Dr. Davis retired some years later, he sold to the executors of the J. C. Green estate, who had taken over the High School from my uncles' hands; and the Seminary was occupied as one of the School Masters' "Houses").

For financial reasons; for the proximity of Princeton College; for my youth; but, especially because of a felt lack in some parts of a proper

educational curriculum, I was not returned to ~~Lehigh~~, but was placed as a day-scholar in my uncle's High School. I still continued my Greek, Latin, and Mathematics. But, to them were added most helpful courses in Botany and English Classics. But, the departments, for which I must honor that School, were Spelling, Declamation, and Composition. The entire School, in three divisions daily spelled separate portions of "Scholar's Companion". It never ended. When each division ended its portion, it commenced over again. That course gave me an invaluable acquaintance with the etymology of words, and shades of meaning in synonyms. For Declamation, the opening figure, on each day's program, was speeches by two pupils, going regularly down the roll of seventy boys. We were at liberty to choose from any book the speeches we committed to memory. After the declamation, the three teachers on the rostrum gave their commendations or criticisms, as the case required. I observed that the commendation that was given me was always followed by a limitation, "But, I would warn the speaker to be more careful in regard to distinctness of enunciation." (My boyhood lingual difficulty

with the letters "th".) In composition:- During the Summer session, every other Saturday, we wrote essays, of not less than one hundred words, on any topic of which we had informed the Principal a week previously. The intervening Saturday was devoted to writing letters to our parents, which were reviewed (as an essay) by the teacher. (Other letters, private, the pupils could write, if they wished, at any other time. But, that letter-essay assured the parents that they would hear from their children at least semi-monthly). During the Winter session, there was also the semi-monthly essay-letter. The alternate Saturdays were occupied with written Debates on some topic selected by the Principals. They chose the two best pupils as opposing Leaders; and those Leaders, alternately, chose the next best, down finally to the youngest boys, as their assistants. It was an admirable plan for developing thought, expression, and loyalty. The Leaders cast lots, for choice of side; the question to be debated. The one who lost had, of course, to take the other side, even if he did not approve of it; and his followers had to go with him. (So, my recorded debates do not show really what I may

have believed.

Though I had "come from college", and was looked-up to by most of the young-boys, my uncles, in choosing the Leaders, properly gave precedence to the two who had been longer in the School, William McCalliard, of the village, and Sherman Potts, of Trenton. McCalliard won, in casting lots for first choice; and he selected as his lieutenant, James S. Aitkin, also of the village. Potts then named me. [Aitkin became a lawyer in Trenton, and was ever my helpful friend. Potts was a lovely christian character; he and I became "chums". He went to Yale; and died early.]

In my note-books, I have copies of my Debates:- The subjects were:-

- "Christmas Holidays. Go Home? or, Stay at School?"
- "Influence: Of Commerce? or, of the Printing-press?"
- "The Results of the Extension of our territory by the Acquisition of California: Will they be beneficial?"
- "Usefulness: The Farmer? or, the Mechanic?"
- "Imprisonment for Life? or Hanging?"
- "More of Misery? or of Happiness?"
- "Incentives: Money? or, Fame?"
- "Influence of the Southern, or of Northern States, in producing the Results of the Revolution?"
- "Sympathy for Negro Slaves? or for Indians?"
- "Spring, or Summer: which most attractive?"

But, what I most valued at that School, as a means of development of character, was contact with Boys. I had been a timid child; a quiet thoughtful lad, with imperfectly and unequally developed impulses and feelings. My companions had been very few, and only two or three of their boys. I had a very high sense of honor; but, there was a lack of manliness. I was a "pissy". There was need that I should bump up against the rough points of other characters, and have some of my own soft surfaces hardened. I was slow in awaking to a realization of all this. I have felt, through all my subsequent life, that it would have been an advantage to me if I could have had that school-boy contact earlier in life.

My home was at the Seminary; and, I walked daily to School. (The boarding boys called our villages "snobs"). But, I did not enjoy my new home. I avoided those twenty-five young ladies. (At the crude age of fifteen years, I was "afraid" of them.) They were beautiful, and lovely, and kind; but, I had never been with any young ladies, except my own sisters; and, I "did not know what to say." Some of the boys at the School envied me, and wished me to be a medium

for carrying their love-notes to the young ladies. But, I am proud to record that I never trespassed in that way; knowing that both my uncles and my father objected to such intercourse. With a high sense of honor, I never took advantage of my own close contact with those young ladies, to write any such notes of my own thoughts, in a few months, I had ceased to be "afraid" of them, and learned "how to talk".

~~Then, my quiet nature rushed to an opposite extreme. And, for the next eight years, I~~
~~suffered with impulses of a strongly loving nature,~~
~~that were controlled only by my high sense of~~
~~honor, in School, and University, and Theological~~
~~Seminary, during those eight years, I had a~~
 A love for Music, that had had at Easton no opportunity for education was gratified now, by the choice of a flute, under the resident in Lawrenceville, Enoch Lanning, teacher of Mathematics in the School, who also was instructor of Music. Flute solos and duets thence followed. I was in my life for sixty years, until the plates of false teeth made impossible the proper adjustment of my lips.

At the next session, the Summer of 1851, I was entered as a boarder in the School. Among the several reasons for the change, may

have been the fact that, as a day-scholar, I did not come into close companionships with my school-mates. The change was an improvement, though, with my retiring nature, I still did not make the advances I should have made to many. But, I did deepen my acquaintance with a chosen few. I remember cordially, besides those I have already named, Thomas Lyon, David Stewart, Norris Harkness, Alfred A. Woodhull, Henry A. Harlow, George Higbee.

As a nephew of the Principals, and a former college-student, much was expected of me in the way of deportment. Indeed, I think that the former fact limited somewhat my association with some of the pupils. I imagined that they thought that I was spying on them.

I did fail twice. With four other boys, I was placed in "the honor room", an attic in Dr. H. Hamill's (southern) end of the House. It was expected that we would play no pranks, and allow no disorder after "lights out". One night, the "honor" failed. I do not remember who began it, but we all were engaged (with no ill will) in a "pillow-fight". (Our heads could not suffer; but, the pillows might.) In the fray, we forgot that we were making noise. Hearing

it, Dr. H. Hamill suddenly appeared! O! earth, swallow me up! I was speechless, and he said little. He directed the worst three of us to go down stairs to the "oratory" on the first floor, and there await his word. We waited there an hour. It was torment; remorse for my lost good name; shame that I had disgraced my uncles and my parents; nothing to do; and the anticipation of the unknown expected discipline. An assistant teacher was then sent to assign each of us a hymn, which we were to learn and recite when the teacher should come again an hour later. Mine was,

"Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
Twixt two unbounded seas I stand;"

It was one of the many hymns I had learned in childhood at Exeter. So, another dreadful hour passed, with nothing to occupy me but my own heavy thoughts. The teacher came; we recited, and went to bed. I do not remember that uncle said anything to me subsequently about the matter; nor even whether I was "bad-marked" at the end of the week. Either of those points of discipline would have ranked small with the mental sufferings of those two dark hours.

The other occasion was a fight.

in the bathing Pond. I do not remember ever having fought before. I knew that fighting was wrong. But, that day, in the Pond, a fellow-pupil, my cousin, W. B. Nassau, of Philadelphia, said something derogatory of my beloved mother. He was stronger than I; but, gentle natures, when they are aroused, are fierce. I held him under the water, until he was almost choked. Then, allowing him a fresh breath, I demanded a retraction. He refused. Again I held his head under the water. This I repeated, until he finally yielded. In the mean-while, the teacher, [later, the Rev Robert F. Wilson] on the bank, was ordering me to desist, and come out of the Pond. I disobeyed, and held on to my offender until he yielded. Then, I came out, and respectfully explained to Mr. Wilson that my cousin had slandered my mother. Mr. Wilson was a very mild man; he dismissed the case, and did not "report" me for either disobedience or fighting.

Besides the society of my sisters, I had also two of my cousins, who were pupils at the Seminary, Miss Mary H. C. Harwill (Mr. Rev. Edward P. Wood) and Miss Anna E. How (Mrs Thomas Sweeney). They ever were dear to me, not as cousins, but as sisters.

I had an experience that summer, which, amusing to others, was physically painful to me. My father's parents were visiting him from Philadelphia, and they desired to make a call in Princeton, on their former Pastor of the Philadelphia Old Pine Street church, the Rev. Archibald Alexander, D.D. Uncle Samuel Hamill gave them his horses, carriage, and driver, and I was sent along as their escort on horse back. Uncle had a farm connected with the School. He occasionally utilised some one of the boys on an errand. The chosen boy was always glad for the excursion. I had never been on a horse's back! Uncle was not aware of that. It is rare that ^{a boy} ~~that~~ reaches his sixteenth year without knowing how to ride a horse. I was too proud to confess my ignorance. I mounted, and accompanied the carriage the five miles to Princeton, and took my grand-parents to Dr. Alexander's house. My gluteal muscles were in a painful condition. And the five mile ride back to Lawrenceville was a torment. I do not remember that I told any one. But, my gait, and my careful sitting during the following days, probably revealed the situation. I was not given much sympathy; there was too much ground for laughter. Nevertheless, I had learned how to ride.

a horse.

My compositions, during that
 session, were, "A Mother's Influence,"
 and "Innocence." For July 4, 1851, I ~~wrote and~~ ^{was honored}
~~delivered, "The Grave of the Past."~~ ^{and} ~~was~~ ^{chosen one of the speakers at the}

School's Public Exercises. I wrote and delivered,
 "The Grave of the Past".

I had ceased being "afraid" of the society of young ladies.
 And then my quiet nature rushed to an opposite
 extreme. And, for the next eight years, I surged
 with impulses of a strongly loving nature, that
 were controlled only by my high sense of honor.
 In School, and University, and Theological Seminary,
 during those eight years, I had a constant fight
 with myself (of which I told no one) in an effort
 to overcome myself. I had no right to tell the
 beautiful lady that I loved her. I had no prospect
 in life to offer her. So, I fought; I grew in will-
 power; I put away her name and face. And,
 just when I thought I had obtained peace, each
 year another lovely face and attractive character
 appeared; and the fight with myself was on
 again. I let out my thoughts, sometimes in
 valentines and alburns, always in verse, which
 I was then cultivating. [I still have copies in my
 note-books of those fugitive verses.] They were
 allowable; for, they were not misunderstood; the

public saw them; the recipients, of course, were pleased, but nothing more was expected. I have no idea to-day, that any one of those successive ladies during those years, gracious as they were to me, ever expected or thought of "any thing more." [They almost all married; and none of them are living to-day.]

At the Commencement Exercises, Sept. 25, 1851, I was given the 1st honor, as Valedictorian. On the program, my speech was, "The Spirit's Wanderings;" and I closed with the Valedictory ^{Address}, ready to pass on to Princeton.

But, that School year had been passed unhappily in a vain effort to overcome a vague unrest, the cause of which I did not know, and a cure for which I could not find. When, after some time, I recognised it as the influence of the Holy Spirit, arising from the false peace which a faultless morality had induced, I did not openly resist, but negligently waited, praying for a supposed needed pungent conviction. I told no one, nor asked for advice. But, my favorite sister Hannah read my condition, and urged me to make a public profession of faith in Christ. We children knew that our parents had covenanted us to God, in Baptism. And, at years of discretion, we were

expected to verify that Covenant, One after
 another in succession (except my brother William)
 had thus come to the Table. It was my turn.
 I held back. I was passed; and my next younger
 sister, Letitia, had openly united with the Church.
 Hannah plead with me. But, I resented. Spiritual
 pride said, "Why should I enter the Church, the
 while I am keeping faithfully all the Ten Com-
 mandments?" "All these have I kept from my
 youth up; what lack I yet?"
 And, I passed on to Princeton, carrying with me
 my secret restlessness and painful sluggishness.

Chapter IV.

At Princeton College

1851 - 1854.

From School, I passed almost immediately on to the Sophomore Class of Princeton University. It was at that time known as a "College". I think that it has added nothing to its greatness by the change of name to "University"; especially as it has not the various Departments usually accredited to a University.

At that time, the College year was divided into two terms. The Annual Commencement was on the last Wednesday in June; and the first term of the next College year began about the 7th of August, and closed about the 18th of December. The second term began about the 29th of January, and ended on the last Wednesday of June, Commencement Day. About two months of the College year had therefore passed when I entered as a Sophomore in Oct. 1851.

My careful parents, dreading the new life into which I was to be plunged, and conscious of my youth and boyish appearance, placed me in the care of my brother Joseph, who was attending ^{his} closing year at the Theological

Seminary. By special permission of its Faculty, I was allowed to room with him in the Seminary building (Alexander Hall?). This had the disadvantage of my not becoming fully acquainted with my class-mates, the recent Freshmen. But, it had the incidental advantage of escaping the usual hazing of those days.

Of course, hands were promptly laid on me by recruiters from the two Literary Societies. But, I fell ^{under} before the persuasions of young Charles Hodge (a Senior), ^{by} ~~whose~~ whose efficient hands I was safely taken through the dangers of Initiation, and introduced to the American Whig Society.

[Under my ^{own} hands, a year later, when I was introducing one of my own recruits, he was snatched from me, in the darkness; and, before we reached the lighted audience-room, his coat was in tatters.

Because of my rooming that ~~year~~ ^{year} in the Seminary building, I have always reckoned it as a privilege, and often an advantage, that I knew at least the names, and had some memory of the faces of hundreds of Ministers, even though I had had only a slight acquaintance with them. For, I daily passed, in Alexander Hall, the more than one hundred "Theologues". And, during my junior and

Senior years in college, I kept up communication with their successors. In later years, people have wondered that I knew of so many clergymen all over the United States: "Were all those men your class-mates?" "No; but, besides the men of my own three Seminary years, 1856-1859, I had acquaintance with some of the men of classes from 1852-1854."

At that time, there were no ^{at} gymnasiums, either ~~at~~ the college or the Seminary. Students of both institutions did a great deal of walking:—out Nassau st to Queenstown; out Witherspoon st to Rocky Hill; and, around the three Triangles. The apex of each was at the junction of Mercer and Stockton streets with Nassau st. The smaller "Triangle" had for its base the present Library place. The base of Triangular was Lover's Lane, a narrow road by what was then Judge Field's property (connecting Mercer and Stockton). The base of "Triangularism" was the road running along Stony Brook, called the Quaker Road. And, ^{often} I walked the five miles out to my home in Lawrenceville, and back again the same evening.

From my painful sluggishness as to my duty to the Church, I was aroused by the deeply impressive death and

Funeral Services of Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander.

But, now, when I sought Jesus, I could not find Him. My prayer for conviction was answered with fearful literalness. I had committed the Unpardonable Sin! Without hope, and without God, I started one November night down the road toward the canal. But, the chill wind cooled my fevered brain, and the exercise calmed my reeking nerves, and, I came back to a sleep of exhaustion. The next day, rising from despair and almost self-destruction (for, I had learned perfectly what is meant by the "undying worm" of conscience, and the "engravened fire" of Remorse) I walked out the Triangular; and, at the base of a tree in Judge Field's woods, I cast myself helpless at the feet of Christ, all my cherished righteousness being only filthy rags.

"Here, Lord! I give myself away."

"Tis all that I can do."

That was just what the Savior, for so long, had desired me to do. He heard and saved me, and set my feet upon a Rock. I have never doubted Him since. Perhaps, I was an unconscious christian before; but, from Nov. 19th, 1851, my peace has been as a river that has calmly deepened and widened.

When

my parents were informed, my sister Isabella and my father (representing the Family) promptly, on Nov. 24, wrote me glad letters of welcome.

On Dec. 13, I wrote the following Dedication; the promises of which I have endeavored to carry out in my subsequent life.

" O! most merciful God, I come before Thee now, feeling my own sinfulness and weakness; and, I also know that Thou art a pure and holy God, who canst not look upon sin with the least degree of allowance. But, O! God, in Thy infinite mercy, Thou hast appointed a Mediator, even Jesus Christ the Righteous, through whose intercession, I dare come before Thee, to ask forgiveness of sin, and to obtain blessings which Thou alone canst give. And, as I come

before Thee, on this occasion, to make a covenant with Thee, help me to feel very solemn, and make me feel the greatness and goodness of that God with whom we all have to do. Help me to love Thee more and serve Thee better; and, as Thou art a covenant-keeping God, I desire strength to keep this covenant.

O! Lord, I feel that I am a great sinner, entirely unworthy of Thy mercy; but, O! God, I desire, if Thou hast indeed begun the good work in me, that Thou wouldst

carry it on to perfection; wouldst fill my heart with love for Thee; make me more entirely Thine, and give me strength to resist temptation to sin, doubt, and fear. And, being desirous,

O! Lord, to be Thine, do Thou take from my heart every thing that is opposed to Thee. If there is any thing in which I love the world more than Thee, any idol enthroned in my heart which excludes Thee, O! God, tear it away, and make me love Thee alone.

O! God, I resign myself to Thee, to be moulded and guided at Thy will. I desire to be Thine entirely; to know no will but Thine. Use me, O! God, in whatever manner Thou chooseth. If it be Thy will that I should be afflicted all my life, even that I go mourning to my grave, only give me strength to bear up under affliction, and the light of Thy countenance to guide me.

If Thou dost give me a long life, help me to spend it in Thy service, for Thy glory and the good of mankind. And, O! help me to die a triumphant death in Thee. In whatever station of life I may be, O! God, make me a Christian, humble, consistent, and useful to mankind.

And, O! most gracious God, whenever Satan assails me, and my wicked heart is prone to leave Thee, and

my love grows cold (but, O! God, make me
 burn with pure desire for Thee) then call to my
 remembrance this my covenant with Thee,
 and lead back Thy wandering sheep; for, I
 will be Thine, if Thou wilt be mine. Now,
 Lord, am I Thine; I am not my own.
 When, O! God, I come to the river of Death, do
 Thou be my strength and stay; and accept
 and save me. And, when I am laid in the
 narrow house appointed for all living, if the
 eyes of any unrepentant friend may fall on
 this page, grant, Lord, that it may awaken in
 him the same flame of love that I hope
 actuates me. These I ask, for the sake of
 Thy dear Son, Christ Jesus; to whom be glory and
 honor for ever. Amen."

During the college mid-winter vacation of the
 following year, January 1852, I took my place
 at the communion Table of the Lawrenceville
 church, together with a younger sister, Matilda,
 and my cousin Mary Hamill, under the care of
 the Rev. A. Gasman, D.D. Then, a week later,
 while I was attending Prayer-meeting in the
 village, my uncle, Rev. Dr. S. M. Hamill was
 conducting the Service. He surprised me by calling

on me for prayer. Sitting behind me was my brother William in company with Rev. Phillips, a Laurentian of uncertain habits. I was frightened. I never had led in public prayer. I did not decline; but, with the spirit that has governed me all my life, of doing even hard things if laid on me as duty, I prayed. It was a good test; one that should be laid on all new church-members. It may be trying to some; but, that test is better made early than left too late. There would be fewer Ruling Elders who can not lead in prayer.

Back again in College, after vacation, my assigned seat, in the Chapel, was in the rear, under the choir-gallery, and in a corner. Vice-President MacLean chose also that place as a convenient point of view for observing the presence or absence of the students, and their behavior. Sitting by him thus almost every day of that session, I came to have a filial feeling toward him.

Prof. Buffield endeared himself to me, not only by his making his Mathematics slightly attractive to me, but also by his interest in the spiritual life of the students. He held a weekly prayer-meeting in that same class-room (the basement of the present Office-building) for those of his pupils

who chose voluntarily to attend.

There was not much affiliation between Sophomore and Junior. But, there was somewhat between Sophomore and Senior. For one Senior, I thus contracted almost a filial feeling. J. V. Randall was a large man, much older than I. Being fellow Whigs we often met in the Hall. He was helpful and considerate. Our paths of life often crossed afterward. [In later years, I followed with respect his great work as Pres. Isaac N. Randall, D.D., of Lincoln University. He always had a cordial hand to extend to me, on my visits to that Institution.]

The patronage of the college, from the Southern States, was very large, at that time. But, markedly (except from Maryland) their names did not appear in the upper-third of the class-standing. But, they were a genial set of young men; and, at first, I sought their company, and, of evenings, sat with them on the fence in the campus fronting on Vasquez st. Young men, under such circumstances, often drift into very questionable topics of conversation. I was given, by young men from the South-west, my first appreciation of one of the evils of American Negro Slavery. Telling of their home pleasure, and

entertainment of their young male guests, they laughed, as if it was a good joke, about their custom of sum-moning, from the Negro quarters, young women as night companions for those guests. I understood then the origin of mulattoes. [And, years later, I saw that same custom in Africa, as part of the barbarism of heathenism.] Gradually thence, I chose my companions from among the upper twenty of the class.

The Sophomore Class of 1852, led by some of its best men, began, for part of the commencement ^{day} ^{thrills}, the secret printing of a sheet, "The Nassau Rake," which, in an amusing way brought out the peculiarities of members of the upper classes and of even some of the Faculty. It was humorous, and though not entirely respectful, it was not insulting. [Years later, it grew to the size of a pamphlet; became insulting and even scurrilous; and was finally suppressed by the college authorities.]

The commencements were held in the 1st Presbyterian Church.

In my summer vacations, I visited my relatives in Philadelphia; my grand-mother Hamill, and cousins Davis, in Norristown; and, my cousins How, in St Georges, Del.

Entering the junior year, in the Fall of 1852, I took up the entire ^{University} college-life, rooming in No. 9 of the old West College, having as room-mate Harlow (Rev. Henry A. Harlow) who joined the class, coming from the Lawrenceville School.

I made ample use of the opportunities for Oratory and Composition then afforded in the Literary Society; But, the lingual difficulty of childhood followed me, I would make my Speech; and, then one of the appointed critics, after complimenting my eloquence, would close by saying, "But, our friend Vassar, must be more careful in regard to distinct enunciation."

Students in all educational Institutions have their fads; and, as I passed on to the year 1853, I followed my mates in the wearing of very long hair, and broad Byronic collars, and large bright-colored neck-ties.

My boyhood ambition to win fame as an orator hoped to find a door of success in the annual election by each of the two Literary Societies, of four Junior Orators, for Commencement Week. I was greatly disappointed that I failed of election.

"Politics" ran in the Literary halls as vigorously as it did outside in State Legislatures. J. Donald Cameron (a Senior) began the practice of his

Subsequent political life, in Whig Hall. There was not only the allowable canvassing among friends for a chosen candidate, there were also sometimes dishonorable arrangements by Greek-letter Fraternities, whose members, placing loyalty to their Fraternity above their oath of devotion to the Halls, met secretly, and agreed on a ticket, which, in either of the Literary Societies, Whig or Philosophic, should carry an election for one of their own Fraternity, irrespective of his ability to write or deliver a Speech.

There were many of these Fraternities. Two, whose reputation, at that time, was that of drinking-clubs, were the Chi-Psi, and Sigma-Phi. They caused me to have a prejudice against all Greek-letter fraternities. So much so, that when such a worthy one, a Kappa-Alpha

Chapter, was ~~to~~ about to be instituted, I was overheard criticising "Fraternities"; and, I was afterwards told that my name, which had been considered, was dropped. Some of the best men in the Class belonged to Kappa-Alpha. I often felt, in my subsequent attempts to associate with those young men who had previously been my companions, that I was given the "cold shoulder". I am deeply impressed with the power of these Fraternities. They help their members with many a "pull" for success.

in after life. (What success I have obtained has been without any such "pull"). They were, later, forbidden by the Faculty. The University Dining Clubs have taken their places.

The secrecy, held so sacredly by the Literary Societies, became an evil; being elevated above the purely literary benefits. It belonged, at that time, also to the religious Philadelphian Society.

Though I had not overcome my childhood's dislike for Mathematics, Prof. Duffield, during Sophomore year, had succeeded in presenting Trigonometry in an attractive form. But, when, in the Junior, Astronomy was brought before us by Prof. Stephen Alexander, the stars, on which I had loved to gaze, told me of only their purely^{ly} mathematical relations; and, I was lost in a maze of ellipses, tangents, and parabolas. They became my "fons arinorum". Nevertheless, I kept fairly well along with the rest of the class, until, at the close of the year there fell a disaster. There was to be an examination. On such occasions, there did not then exist the present honor-code. There were men who laid aside their usual coat, and entered the room wearing a dressing-gown, in whose folds were concealed copies of problems, and extracts from text-books. Others had their wide shirt-cuff

thickly-penciled with equations. And, others, seated on the highest of the series of benches, farthest from the Professor, and nearest to the rear windows, waited until the Professor had denounced their questions; these they copied on slips of paper, and, with a string, let them down to waiting Senior friends outside. When the answers were drawn up again, the coterie would copy them. But, the Professor, with his suspicions, made a diagram of the room and the location of each student. Thus he could follow the route of the copied answers. So, the men at the top of the class, acting honorably, and desirous of avoiding even suspicion, fearfully chose to sit in the front seats, under the very eye of the Professor. Sitting thus on the second front seat, I was called to go to the black-board, and calculate an eclipse. I drew the diagram correctly; and, if any one had stated the equation, I could have solved it. But, I was unable to state the equation; and, laying down the chalk, I went to my seat a perfect failure. The entire examination had been so severe, that two of my friends, among the best men of the class, asked for a re-examination, and were granted it. I was too proud to ask for it, and accepted the grade that put me half-way down the class.

Language was so easy to me that I was among those who took a voluntary course in German. I succeeded so well, that a literal translation which I made of one of Krumpholtz's prose-poems, "Death and Sleep", I transposed into verse, as follows:-

At the lone evening hour, to Man's abode,
On Earth's round orb, their pathway trod,
The Angel of Sleep and the Angel of Death,
Fondly mingling their thoughts in intimate breath,
On a green hill, not far from mortal home,
In sweet embrace they ceased awhile to roam,
A melancholy silence reigned around;
No voice was heard, nor aught disturbing sound,
Save, on the ear, from hamlet distant fell
The ringing echo of the vesper-bell,
Which, sinking to a low and dying note,
Grew mute, and ceased upon the air to float.
Watchful, yet still, as is their usual mood,
Man's Guardian Ones, beneficent and good,
Were held in brother-like embrace and close,
While the darkly-beautiful night arose,
Then, springing with haste, the Angel of Sleep
Rose, from mass-covered couch, his mission to keep;
Scattering, with a free and noiseless hand,
Invisible seeds which slumber command.

The sportive breeze of night, now passing by,
 Received the floating gifts that bless the eye.
 On wing conveying them to Man's abode,
 To labours wearied with oppressive load.

Within his noble arms sleep pillowed well
 The rural dwellers on the hill or dell;
 The grey-haired sire, who leaned upon his staff,
 As well as infant with its merry laugh.
 All were sunk to peaceful dreams. His sad lot
 Of weariness and pain the sick forgot.
 The mourner ceased his plaint, the poor his care;
 All eyes were closed; no pain or grief was there.

This deed of kindness done, the Genius then
 By his sterner brother's side reclined again.
 "When e'er the morning breaks brightly in,
 "The praises of a gladdened world I'll win,
 "As genial benefactor and true friend.
 "O! what a joy is this, to kindly bend
 "In mercy on mankind; from good, unseen,
 "With liberal hand bestowed, unnumbered thanks to glean.
 "How happy we! Sent by a Spirit kind
 "To cheer Man's sorrows, and to soothe his mind!
 "How beautiful our task! Our toil so dear!
 "Our joy so pure, our pleasure so sincere!"

With cheerful countenance thus gladly said
The Angel Sleep, whose face with joy was spread,

The Angel Death, in silent sadness gazed,
And in the large dark eye he upward raised,
There stood a tear, a tear immortals weep,
When unused sorrows e'er this heart-strings sweep.
While thus he spoke: "O! it is not, believe!
"For me these joys to taste, these thanks receive.
"The world complains that I its joys destroy,
"And in its every sweet infuse alloy."

"O! Brother mine", the Angel Sleep replies,
"The good man, waking, thee will recognise
"As friend, not enemy, and grateful bless
"With thanks not less than those I shall possess.
"Are we not Brothers, linked by mutual tie,
"By one Great Parent sent, on mission sweet to fly?"

Daskly, while yet he spoke, with satisfaction shone
The orbs of Angel Death, as he had known
Of joy again. And brother-like, the Genii,
Ere parting, clasped each other tenderly!

After another Summer vacation, spent under the
fascinations of the pupils of my father's Seminary,
and in pleasures with my cousins in Philadelphia,
Norristown, and St. Georges, Del., I returned to Princeton,

in the Fall of 1853, a Senior (but not very "grave and reverend"). I enlarged my

associations beyond the limited class line, finding, among the Sophomores, young men, who, some of them, became mates in the Theological Seminary; among them, Davies (Rev. David Owen Davies, D.D.), Surgea (Rev. Joseph Tuthill Surgea D.D., L.L.D.), Everett (Rev. Benjamin S. Everett, D.D.), Hinsdale, (Rev. Robert H. Hinsdale, D.D.), Stitt (Rev. William C. Stitt, D.D.), Studdiford (Rev. Samuel M. Studdiford, D.D.) Wood (Rev. Edward P. Wood), and my school mate Woodhull (Brig-Genl. Alfred A. Woodhull, M.D., L.L.D.), and Newton (John Newton, M.D., who followed his father to India, as a missionary, marrying a school-mate, Miss Wigfall, of my wife, Mary Latta.)

As part of the college course, each of the Seniors was required to deliver an original Speech on the platform of the Chapel. On Oct. 29, 1853, I delivered mine, on, "The Possible a Future Reality". Also, I used all opportunities, in Whig Hall; in class, under Dr. Hope, Professor of Belles Lettres; and in the college Magazine, the "Nassau Literary," to cultivate the art of Expression. All these I have preserved, copied into blank-books. One poem, in blank-verse, on the persecution of the Waldenses, entitled, "The Waldensians

"Mother," was printed. Later, I saw it copied (without credit) in a Southern Magazine.

I do not remember much of President Barnahan's Lectures on Logic. The venerable man was failing in strength; the Class of 1854 was the last to graduate under him.

That remarkable boy-hood's Triple-Vision of my Life was frequently re-appearing. I had "kicked against the pricks" as to the first part of it. But, yielding, I had gladly professed Christ at His Communion Table. But, I continued to kick against the second part; I did not wish to be a Minister; I desired to go to West Point, and cover myself with glory as a Soldier. There had ever been in my heart a little soldier, even in childhood days. Mrs Hemans' poem of "The Boy stood on the burning deck,"

had enthralled me. One day, in that Senior year, I was startled. The Secretaries of the Presbyterian Board of Education had a very proper habit of visiting their candidates for the Ministry, and carefully examining their spiritual condition. The Rev. Drs Chester and Van Rensselaer thus came to see my room-mate Harlow. I thought (and still think) that it was proper for me to retire from the room. I had no right to be present at their questioning of his private heart-feelings. But, Dr Chester bade me

remain. After they had talked with and prayed for him, Dr. Chester suddenly turned to me, and asked, "And you, young man, what do you intend to be?" I have ever been reticent of my inner feelings, revealing them voluntarily only to those I deeply loved. The doctor's sudden rap on my heart's door slightly provoked me, and I untruthfully replied, "I don't know." "You don't know! You! you, the son of your father! And you don't know!" And he followed with a strong and solemn declaration of my duty to enter the Ministry. I feel now that he was right.

I do not think that I deliberately wasted any of my opportunities in College; but, as the last session drew toward its close, I had some compunctions, which I put into verse, under the title "Regrets", quoting as a head-line, "Ah! who can tell

"The depth of regret? The heart knoweth well."

One of the verses was:-

Men call this power grim, Remote.
But they alone the truth can tell,
Who once have felt the poignant force,
Of what it is, this spirit fell.

During the Winter Sessions of my father's Female Seminary, he arranged

monthly Musical Soirees by his pupils, for their own entertainment; to which, by special favor, were invited a few of the best and most gentlemanly pupils of the High School. Also, I was allowed to bring a few of my most honored classmates. One night in April 1854, hiring two carriages from Princeton, I took with me, Alexander, Baker, Harlow, and Woodhull. The night was dark and rainy. I was not aware that the lane from the turnpike to the old Lawrenceville road had been altered. We drove up against a fence; had much confusion; but, finally reached the grace, refinement, and welcome of my mother's parlors. In Alexander's (Henry C. Alexander, D.D., & L.D.) autograph-book, I wrote several verses memorial of that night; the first verse being,

Friend Alexander, never forget

The accidents with which we met,

In our ride to Lawrence, and the flight

Into which we were plunged by our inability to obtain a team, until, after racing about town, we went to "Ritt's", about 8 o'clock at night. [Insert A. from page 66 1/2]

Our Professor of Belles Lettres, Dr. Hope, seemed to take a special interest in me. When, at the close of our

A. [Insert at bottom of page 66]

I belonged to a Young Men's Musical Association, composed of college students and young men of the town, under the leadership of Carl Langlotz, the composer of the music to the words of "Old Nassau". We met, not for Public Exhibitions, but only for our own private entertainment. But, we did give one Public Service, of which the program is, ^{a copy} as follows:-

Programme

Part I.

1. Quickstep from Lucretia Borgia: Performed by
the Young Men's Musical Association.
2. Solo, for Violin, Charles Langlotz
3. Duett for two Flutes, Messrs Nassau & Baker
4. Solo, for Hornet W. L. Hutchinson
5. Home, Sweet Home, for Piano, Charles Langlotz
6. Song, W. L. Stitt

Part II.

1. Overture de l'opera, Norma, Performed by
the Young Men's Musical Association
 2. Solo, for Violin Charles Langlotz
 3. Duo Concertante pour Violin et Piano
M. Helm & Langlotz
 4. Song W. L. Stitt
 5. Yankee Doodle, with Variations, Charles Langlotz
 6. Capt. Shepherd's Quickstep, Performed by
the Young Men's Musical Association
- To commence at Half-past Seven, precisely,

years of age), but, commendably (as I thought), I wished to relieve him of farther expense on my part. But, when, on Commencement Day, I gladly told him of the good position I had obtained, he seriously objected to my "going so far away from home"; And, I was required to withdraw my acceptance. Shortly afterward, my uncle Hamill offered me a place as teacher in their High School.

The Faculty of the College made their decision as to the final class-standing of the members, by taking an average of each one's grades during the four College years. Under that rule, although I had stood among the very first in Language, Chemistry, and Belles Lettres, the one dreadful failure, during my Junior year, under Prof. Stephen Alexander, brought me down to 15th in the 80 of our Class.

during the three years, were,

Sophomore

My grades,

97.95

99.

99.26

Junior

91.15

91.5

95.77

Senior

93.26

94.3

95.9

9) 848.09

94.23.2

My Oration, on Graduation Day of the Commencement Week, June 1854, I titled, "Passion's Conflict"; but, President Barnahan, to whom all the graduation M.S.S. had to be subjected for revision, and limitation to five minutes, changed the title to the form in which it appeared on the program. My friends did not know that it was partly an autobiography.

Out of the 80 members of the Class, 72 graduated; and 50 were honored with a place on the Program for June 23^d, 1854. (~~Not all, however, spoke, quite a number were excused.~~ ^{about 20})

The names on the Program were arranged in order of their Class-standing, except that Boyd, the Valedictorian, stood 14th.

Program.

Prayer by the President

Music.

Lewis Carter Baker, New Jersey,	Latin Salutatory
William Thomas Morrison, New York,	English Salutatory
Richard Marvin Strong, New York,	Mathematical Oration
Henry Carrington Alexander, New York,	Belles Lettres Oration
Samuel Southard Force, D. C.,	Undue Estimate of Originality
Frank Schandler, New Jersey,	Living for a Purpose.

Music

James McLaughlin, Long Island, The Harmony of Nature
Addison Waddell Woodhull, N. J., The True Theory of Life

Sanford Huntington Smith, New Jersey, Personal Effort
 William Campbell Souther, Pa. The Jansenists
 Samuel Randolph Forman, N.J., The Study of Anglo-Saxon
 Hadden Burr Wakeman, N.Y., Ethical Oration
 Henry Addison Harlow, N.J., The Student's Hope
 William House, New York, Reform
 Robert Hamill Nassau, N.J., The Conflict of Passion, with Reason
 Music

Matthew Wilder Edmonds, N.J., Modern Improvements
 A. Alexander Edward Taylor, Ohio, The Scottish Struggle
 John Prentiss Poe, Md., The Balance of Power in Europe
 John Barroch, N.C., The Telescope and Microscope
 Benjamin Smith Condit, N.J., The Unattained
 John Speed Haman, Md., "A thing of beauty is a joy forever"
 Edward Dickson Pierson, N.J., Civil Liberty
 William Morgan Wells, Pa., Progress
 Joseph Campbell Wyckoff, N.J., Newton and La Place
 Music.

Calvin Wadhoams, Pa., Series of Distinction
 Robert Gamble, Pa., The Past & Future State of Ireland
 Smeal Coane, N.J., Individual Characteristics
 Benjamin Lightner Hewitt, Pa., Democratical Principles
 Edward Thomas Green, N.J., The Age's Teachings
 Sanford Reynolds Knapp, N.Y., Sheridan
 Music.

William Hollister, N.C., The Genius of Scotland

Charles William McBord, N. Y., Vanity at Vanity Fair
 Albert Baldwin Dowd, N. J., The Power of Thought
 Jabez Mills Cooke, N. J., The Prospects of the U. S. attributable
 to the Bible.
 Henry Donnellum Loney, M. D. True Nobility
 Sidney Thompson, Pa., The True Estimate of Self
 Robert Campbell Clarke, Ga., Patriotic Henry
 Music

Samuel Jessup jr, N. Y. Poland
 Joseph Travers Walsh, S. C., English Revolution of 1650
 John Galah Reid, Ga., Byron
 James Hunter Berrien, Ga., Party Spirit
 Robert Burt Anderson, N. C., True and False Ambition
 Harvey Ellisatt Brown, N. J., La Perouse & Sir John Franklin
 David Edgac, N. Y., Liberty and Genius
 Christopher Rowell, Ala., Compensation
 Thomas Price Mikel, S. C., Literature and Art
 Richard Stevens Conover, N. J., Light
 Joseph Smith Halsey, N. J., Henry Clay
 Music

The Conferring of Degrees

Charles Boyd, New York, Valedictory Oration
 Prayer and Benediction

Of these 49 members on the Program, 17 were, for
 various reasons, "excused", and they did not take
 part (some not being present.)

Of the 49, I record the subsequent Professions and standings of the first 17.

1. Rev. Lewis Baxter Baker, A.M.
2. Rev. William Thomas Morrison, A.M., Missionary to China
3. Richard Marvin Strong^{Esq.}, L.L.B.
4. Rev. Henry Carrington Alexander, D.D., L.L.D.
5. Samuel Southard Force (died early)
6. Rev. Frank Schandler, D.D.
7. Rev. James McDougall, Ph.D.
8. Addison Waddell Woodhull, M.D.
9. Rev. Sanford Huntington Smith, A.M.
10. William Campbell Sautter, A.M.
11. Samuel Randolph Forman, M.D.
12. Thaddens Burr Wakeman,
13. Rev. Henry Addison Hallow, A.M.
14. Charles Boyd (died early)
15. Rev. William House, A.M.
16. Matthew Wilden Edmonds, M.D.
17. Rev. Robert Hamill Nassau, M.D., S.T.D.

The grade of Edmonds and myself was exactly the same, One-fifth of the latest income clergymen;

Chapter .V.

A Teacher

1854 - 1856

My two years at Teaching are not a pleasant memory, as a teacher, for myself; and probably also not for my pupils. There were many pleasures, incidentally; but, they did not come from the teaching side of my life. There grew the impression of Rev. Dr. Hooper's words that Teaching was an Art. And, the conviction grew, in my own mind (though no one of relatives, friends, or pupils had ever intimated it) that I was not that kind of artist.

Unfortunately, I began under unusual difficulty. The two Principals, my uncles, always employed (besides the Music teacher) two assistants; and, the School naturally fell into four grades. I, as the youngest assistant, had charge of only the lowest grade. I had nothing to do with the classes of the two highest grades. But, I came in charge, just at the end of the academic year. The teacher in charge, studying for the Ministry, would not remain until the close of the session (the end of Sept.) but left, to join the Theological Seminary on its opening day, the 1st of September.

Whatever capacity I may have had as a teacher, it was a disadvantage for me to step into the gap, take up the book at the close of the course as a stranger, and meet the pupils in their keen excitement, as they looked forward to the session's final examination.

Also, I was young (not yet 19 years old) and still an imperfectly developed youth. That sense of undevelopment was what convinced me that it was right that I should do something, instead of going directly from college to the Theological Seminary, where I had decided the study for the Ministry. In my view of that second of the Triple Visions of Life, I had ceased to kick against the pricks. And, that far, I was happy.

In the highest grades of the school were boys, some of whom had been fellow-pupils with me three years before. Though they were none of them in my classes, they all, at times, were under my charge, when, as often happened during an absence, a Principal would call on an assistant to take his place for half-an-hour, as presiding officer.

As to my duty as a Teacher, I was faithful to my pupils, my employers. Perhaps lacking in tact, that might have given them occasional difficulty with two or three of the juniors.

I had all my life been so obedient to authority that I did not contemplate that my pupils would be disobedient to me. I took an ideal position; that I would not use corporeal punishment; I would be kind to my pupils, and they would be respectful to me. Alas! my beautiful fabric tumbled down. While the great majority of the pupils were at least outwardly respectful, five of them, looking on my youthfulness, and mistaking my kindness for weakness, were outrageously insulting. My milk of human kindness was curdled; and, from opposition to the use of the rod, I went to the opposite extreme, and became strict to all, and, to those five, severe. I would not now blame the boys of those two years, if, as men still living, they have unpleasant memory of me. But, I know that there are some whom I am glad to remember as pleasant, obedient, diligent, and agreeable pupils. One of them is the distinguished Philadelphia lawyer, C. Stuart Patterson.

The two Principals and the two assistants took turns of a week at a time in remaining on the premises, in charge of any boys, who, for infractions of rules, were required also to remain "on bounds". My associate teacher was my cousin, R. Hamill Davis. When he and I

were off-week, and the day's teaching was done, we had no farther responsibility, and could go and do as we pleased. The Mecca then for us was the Female Seminary, with my mother, and sisters, and cousins in the parlor; where presently also (the Seminary pupils' retiring-hour having come, we would be joined by my father's two assistant teachers. Those were lovely evenings. We were no longer "teachers." That far, the bars were down. But outside of them, we roamed in an atmosphere of refinement, humor, literature, music, affection, respect and deference. We often were taken by two or three of the ladies down stairs into the Pantry adjoining the Dining-room, and regaled with the variety of dainties hidden there. In memory of one such evening in 1856, I wrote some fifteen verses, two of which were :-

O! realms, where rats their nightly revels hold,
 Thy mustard, spices, popper, withered herbs,
 Remind that we are Autumn leaves, which, old,
 Fall from the branch the passing breeze disturbs.

Adieu! O! Pantry, 'Till we meet again,
 To mice and such like ghosts we trust thy cake,
 Pickles, soap, and other vegetables.
 And now we thus our midnight exit make,

At the High School, I myself, a teacher, was consciously being taught. I cherish with profound reverence the memory of my two uncles and my aunt Matilda Hamill. The elder of the two brothers, Rev. Hugh Hamill, D.D., who, in his classes was quite dignified, was a bachelor. But, unlike some of that clan, he loved the society of ladies, with whom he was the very type of courtesy. With him, away from school restrictions, he stimulated me to action.

Rev. S. M. Hamill, D.D., always bore a smile, both in School and elsewhere. He was a perfect Chesterfield, in the courtesy of his words and the chivalry of his manner. I wished that I could be like him. But, there was no weakness in him. Strict as was the elder brother, if there happened to come some critical hour of discipline, St. Samuel's wrath was more feared than was St. Hugh's.

Mrs. Samuel Hamill was a queenly lady. Of proud lineage, she nevertheless was able to step down to or rise to any emergency of life, and do anything, in the whole range from kitchen to parlor. She never lacked in grace, proper dignity and refinement. She was perfect in her sane adaptation to all the recognised conventionalities, that made not only the graceful companion of the rich, but equally a kind helper of the poor. No Lawrence

school-boy ever thought of being disrespectful to her.

In addition to these influences from my parents, sisters, cousins, uncles and aunt, there were others, which I place in a class by themselves: viz. the companionship of other beautiful, lovely, refined, noble, educated young women, I do not hesitate to place on record my belief, that, in my whole life, I have been influenced for good more by women than by any men, however valuable the aid of the latter. Of those women, I shall mention a few, in the course of the Life History.

I had met with the type of the school-boy love. I wrote them verses. But, with them I ever carried the spirit of honor, that, as I had at that time, nothing in life to offer them, I had no right to ask them for Love. I never disgraced them or myself by making Love a summer play, nor do I suppose that they expected it. They gave me graceful companionship, and I gave them respectful admiration.

I had grown past the school-boy love, and was now in young manhood. I recognised a difference in the phase. But, still, my sense of honor kept me away from demonstrations, which however sincere, I had no right to make, while as yet without prospects in life.

But, there was one lady, of whom I

have never been able, to the present day, to locate the
 phase of my feelings toward her. I had known
 the school-boy phase, and the young-man phase;
 and I have since then been honored by the conjugal
 phase. The feeling toward that lady, I do not think
 was any one of these. It was a worship. I mention
 her as The Lady of Worship. She taught Music in
 my father's Seminary; she had there no difficulty
 with discipline. The girls loved and worshiped her.
 She was not beautiful; she was older than I.
 Like a sister, she entered into all my enthusiasms;
 formulated those that were out of shape; and
 inspired me with new ambitions. She met me
 in my plans for the Ministry; and even pointed
 the way for the Missionary. She gave me a few
 lessons on the guitar. (And, thank, my guitar
 has been my companion for forty years, until a
 post-nasal catarrh spoiled my singing-voice.)
 She helped me to select a repertory of some thirty
 of the most beautiful of Scotch, Irish, English,
 and American ballads, that have been my restful
 companions in lonely hours, and with which I
 have the satisfaction of believing that I have
 contributed to the pleasure of very many evening
 entertainments. She guided my love for Poetry,
 that had wandered at intervals with Mrs. Hemans

and Byron, to Longfellow, (Later, I chose to stand with Leitch; and finally with Tennyson.) When she left my father's service, a great deal passed out of my life. ————— In May 1856, my

cousin Davis and I attended the closing Exercises of the Theological Seminary, on the last day of the scholastic year. We were introduced to Prof. McGill; and he, hearing that we intended to enter at the next Seminary year in the Fall, advised us to enrol at once, so as to have first choice of rooms. We did so. But, it was unfortunate. For very many years (until corrected with much labor by the Librarian) our names appeared as members of the graduating class of 1858. It would have been better had we delayed even two days, until the old academic year had expired.

My growing hatred for American Negro Slavery was deepened by Mrs Stowe's wonderful "Uncle Tom's Cabin". And, a personal interest in the Negro race was encouraged by my sister Isabella's interest. She read the monthly publications of the Ashmun Institute (now Lincoln University, Chester Co. Pa.) and her Sunday School class in the Lawrence church consisted of young colored men from ^{an} the adjacent Negro hamlet, Lewisville.

My vacations, as in previous years, were passed at

my home, and with relatives in Philadelphia, Norristown, and St Georges, Del.

I was to enter Princeton Theological Seminary in the Fall of 1856, its session beginning about the 1st of Sept. But, remembering the difficulty I had had just two years before, in becoming a Teacher at the close of the School Session, I would not put that same task on my successor. So, I remained to the School Commencement at the end of Sept, thus losing three weeks of my Seminary first year.

~~In entering the Seminary, I felt very keenly the solemnity of the new title, and how much I owed to my parents for leading me thither. On Sept. 12, 1856, I wrote them a filial letter. The portion to my mother was in verse.~~

Chapter VI.
In the Theological Seminary
1856 - 1859

So, I entered the Seminary in Oct. 1856, two weeks short of being of legal age. My room-mate was my cousin R. Hamill Davis.

In entering the Seminary, I felt very keenly the solemnity of the new life, and how much I owed to my parents for leading me thither. On Sept 12th, I wrote them a filial letter. The portion to my mother was in verse:-

My heart turns fondly, Mother,
To you who gave me birth;
And wanders backward, Mother,
To childhood's days of mirth,
The thoughtless mirth that made you oft
My anxious Mother.

Not am I sad, my Mother,
As formerly I've been.
While God's so kind, my Mother,
Such sadness were a sin.

I have had sadness, when you were
My sympathetic Mother.

But, I've been wandering, Mother,
 Life's earliest days among,
 When sickness, weakness, Mother,
 You cheered or cured by song.
 Too young to know you was I then,
 My patient Mother!

Child play I played then, Mother;
 And wayward from your side
 To romp with others, Mother,
 My little form would glide.
 But, with your following eyes, you were
 My watchful Mother.

You taught my life prayer, Mother,
 And, your "ambitious son"
 Remembers Bible tales, Mother,
 Oft told when day was done.
 And, with your holy words you were
 My prayerful Mother.

Years come now faster, Mother;
 For, manhood's duties grow.
 I'll only love you more, Mother,
 (Rivers deeper as they flow)
 I never am too old to say,
 My loved Mother!

Forgive my errors, Mother,
 Head-errors, not the heart.
 I'll try to act, my Mother,
 More of a filial part.
 And you will be as you have been,
 My gentle Mother.

Led heaven-ward by you, Mother,
 May I lead others there.
 And I will bless you, Mother,
 If God my life shall spare.
 In the walks of Heaven I'll meet you,
 My dear, good Mother!

I felt the desirability of friendly criticism in Oration
 and Composition. So, some ten of the class
 formed the "Melancthon Club," in which once
 a week, each in turn, conducted a service,
 exactly as if in charge of a church, with Hymn,
 prayer, and Sermon. And then the other nine,
 our chosen friends, kindly, truthfully, and courteously,
 told the speaker of his faults of utterance, manner,
 &c., &c. It was a very helpful club. Besides myself,
 among its members were, Surge, Hickok,
 Hinsdale, Little, Manly, R. M. Patterson.

On Oct. 6', in company with my uncle,

Rev. Dr. S. M. Hamill, my brother in law Rev. Dr. Gosman, and my cousin R. H. Davis, I rode from Lawrenceville to the adjacent village of Titusville, on the Delaware, to a meeting of the Presbytery of New Brunswick, in order to be examined for enrolment as a candidate for the Gospel Ministry. Dr. Gosman warned us to remain in the church, so as to be ready at any time when he might be able to have our examination placed on the program. We sat all that afternoon, and the next day, patiently waiting for the Presbytery to get through its endless discussions. Finally, on the evening of the second day, Dr. Gosman interfered, and told the Moderator that there were two young men waiting to be examined. Then arose the Rev. Dr. Synnnes R. Henry, of Cranbury, N.J. (who had been prominent in those discussions.) He was a large man, with a heavy voice; and he said, "Moderator! we have now for two days trespassed on the hospitality of the good people of Titusville, and we should adjourn. Why have not these young men appeared earlier?" Dr. Macdonald, Pastor of the Princeton 1st church, promptly arose. He too was large, and his voice was strong, but not heavy. He interrupted, "Moderator! We have wasted time while these young men

have waited on us. What greater work has
 presiding than the induction of men into the
 Ministry? I move that they be examined." And it
 was done. The examiner, the Rev. Dr. Janeway,
 moved forward to me, and asked whether I thought
 I was a Christian. I gave him the reasons for
 the Faith that was in me. Ever since that day,
 I have revered Dr. Macdonald.

Coming of legal age just a month before the
 Election Day for President, I was proud to cast
 my first vote, for Fremont. How democratic our
 country is in its voting privileges! At the polls,
 standing in line, just in front of me was the
 distinguished Rev. Dr. Charles Hodge; and just
 behind me was an ignorant foreigner.

During my college years, I had
 not attempted to make acquaintances in Princeton,
 and took no interest in its affairs. But, on
 entering the Seminary, and with prospective mis-
 sionary life, I decided to engage in some such
 work. My growing interest in the Negro Race took
 me to the Sabbath School of the colored church,
 the Witherspoon St. Presbyterian. Its Superintendent
 was a Seminary student, and, excepting two other
 students, all its teachers were white ladies of
 Princeton. That School had a pleasant reputation

of being one of Cupid's camping-grounds for the students and Princeton young ladies. Though, there were bars which Princeton's peculiar society conventionalities carefully guarded. I taught faithfully my class of half grown boys (the worst class in the School); and, I attended regularly the Saturday evening Teachers' meeting that was held in rotation at the homes of the Princeton teachers. At those homes, we were received with courtesy, and the lesson was pleasantly studied. But, acquaintance ended there. My bow, on the street, was acknowledged; but, nothing farther. Perhaps the strict convention was necessary, considering that not all the students were gentlemen. They came from a great variety of strata in the societies of their own homes.

One of the teachers was Miss Margaret E. Breckinridge. She lived with her maiden-aunt, Miss Miller, in the house that is now the Nassau Club house, on Mercer st near Nassau. Miss Miller guarded her niece very strictly. Nevertheless, I saw that there was some means of approach; for, the bars had been let down for two of my Sunday associates, Singleton and Prime, (Rev. Horace L. Singleton and Rev. Wendell Prime, D.D.) accepted as her visitors. She was a queenly lady; and I

wished to make her acquaintance. Lawyer John F. Hagerman had married another of her aunts. His sisters were the Misses Hagerman with whom I had boarded while in College. I asked Miss Hagerman to present me to Miss Breckinridge for an introduction. It was granted; and, an hour of a certain evening was appointed.

But, it happened that that was the same evening marked by Dr. Charles Hodge for his Annual Reception of the new students. These Receptions were "stag-parties", at which the fifty invited students, besides the Professor's family, a half-dozen other Princeton young ladies; just enough to stand in the receiving-line, and make a few gracious remarks, as the young men passed on, ate their refreshments, chatted for quarter of an hour, and retired to make way for a newly-arrived set. It was a great honor to take the hand of our venerated Dr. Hodge! I made every plan for the great evening! I would go promptly to the appointment with Miss Breckinridge; and then my later hour would be proper for going to the Reception. My best suit of clothes was in my mother's care at Lawrenceville, I rose in the dark of a cold November morning, and walked alone the five miles to my home;

breakfasted there; and walked back to Princeton, carrying my precious suit of clothes. I attended the Seminary morning Lecture; and ate a hearty noon meal. Then exhausted Nature claimed its right. I lay down for a 2. P.M. nap. I slept. Slept past 4. P.M., the hour for Dr. Hodge's Lecture; past 5. P.M., the evening Prayer-house; past the supper hour. And, when I awoke at 8. P.M., the appointment-hour was already past! Too late, even if a careful tailor had not yet to be made! I had failed to keep an appointment with a lady! Could I ever be forgiven! Nothing could be done. At least, I could go to the Reception. I went in a very peevish state of mind. As I passed along the receiving line, I remarked to Miss Kitty Hodge on the rainy weather, "Yes: so I have been informed several times." (I then made a vow, which I have rarely broken since, not to select "weather" as the initial topic of a conversation.

The next day, the best I could do would be to offer Miss Breckenridge a truthful apology; perhaps be dismissed; and sit down and accept my loss. I went to Miss Hageman. As I sat in the parlor awaiting her, the door to the hall was open; my back was toward it. As I was looking into a large mirror on the opposite side of the room,

I saw her reflection coming down the stairway; and a broad laugh spread over her face. As she entered the parlor, I asked why she laughed. She replied that she saw my face reflected in the mirror, and that I looked so dreadfully disconsolate. That saved me. I told her that my face spoke true; and explained the whole affair. Miss Breckinridge, when told of it, also kindly looked on the affair in its humorous light, and made another appointment. It was the beginning of an acquaintance, which (outside of the Seminary) I cherish as the noblest of my Princeton privileges.

Among my associates there was not the close ~~line~~ ^{line} of class demarcation, as in college; I had friends and associates in all the three classes.

I usually wrote some recognition of my mother's birthday. For January 27th 1857, I wrote in blank verse:-

The night is still, so still,
That t'would be lonely, were there not sweet thoughts
To fill the passing hours with their bright forms
That, to the strained mind seem tangible;
And silent, did not its gentle "voices",
Which Day's harsh sounds will not allow to hear,
Come whispering in mine ear, and bid me write,
Write words of dutious love to those I love
Within the walls of Home.

Gladly I come,
 From cloistered nook, where, hermit-like, I sit
 Surrounded by the marks of student-life,
 Leaving the tomes of theologic lore,
 To take "the pilgrim-staff and sandal-shoon,
 And bid me to that Mecca of the soul,
 A Mother's name.

To other chronies in life
 The traveler treads, bearing the meed of praise
 To bloody conquerors or wily priest,
 (Names of doubtful greatness), I rather come
 Rising up to call a Mother blessed,
 And, at her feet to sit, where erst I sat,
 A child.

I greet you, Mother, joyfully,
 Upon another natal day's return.
 Bless'd day, that gave earth such inhabitant!
 To life, ^a ~~the~~ year, the Reaper yet doth add,
 Unwilling, yet, the shock of corn to cut,
 'Till, in its season, ripe. Unto those years
 God add, that longer you may bless your child,
 And praise His Holy Name! The weight of years
 Of half a century, which others groan
 Beneath, rests lightly with you. Other years
 Leave not but leave their vertige on your brow.
 Well! let them thus; of only, as the past,
 They're blest, 'tis well.

Yester morn, I stood,
 From my casement gazing out on a slope
 Where heavy hung the mists. The morning sun,
 O'er the horizon struggling, tried to send
 Through their thick folds its rays. At last it rose
 Triumphant, and on its way rejoicing,
 Went, to set in glory, May life like this
 Be thine, my Mother!

I added to my letter, this:- When the Presbytery was
 sitting in Princeton at its last Meeting, a young
 man was undergoing a searching examination
 of his religious experience, when asked, as to his
 views of the Ministry, how long he had been
 looking toward it, he answered, "Long before
 I became a Christian." Being still farther asked,
 "From what time?", said he, "In my childhood,
 it was my mother's wish, (that too had been
 my own experience.) Then, I wished that there
 had been more mothers such as she, and
 more altogether such as yourself.

At that time there was no gas or electric lighting
 in Alexander Hall. Each student had his own
 candles, or whale-oil, or camphene lamp. A
 fellow student, doubtless believing that he was

offering us all a great blessing (but incidentally helping his own finances as agent for a new lighting material) induced almost the entire student-body to buy "kerosene" lamps and oil. The new petroleum oil was not the refined product of the present day; it was as black as ink. Undeniably, with very great care in cleaning and trimming the lamp, it gave a good light. But, men did not seem to know how to give that necessary care; and the lamps were dreadfully smoky. And, the odor of the oil was offensive. Before the end of the session, I was one of the only three who had not abandoned the use of the offensive oil.

I made considerable use of my guitar, in my room; when invited to entertainments; and on serenading excursions. Some of the more dignified brethren looked askance at these proceedings. They knew that I thought of becoming a foreign missionary; they thought my guitar an unfit means of preparation, and said, "What will this fiddler do?" In the middle of that very year, I determined to show them where the "he" could "do anything", desiring also to test myself as to my ability to endure difficulty. In company

with my cousin Davis, on Feb'y 3', 1857, we offered ourselves to Rev. Dr. W. E. Schenk, Cor. Sec'y of the Presb. Bd. of Publication, as correspondents for the Board. And were at once engaged. In our application, we asked the Board to assign us to their most difficult field. They gave us, "Western Missouri (Platte and Buchanan counties) and adjacent parts of Kansas". That region was, at that time, part of the "wild west"; and the animosities of the "Border-Ruffian" period had not yet died down. It was a rather dangerous place to which to go, for one who favored Negroes, and who had voted for Fremont.

In April, we wrote for information, to the Rev. A. V. Co. Schenk, who was just then leaving St Joseph, Mo.

So, at the close of the Seminary year, in May 1857, I took my start from Philadelphia (leaving my guitar with me). My father had accompanied me as far as Philadelphia.

En route, I wrote to my parents, on the back of a rail-way schedule:-

The cars are rushing along; but, it is time to let you ~~know~~ and the dear ones at home know my whereabouts. I will give you a journal of events, and try to post this at the next Station. Friday; I left you, Father, and continued my walk to

Grand-pa's; dined; had an interesting interview with Cousin, at the Board; went to the depot to leave my baggage; and was so tired on entering the cars at night, that I pulled off my boots, and stretched myself out on the seats. (There were no ladies in that car., Didn't get sick; for there was no fire [Heat in travel, sickened me.]

Saturday. Reached Spruce Creek at 8. A.M.; and, at 8.30 left, in stage, for uncle's [Rev. Robert Hamill, D.D.] Reached there at 3. P.M.; warm welcome. Interesting little girl in stage on way there. Sunday. Uncle "licensed" and compelled cousin to preach in morning at Spring Creek; and myself in afternoon at Boalsburg. Among our auditors were Mrs Potter, Misses Mary and Fannie Davis, Thompson, and Berry. [Former pupils of my father]. Dined at Judge Boal's. Urgent and different invitations to stay. Monday. Left uncle's in stage. Johnnie [cousin] threatened with cramp. At 2.30. P.M., stopped at Coleraine, three miles from Spruce Creek. Introduced ourselves [to the Stewart family]. Stayed until 5. o'clock; took tea; and walked to Spruce Creek by 6. P.M., when the cars left. Tuesday. Reached Pittsburg at 12.30, at night; crossed the Allegheny, and left at 2. A.M. We have been riding since then in a company of dirty

babbling Dutch men and women, at whom, (much to my merriment) cousin can scarcely refrain from expressing his disgust. It is now just 9. A.M., or, by your time, 9.20: and, while writing this have ridden 35 miles. Will try to get an envelope, and drop this at the next place. My fondest love to all at home; the word is like the sound of far-off music. Paradise, 125 miles west of Pittsburg.

On reaching St Louis, at the Board's Depository, we were furnished our supply of books. And under date of May 21st, we were given a letter of Introduction, for assistance on our way:-

This will introduce to you, Mr. Robt. H. Nassau, who visits your community as a colporteur of the Presbyterian Board of Publication. His visit is a purely religious one. The undersigned, therefore, not only confidently commend him, but also beg for him and his colleague any courtesy or assistance which Christian Kindness may be able to render. They will both be appreciated by them, and will materially forward the good and important work in which they have engaged.

J. H. Newton, Pastor Boatmen's Ch., St. Louis
 Smyth & Gore
 Keith & Woods
 W. G. Bell, Boonville, Mo.

Thence by steamboat up the Missouri, to Boonville and Independence. There we were hospitably entertained, by families, whose doors were opened to us by our letters of introduction. One was the Quarles family, whose son, (James Addison Quarles, D.D., L.L.D.), the next year, followed us to Princeton Seminary.

In view of a more expeditious and (we hoped) successful prosecution of our colporteur work than was presented by the slow and laborious mode of pedal progression, with our own funds we purchased at Independence, a wagon and horse, as I wrote to my father, from that city, on Wednesday June 3rd:-

We have been in Independence since last Thursday, but our books did not arrive until Saturday. So, we have been operating as colporteurs only this week. Have been receiving very kind attention. The object of this present hasty note is to say, that, with the advice of numerous friends and competent judges along the way, we have bought, for \$200., a horse and ^{carriage} ~~wagon~~, to expedite our operations. If competent judges of horses and carriages are worth anything as assistants, we think that we have made a good bargain. Mr. McBay is an Elder in the Presbyterian Church, and we have been enjoying the hospitalities of his house for some days.

With this horse and wagon, we pursued our way for two months, along the stump-marrowed roads and sylvan "cuts", from Weston (where we were the guests of a most cordial old gentleman, Rev. J. B. Wright) passing the site of the present Park College, and many other towns, e.g., Sparta and Savannah, and finally reaching St. Joseph.

On the route, from every stopping place, we were given by the Minister or some church-members, a letter of introduction to the next town.

On arriving at any town, it was our practice to separate. We might then be seen, one of us promenadeing the streets, alleys, and courts of the town with a basket of books, going from house to house, offering the books for sale, engaging in religious conversation, and offering prayer; the other doing the same, riding with horse and wagon for a few miles out to the adjacent country farm houses. We called our horse *Bucephalus*; for short, *Keephy*.

From Klatte City, June 22, I wrote to my mother:-

Starting with yourself and Pa., I have written, my dear Mother, to each one of the dear family, except Tillie; I will come to her presently. The intention to remember you in this way has been hastened by a little incident on Saturday. Going around in

my daily duties (for, Saturday is not play-day), & stepped into a house more than ordinarily plain. Within, on the rough uncarpeted floor, was a little child, just recovering from "the chills", amusing himself with some playthings of his own construction (or, rather destruction); a coloured servant (for, one does not hear the word "slave" here); and an aged lady, smoking her pipe, by the wide hearth-place. Now, the day was cool, and many families had fire. It was afternoon; but, as we have no such time here, I saluted her, as customary, "Good evening, Madam," at the same time lifting my hat. I always thus greet the polite gentleman, for (as I tell the people, when I think that they suspect the contrary) I am not a pedler. "Come in! come in! Sit down!" How d'ye do? Sit down there! Live, git a cheer! "A cool day, Madam." "Yes, a smart chance, I reckon, for a cool spell." Thus started, I gradually introduced my mission. The old lady was very hospitable, I found. But, her garrulity was toned up by her piety. She "liked good books;" "reckoned her son would buy some of them kind;" asked me to call again; said it did her heart good to talk about religion. I mentioned something about my mother." So gave mother

living?" "Yes, Ma'am." "Well", said she, energetically, "Write to her; write to her, child! My son went to Texas for seven weeks on a visit; and I just know how a mother's heart goes!" I am obeying her command, and my own wishes.

For my own part, I can appreciate how Brother William felt when in Burlington, Iowa, he heard nothing from home for three weeks. It is now five weeks since I left Lawrenceville; and, a paper, received last week, was the first recognition from home, though there was no word, yet it was very dear to see the well-known chirography, and read what was sent as an ~~ex~~ expression of affection. At first, I did not understand the significance of sending a religious paper to a calporteur surrounded by hundreds of religious books. But, on farther search, I discovered the consummation of the happiness of Mr. Green and Miss Kennedy, announced. If I was an extravagant mathematician, I would express the wish that their happiness might = ∞ , and their sorrows = 0 , Brother Charles is an algebraist; let him reduce the expressions. I imagine that they are touring now; and, it will be incumbent on Cousin Davis and myself to present our good wishes at Burlington.

in August. As soon as Cousin returned from the Kansas prairie, I left Leavenworth, and drove over to this city; and commenced operations here. In a day or two, he followed me, having collected some money, on the condition that it was to be spent in distributing books gratuitously in Kansas. It being to return to that territory, as he liked traveling, and I did not, he went to Kickapoo with Cephy and the "avalanche" (a certain man's attempt at vaiillance), while I will be employed in this city and its precincts.

I am staying with a gentleman, a Ruling Elder in the Presbyterian church, who, in some respects, reminds me of uncle Samuel Hamill. He is a man of prominent unaffected piety; with more than a competence of money; sometimes lets himself be imposed on; is an important man in the community. Platte City could not manage without him. Quite popular; a finger in every pie; an especial favorite of children; even child that wishes candies, figs, parties, and 4th of July celebrations, goes to Mr. Paxton.

I feel better than I have for a great long while. Scarcely a week was I in Princeton, but I had some little adjustment. But, here, on this daily walking, and delightful corn-

bread and bacon (I really mean it, for, I eat no wheat bread, even when it is on the table) I am growing fat. It has ^{not} been too cool any day, for comfort; not often too warm. I have not yet changed

clothing. We found that a heavy box of books, two heavy valises, two carpet-bags, a bucket, ropes, &c, &c, were too much for Cephy, with ourselves, and too troublesome to us. So, we stuffed our packs with what we wished, and sent the rest in my valise to brother William, and will not see it till we reach Burlington. We feel quite relieved.

I am not adventurous, Mother; but, thinking it right always to be happy, I have not been home-sick yet; unless it be not long ago, when, not having had much success, and the day being very warm and dusty, I turned into a little wood in a shallow ravine, through which crept a water, over which I could step. Here drinking of the water, and sitting on the grass, I thought of those that were Far Away, and said:-

In the wild I stray
From that home away
Where dearly loved ones often think of me.
Nor can strange, smile,
Even though kind, beguile
My heart's sad thoughts of far away.
Hark! Hark! Echoes say,
Far away! Away!

Not the wealth untold
 Of Earth's jeweled gold
 With home and friends like mine can ever compare,
 Nor mere Pleasure make
 My warm feet forsake
 The spot, my home, that's far away,
 Hark! hark! Echoes say,
 Far away! Away!

Though the fragrant flower,
 And the willow bow'r,
 With tempting coolness calm my fevered brow;
 And my weary feet
 Rest most gladly greet,
 My thoughts still wander far away.
 Hark! hark! Echoes say,
 Far away! Away!

Soon the wandering one,
 When the tail is done,
 Will turn, and seek "the dearest spot of earth";
 'Twill be far more sweet
 Glad soft hands to greet,
 When tail is over, far away.
 Hark! hark! Echoes say,
 Far away! Away!

The adaptation of the meter to a certain familiar air was not accidental; they were notes of a song, "Far Away", which a Miss Van Vliet gave me the day I left Lawrenceville. [She was a teacher in my father's Female Seminary; ^{a few years} and, later, was married to Mr. Hendrickson, of Lawrenceville.]. A year later, thinking of a foreign missionary life, I added another stanza:-

Though I love my home,
 Yet, the time may come,
 When I must wander homeless, lone, and worn.
 I shall not complain,
 If there yet "remain
 A better country", far away,
 Hark! hark! Angels say,
 Far away! Away!

On the route farther on, in July, there came one day a letter notifying of the marriage of my Lady of Worship. It was a blow. I had not understood myself. I walked out into the summer night by the Missouri river bank, and, according to what had become my habit, expressed my feelings in some stanzas, of which the first and fourth are the following:-

I have no hope, One little hope
 Lit two fond years of life along.
 Its sunbeams gave that life a joy,
 And cheered and soothed my saddest song.
 How brightly, Ah! how brightly
 That cherished sunbeam shone,
 It made my day-dreams, and its light
 Revealed my Idol One.

=

What, if for me, across life's path
 Some other hope should flit its ray?
 Nay! never could such ^{ray} hope seem like
 The dearest hope that died to day.
 How calmly, yes, even calmly
 I speak, as without care,
 To-morrow's work must find me brave,
 The bravery of despair.

~~In a letter to my mother, dated Savannah, Tuesday;
 Saturday, July 18, I stated:- This is probably the
 most extreme point (north) that we will reach.
 Then, on Monday, I will turn left's head homeward
 to St Joseph, there to spend a week; then a week
 in Kansas across the river; then my work is
 done, as we have only about \$50. to sell, this
 though small, is a difficult ^{matter} to aid. There is~~

~~considerable variety, but principally small books, which, because they look like Sunday School book, people ^{do} not wish. I added an account of the difficulty we had fallen into about the horse.~~

Two weeks before, my cousin Davis had gone from Weston by water to St Joseph, while I drove up country with the horse and wagon, and joined him there.

On reaching St Joseph, we went to the store of Mr Edward R. Colthorn, to whom our letter was addressed. He was a Ruling Elder in the church, and he took us to his home.

[A son of his became Admiral J. Ross Colthorn, of Washington, D. C.]. It was my turn to take the basket, and my cousins to go out in the country. It was a fine morning in the early part of July, when, with a well-filled basket, I said good-bye to my cousin, not expecting to see him for a week. And, he sallied out for the surrounding country.

After a successful morning's work, when I returned to Mr. Colthorn's at the lunch hour, I was surprised at finding cousin Davis there. He made the surprising explanation that, in driving through a certain street, on his way out of the town, a man named Hurley had sprung up from the sidewalk, where he had been sitting with a number

of other men, and, running into the street, had seized our horse by the head, swearing that "that critter" was his. My cousin could not comprehend the nature of the claim, until it had been several times asserted, each assertion being emphasized by various profane expletives. Though the situation was really a painful one, I could not refrain from laughing, when suddenly there flashed upon me the appreciation of the fact that he and I stood in the position of horse-thieves! At that time, in the West a horse-thief was usually hung. My cousin had soon been able to convince Audrey that he had come by the horse honestly. But, Audrey still insisted that we had been deceived; that his horse had been stolen from him by some one else; that it was his, and that twenty men in the street would swear to that as a fact. (More than that number had by that time gathered about the wagon, each chuckling at the thought that at least one scamp had finally been caught.) Audrey had the best side of the affair; and ^{as} my cousin could not prove a negative, he agreed that the horse should be placed temporarily in a livery-stable, and that Audrey should meet him at a certain lawyer's office in the afternoon, where I, as part owner,

would be present. All this was told me at Mr Colhoun's lunch. We discussed the various phases of the matter. It was comical that such a charge should be laid on us. It was serious, for that we might be subjected to considerable pecuniary loss. More than this, that Religion might suffer, coming into the town as representatives of a religious society, and the story of our arrest being known, there were people who loved Religion none too well to slander it over the faults of its professors.

After lunch, the very gentlemanly christian merchant, Mr Colhoun, went with us to furnish bail at the office where we were to meet Audrey, and where ourselves and the horse were to be formally placed in the sheriff's hands. As a matter of Law, Audrey could take the horse; he could (as he said) prove his claim; and our word was worth nothing. Even ourselves we began to believe that we had bought a stolen horse. Our first plan therefore, was to resist the claim (only for the sake of form); judgment would be given against us; we would take a writ of replevin, and the judgment declaring the horse to have been stolen, to the man of whom we had obtained the animal, so that the law should not fall entirely on

ourselves. But, we changed the plan; it would have consumed time; would have introduced us to move public notice and the Law's delay. So, we determined to take the matter into our own hands; go back to Independence; discover the horse's history; and, in the meanwhile leave the matter Audrey's sense of justice. Satisfied of our honesty, he was disposed to be generous.

On that 11th day of July my cousin and I with Mr. Colthoun signed a legal document that we should "deliver up said horse, in as good condition as he now is, on Monday 20th of July, or sooner, or pay the value". So, my cousin

took a steam-boat down to Independence; and I took the horse and wagon a week's tour in the surrounding country as far as ^[Insert page 109 1/2] Savannah. ^{to St Joseph}

On the appointed day, I returned. But, the horse was not in "good condition", I had fed him awfully; and, as I placed him in the livery-stable, he flung himself on the floor in agony of bowel-complaint. But, next day he was well.

My cousin had returned bringing with him some legal facts, which, when later I told the story to my brother-in-law, Edward Webb, Esq., of Peekskill, N.Y., he said that it was the most remarkable case of mistaken identity

[Insert on middle]
of page 109.

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From which place, I wrote to my mother, on Saturday, July 18:- This is probably the most extreme point (north) that we will reach. Then, next Monday, I will turn left his head homeward to St Joseph, there to spend a week; then a week in Kansas across the river; then our work is done, as we have only about \$50. to sell. This, though small, is a difficult matter to rid. There is considerable variety, but principally small books, which, because they look like "Sunday School books", people do not wish.

of which he had ever heard in his legal career. It was true, as Audrey claimed, that he had really lost a horse 18 months before. But, this dating of his saved us; we were able to prove for our horse an alibi. For, cousin Davis had found at Independence, Mo two years before this (and, therefore, according to Audrey's own date, six months before his horse had been stolen from him) ours was in the hands of another party, back of whose possession of him, my cousin had traced him, exchanged at Weston, to a mistaken identity with still a third, a St Joseph horse. So, Audrey had made a pure mistake; there were two other horses, exactly resembling and mistaken for each other, one of which had come into our possession, and which he mistook for his! We were safe. The horse was ours. Audrey reluctantly yielded. Putting an extra quid into one side of his mouth as he let fall an extra oath from the other side, he turned mournfully on his heel. Our horse had won for himself notoriety in the town. We had established for him a good title (which is not what every western horse possessed); he was becoming somewhat of an

incubus; our Sumner's work was near its end; so, we concluded to part with him.

The paste had not long dried on our attractive posters that announced to passers by the proposed "Sale, of a fine Bay Horse," before eligible offers were made. After the first feeling of satisfaction at being relieved of a cause of temporary trouble, I regretted having parted with a faithful; and I wrote some verses to his memory, the final one of which was:-

Bucephalus, farewell to thee!

It is not well to grieve,
Although it's very natural.

When friends have thus to leave.

O! begh, I hope that every day

In fields of green you'll pass,
Green as thine own, thy noble bay.

O! ever go to grass!

Singing this to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne", I crossed the "St Joe" ferry, with my cousin, to the Elwood on the opposite Kansas shore, and trudged off with a basket of our few remaining books, on a walk of 25 or 30 miles to the Indian Town and Sac Mission at the town of Highland. We found it alive, booming for the future. It had a College, which already called itself

"University," An expected trans-continental rail-
 way was scheduled to pass near it. Ministers
 of the place advised us to invest in town lots.
 The map of the proposed "city" looked attractive.
 We invested the proceeds of the sale of the horse
 and wagon. We were told that we were for-
 tunate in having an early chance. There were
 to be no immediate taxes; and one gentle-
 man promised to inform us whenever any
 should be laid. [I went to Africa, four years
 later; and, some years after that my cousin
 wrote me that that gentleman had failed to
 keep his promise; we, quietly waiting for him,
 had almost forgotten our investment; a time-
 limit had expired, and some one else was
 owning our lots and paying the taxes. The
 trans-continental Rail-road did not ma-
 terialize near Highland; and, the little town's
 hopes died. And, we lost our money.]

I journeyed in a few other Kansas and Missouri
 towns, being received cordially. I remember par-
 ticularly the hospitality of Dr. A. J. Garrison, Dr. Wallace,
 of St. Louis City.

Then cousin Davis and I
 separated on our return East, I coming by way
 of Burlington, Iowa; Warsaw, New York, and Niagara
 Falls. I had gained much in experience; and had

lost nothing for the Colportage Board, in my three months' service.

And, in Sept. 1857, I entered on my second year in the Seminary.

Eating at the Refectory had some unpleasant aspects. When men herd together, even gentlemen sometimes forget to be gentlemen. In the company at the Refectory tables there were men from all strata of society. Some had, unfortunately, no home training in manners. Their greediness and selfishness were often disgusting. So, a dozen of us, from different classes, desiring to preserve our own good manners, left the Refectory, and engaging a table at the home of a Mrs. Allen, appointed one of our number, F. E. Butler, as our manager. Each one of us was at liberty at any time to make suggestions to him as to the menu; he would hand a list to Mrs. Allen; and, within a specified limit of expense, she would buy and prepare the viands. We enjoyed our meals in the companionship of the "Allen Club". It is one of the first Eating Clubs that broke away from the old Refectory. Among its members were Mitchell, Singleton, Prine, Weidman, Davis. Butler was a lovely man. One day walking together

up a stairway in Alexander Hall, with my arm over his shoulder, I impulsively said, "Butler, if you were a woman, I would kiss you!" He graciously replied, "And, Nassau, if I were, I would permit you!"

There was an Association of all the students known as "The Society of Inquiry". Its membership was divided into committees, which, in monthly meetings, discussed the work of the Church Board, and a few other topics. The popular Committees were those on Home, and Foreign, Missions. There was quite a neglected one on "Sailors, Soldiers, and Negroes". With my interest in the Negro Race, I deliberately chose to be enrolled on that poor little Committee. I noticed that three of the Southern members of my class made the same choice. [One of them, a Baptist clergyman, the Rev. Charles Maulsby, D.D., is, at this date (1915) our class-president.]

There was also a Foreign Missionary Society, largely attended at its meetings, by most of the students. But, about a dozen, from different classes, who had definite plans for a foreign-mission life, met privately, for more intimate expression of their feelings. I joined with them. Prof. McMill has the custom of

requiring each member of the Class, in rotation, to write and deliver a Sermon, in presence of himself and the Class; at the close of which criticisms were to be made. This might have been helpful. But, the criticisms made by our fellow-students generally went beyond all bounds of courtesy or kindness, holding the speaker to ridicule. Dr. McGill was always just, even if he had sometimes to be very plain-spoken. My boyhood lingual difficulty still marred my utterance. Dr. McGill, after my sermon, said, "The young brother has made an admirable analysis of the text; but, his delivery, otherwise commendable, shows an imperfection in enunciation."

My musical taste found companionship in an Amateur Musical Association. Among its members were Georgea, Hinsdale, and McDougall. As the latter was a better flutist than I, I bought a clarionett; on which I needed no instruction, as the fingering of the keys was much the same as on the flute.

And, in the end of that Seminary year, on April 8th, 1858, four of us, Bridgman, Hinsdale, Lowe, and myself, went to the 1st Presbyterian Church of Hightstown, N.J., to assist in a Musical Concert.

Our Middle year coming to a

close in May of 1858, I determined to again spend the vacation in some mission work. I took an appointment, under the Philadelphia Sabbath Association, to travel among the Boat-men, on the Pennsylvania Canal between the limits of Columbia, Pa. and Harrisburg.

I was at Columbia by May 3; and, after spending two days in searching for comfortable lodging, I found it at the boarding-house of a Mr. Ferree, where also were a Mr. Cleland and his daughter, and a young man, a Mr. Wickersham. [Who afterwards became prominent as a Public School Instructor.]

I at once made the acquaintance of two of the resident clergymen, Rev. Messrs. Grimes and Robbins.

Promptly, I went to the canal-lock, to meet the boatmen. I had been told, that, in former years, they had been such a wicked and dangerous class of men, that "it was worth one's life to go among them." I did find some bad, licentious men, who did not hesitate to boast of their lewdness; and, there was a great deal of profanity. But, even those men tried to suppress their oaths in my presence, listened to my exhortations, and accepted the Association's tracts. Rarely did I meet with unkindness; never with injury. Men would tell me of their church-relations; a few

were church members. The only ones who refused the tracts were Roman Catholics.

My plan of work, at first, was to jump onto a boat as it went through the lock, talk with the captain and his men, encourage those who really desired to do well, give tracts to them; and then jump on to the deck of a boat passing the other way. But, soon I changed. I met more men by standing at the lock, and talking and giving to the crews of the several boats waiting there.

As my special object was the preservation of the Sabbath, on Saturday afternoons I would plead with the men to "tie up", wait over Sunday, when I would then hold a preaching-service with them. It was most noticeable that the majority were willing to do so, even of those who were not christians. They said, "When we are at home, we go to church." "Why not do so now?" "O! that fellow over there has the same kind of goods that I have; and I must get to market before him."

In my childhood's Primer, I had remembered a verse:- "A Sabbath well spent

Brings a week of content,
And health for the toils of the morrow.
But a Sabbath profaned,
Whatever may be gained,
Is a certain fore-runner of sorrow."

I had found that notably true in my own personal experience. If I desecrated Sunday, I was morally certain I would have trouble on Monday. I think that there is no one of the Ten Commandments whose infraction God more promptly punishes in this life than the Fourth.

I would meet some of those same captains ten days or two weeks later: "Well! Captain, what success?" "O! Mister, I wish I had followed your advice. My mule went lame, and I lost a day on the route!"

Or, "My rudder broke, and I lost a day repairing it."

I made the agreeable acquaintance of a Miss Houston; and of the Battrell family; and of the Robbins family. I went, in line of my work, to Marietta and Wrightsville. And, some excursions to Chique's Rock, Lancaster, and Donegal, and several other places.

At Lancaster I saw, and was much amused by the variety of shows of a "White Monday." There, I had a strange experience: I went to a store to hire a guitar. I told who I was, and spoke of my work. A lady standing by (next the shop-girl) said that I should have the use of the instrument as long as I desired. I expressed my surprise, saying, "But, Miss, you do not know me!" "Yes, I do; I know all about you, and who you are." But, she would not tell me who

she was, or where she lived, nor how she had known of me. And, I never have known. I allowed my imagination to play, and I wrote, for my own satisfaction, a poem of three stanzas, the first of which was:—

Sitting in the yellow Autumn,
 When the saddest thoughts arise;
 Listening to the dirge of Winter,
 Dirges when the Old Year dies;
 Roaming in the blithesome Spring-times,
 Where the unfettered brooklets play;
 Musing on the lap of Summer,
 Shaded from the glare of day;
 Every where, & every when,
 Lady, I have met you,
 Not as now and here; but then,
 Lady, I have seen you,
 Seen you daily; seen you nightly.
 Daily, when Earth's cares were round me,
 Nightly, when still slumber bound me,
 All the Future seeming brightly.

I visited Harrisburg, and was introduced to some of the State officials. Dr. DeWitt showed me through the Asylum, and the hospital. I resumed acquaintance with my ~~old~~ boy-hood play-mate, Mrs James S. Boyd (Louisa Yeomans). And, in company

with my cousin Charles L. Davis (in business in Harrisburg) made a new acquaintance with Miss Anna Wallace, and enjoyed flute duets with her. [She married a gentleman, of her own name.]

In the line of my work, I went to other places, High-spire, Dauphin, and New Buffalo. On the night of June 21, on my return to Columbia, I had an adventure that might have been fatal, due to my own curiosity. It was after midnight, Mrs. Ferree being particular that her boarders should not return late, I did not knock at the front door. (I should have gone to a hotel.) On a side street, the house had a small garden enclosed by a high fence. I climbed it. Then, the side of the projecting rear of the house had a porch running to the second story. I climbed its pillars. And end of that porch was near a window belonging to Mr. Wickersham's room. That window was open. I reached over the porch-railing, caught the ledge of the window-sill, and slowly drawing myself into the darkness of the room, carefully crept across the floor toward the door leading to my room. I must have made some noise. Wickersham sprang up in bed, with an extended pistol, demanding who was there! He was satisfied when he heard my voice. (Some

men, under those circumstances, would have
 fied, without waiting for a reply.) I was over-
 whelmed with shame at my foolish daring.

After two months of work, I left
 Columbia, for a month's vacation, going by canal
 to Liverpool and Port Trenton; and, on reaching
 the New York line, by rail-way, to my brother Joseph,
 at Warsaw, Wyoming Co. N. Y. I spent July there.
 I had been there before; and loved Warsaw. I have
 been in many towns of the United States; but, I know
 no other whose men and women (transplanted
 New Englanders) were so intelligent, refined, and
 sensibly energetic in all church and social
 activities; nor whose young ladies were so
 beautiful, attractive, and gracious. One of the
 gentlest of them, Miss Helen E. Buxton, in response
 to my admiration, (expressed, of course, not in
 words, but in manner) gave me flowers, Spirea,
 Mist-tree, and Pansies; of which I made record,
 (not to her) in three "Bouquet Melodias;" poems.
 [She married Judge Comstock, one of my brother's
 Ruling Elders.]

On Aug. 3; I left Warsaw; to Harrisburg; and thence
 by canal to Columbia by Aug. 6; to resume my
 work. Many of the men and lads, on the boats
 passing through the lock, recognised me, and

were pleased to meet me again. Also, I made a few excursions; to Pegues; to the Gaps, where I had the privilege of meeting the Kennedy family; to the Grove, and a preaching service at Whitefield's Tree. And, at Marietta, to the Mahaffy family, one of whose sons had been a College-mate with me at Princeton.

I had found that even suchristian men among the boatmen, preferred not to work on Sunday. But, the lock-man was required by Law to open the lock if any boat demanded. Then, the canal being open, even those captains who would have preferred to rest, felt spurred by rivalry of others, to go ahead. So, I wrote a Petition to the Company, for the Sunday closing of the canal, and obtained among the boat-men, a very large number of signatures.

On Aug. 30, I closed my three months work, which, I think, had been a useful and successful one. And, I said good-bye, with much regret to the many friends I had made in Columbia, especially of the Colcland and Blackson families.

I returned to Princeton, for my third, the Senior year, in the Seminary.

My class-mate, Lower [Rev. J. Lancy Lower, D.D.] was a musician,

both vocal and instrumental. I myself was already playing (almost solely self-taught) on flute, guitar, accordion, clarionet, and violinello, and knew of instrumental chords. I sang; but, I had never understood vocal chords. Lower was the first person who made plain to me the different registers of the human voice. He told me that mine was a tenor. He gave me a simple mnemonic mode of remembering the succession of the sharp and flat keys: Sharps:- Go-Drink-And-Ever-Be-Free. Flats:- Free-Be-Ever-And-Drinking-Go.

As I have already mentioned, one exercise was principally in walking. But, in winter and rainy days, a Gymnasium would have been a blessing. There was none. Butler, at Yale, had learned a System called (probably after the teacher) "Pangdonics". It involved some military tactics and most of the present course of Physical Culture. He obtained permission to use the basement of Miller Chapel, and invited some twenty of us to be his pupils. I was one of them. It was very helpful for the erect holding of the head, and for the broadening of stunted cramped shoulders. Some of the more dignified brethren looked askance on

what they thought was folly. Butler was justified, when, by permission of the Faculty, and with funds obtained in New York, a plain Gynnasium was erected (on the spot that is now the site of Hodge Hall). And, at the close of the session, we gave an Exhibition that was attended by all the Professors and their families.

A remarkable experience was connected with the Rev. Dr. MacDonald, Pastor of the Princeton 1st Presbyterian Church. One of my class-mates, William Howell Taylor, a most courteous gentleman, was seized with an evangelistic spirit. Under its influence, he felt that the Princeton churches were ^{in a} lukewarm state, and that both pastors and people needed reviving. He determined to attempt the reviving. He tried to induce others of the class to join with him. The only two who consented were Morrison and myself. It was arranged that Morrison should go to the rural homes on the south-west side; while Taylor divided the town into two districts, of which he would take one, I the other, in a house to house visitation, for personal religious conversation. I confess that I shrank from it. But, he appealed to me, "Are you afraid to speak

for Jesus?" The compunction came to my heart, Was I afraid? Had I so little devotion to the Master? I do not know how Dr. Hodge knew of our plan; nor do I know just when he notified Dr. Macdonald. It was customary for the presiding officer of the Sunday afternoon conference in the Oratory, to invite visiting clergymen to assist. So, I was not surprised to see Dr. Macdonald on the platform, the Sunday preceding the week we had appointed for our town visitation. These blessed "conferences" were always uplifting when Dr. Hodge presided.

Dr. Macdonald followed. His introductory words were tactful and diplomatic; he valued, as a part of his pastorate, the presence of the Seminary and its students; and the assistance of some of them, in his audience, at Prayer-meeting, and in choir, and Sunday School. But, he would respectfully deprecate the proposed movement of some earnest brethren; they would be running an errand on which they were not sent, and, which, he thought, they were not called.

I was immensely relieved. The impropriety of our proposed action was at once revealed to me. Without my having fully understood it, that, and not an unwillingness "to speak for Jesus,"

had been the cause of my hesitation. For a second time, I felt myself a debtor to Dr. Macdonald.

At the close of the session, there were five of our private Missionary Prayer-Meeting Band who announced their decision to go to some foreign field; and, that number was so stated in the Seminary's Annual Report to the General Assembly. But, only three of them went; Morrison and Farnham to China, and myself to Africa.

I said good-bye to my acquaintances and friends in Princeton; the most valued of whom, during my entire Seminary course, was Miss Margaret E. Breckinridge. In our intimacy, I was aware that, somewhere in her life, was a romance; and, she knew that I knew. But, that was all. For her album I had written a poem; and, in return, she handed me, in her own handwriting, a copy of Byron's poem to his sister, beginning:-

"Though the day of my destiny's over,
I shall again meet her. In April 1862, she removed to relatives in St Louis, Mo. She volunteered as a nurse on a Mississippi river Union Hospital boat, some years later,

in Africa, I read in a newspaper clipping, the following record:-

The Death of Miss Breckinridge.

The intelligence received to-day of the death of Miss Margaret E. Breckinridge, of this place, who died on the 27th inst., at Niagara Falls, after a somewhat protracted illness, will sadden many hearts in this community. Her devotion to her country since the rebellion broke out, has cost her, her life. From her exposure to the hardships and diseases of hospital service, and her unceasing labors for the relief of our sick and wounded soldiers, her health became so impaired, that the late severe trial which befell her, in the death of her brother in law, Col. Peter A. Porter, who recently fell at the head of his regiment in Virginia, reduced her prostration below a rallying point.

Miss Breckinridge was a daughter of the late Rev. Dr. John Breckinridge, and a grand-daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Samuel Miller. Like her father, she had a magic power of securing warm personal friends wherever she went, and her death will be mourned in a wide circle of kindred and friends in every part of our country. The ardor of her patriotism was not a little enkindled by her mortification at the course of her cousin, John C. Breckinridge, the late Vice President, in allying himself with the rebellion, and thereby inflicting disgrace upon the fair name

of a patriotic ancestry. She was a young woman of much energy, talent, and intelligence; and if her extensive correspondence during the last three years could be examined, a portion of which was conducted on behalf of sick soldiers and their friends, and is filled with thrilling incidents, her patriotic and christian labors would be more highly appreciated. She made a profession of religion when quite young, and died calmly in a full assurance of faith.

My most respectful partings, at Princeton, was with the four wonderful men, who had been my Instructors. For Dr. Addison Alexander, I had such extreme reverence that it amounted almost to dread. His colossal memory amazed me. Dates were his play things. Though I knew the facts and incidents of Church History, dates I never attempted. Had he examined me on them, I would have failed; (fortunately, he did not.) I think that I never ventured to speak to him outside of the Lecture-room (except in Oct. 1857, when I was committed on the catalogue.) Though, I felt sure, from his prayers in the Oratory, that he had a heart more tender than his sometimes sharp remarks might have indicated.

Dr. McMill was our "Pastor". It was to him that I went when I needed some advice. He was the first person who caused me to see the beauty and consistency of hyper-Presbyterianism. I wondered ~~that~~ why church-revivals did not faithfully carry it out.

With all my profound respect for Dr. Hodge, I was not "afraid" of him. In our recitations on his Lectures (of which, of course, I took ^{full} notes) I observed that he seemed pleased at my replies, when I used, instead of his words of my notes, the wording

of the Westminster catechism. That was easy for me to do. (I thus had a reply for any one who objected to children being taught catechism, on the ground that they could not "understand it." Of course, they did not. Neither had I, in my childhood. But, memorising is easy in childhood. With that catechism in my memory it was an advantage to have its splendid "form of words" when I reached an age at which I could understand them.) Dr. Green I loved.

He impressed different members of the class very differently. Some, failing to understand, did not like him; they thought him stern and severe. He was not. His words seemed so; but, coming to him in a trustful manner, I found him kind and helpful. When he offered instruction in Arabic, as an extra course, I was one of five who gladly accepted it.

Then, I went to my home in Lawrenceville; having been Licensed for the Gospel Ministry, by the Presbytery of New Brunswick, at its meeting in Newbury, N. J., April 28th, 1859: Moderator, R. S. Manning; and clerks, A. D. White, and J. B. Davis.

Chapter VII. Studying Medicine.

1859 - 1861

Though I had not offered myself to the Foreign Mission Board as an applicant, I had definitely decided to go as a foreign missionary. I had even selected the country. In my selection of Africa, I knew that I would be going to what was regarded as a deadly climate.

I had conscientiously read and studied about all Foreign Mission countries; and, by a process of exclusion, for what I considered sufficient reasons, decided against one country after another until only Africa was left. I ~~did~~ accepted the lot that fell to me, though I knew that it was the most unhealthy of all foreign-mission countries; the death rate of men and women who had gone there being so high, that the Mission Board, while it appointed to other countries not always according to the preference of applicants, but according to the needs of the fields, sent none to Africa but those who asked to go.

So general was the dread of the supposed inevitable loss of life there, that the public, the Church, and the Board, left the responsibility

for life or death solely in the hands of the applicant. Just as, when a general calls for volunteers to attack a battery whose known dangers are so great that he will not take the responsibility of ordering a charge.

Many of my acquaintances protested to me. And one said, "What a fool you are, Vassar, to go to Africa to die!"

I quietly determined not to die. I had obtained the impression that the excellent men and women who had died, after only a year or two in Africa, while worthy of all praise for their zeal and devotion, had sadly erred in failing to recognize and obey the first law of physical life, i.e. Adaptation to one's environment. Africa, in its language, customs, food, climate, stage of civilization, and any other of a score of conditions, was utterly unlike those of America. If therefore I should go to Africa, I said that I would (like Cortez) "burn my ships" behind me, and adapt as my own everything African (permissible to a Christian), and decided that I should not eat, dress, live, act, work, be, or do, as I would in America. The African, like most peoples with their "manana" in tropical lands, does nothing "to-day" which he can put off to "to-morrow". I would not go that far; but, I

would follow him half-way, I thought that my life would be more useful and could accomplish more in a long service by cautious tread, than by a spectacular rush that would end in a tragic death in a few years.

Also, I determined to study Medicine, not to infringe on the Medical Profession; but, to obtain such a sufficient knowledge of Anatomy, Physiology, Therapeutics, &c, as to be able to make a clinic of myself. Especially, as, at that time, there were no physicians in that Mission field; the Church not having then adopted its present policy of sending a missionary doctor to every Station.

So, shortly after my graduation at the Theological Seminary, I began, with Dr. White, the Lawrenceville village doctor, daily lessons in Medicine.

And, in the Fall, when the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania opened, I came to Philadelphia, and entered my name as a student. The Institution, at that time, was located at 9th and Market streets (where the Post-Office now stands). I lodged at the boarding-house of two Misses Jordan, on the north side of Market, a few doors above 9th street. At that time, three years of study were required for a diploma. Because of my

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diplomas from Princeton University and Seminary, the Faculty allowed me to compress the course into two years. My previous education enabled me to do it. Sitting by me on the seats in the lecture-room amphitheatre were some young men who had only a common-school education. They were perspiring over the anatomical names of Latin and Greek origin, of which languages they had no knowledge. To me, those words were play; in their etymology, some of them indicated both the location and function of the muscles or nerves to which they were applied.

In a letter to my mother, of date Oct. 17th, 1859, I wrote of Miss Jordan's house:— I like this house very well. The boarding is good (too good). My room, furniture, and arrangements are plain (very plain indeed). The only things disposed to interfere with my enjoyment are the mosquitoes (small matter.) I like being at a boarding-house, especially at the table. The characters represented are so various, and constantly changing. If I had leisure, and was a litterateur, I could write about our "Breakfast Table": Our Naval Chaplain; our Gentleman of Leisure and his talkative wife, ~~and~~ ^{our} Sick Gentleman and wife and child; our Spinster; our Student; our Misses; and even

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our young man "John". All these make quite a list of characters, however, surreal the language of "the Animate" may be, I am certain that his characters may find their mates. Last Sabbath, I attended an Anniversary of a Mission School connected with the Rev. Dr. Jones church. A pleasant fact is that that school first set the words of "I want to be an angel, to the ~~house~~" "The Watcher".

Not to neglect my theological duty, I adopted a plan which I now think was an error. Instead of locating myself at one church, for Sunday School attendance, I thought I would carry on a study of Pastoral Theology, by going from church to church in different parts of the city, and observe the difference in Sermon-construction of a great variety of Ministers. As a literary exercise, it was interesting; but, it brought leanness to my soul. I had not gone to church as to the House of God.

I joined the Philadelphia F. M. C. A.

At a stated meeting, Jan'y 23, 1860, on proposal of Mr. J. E. Harper, I was elected an Active Member. I still have the certificate signed by Sec'y B. M. Warner. My first memory of Mr. John Wanamaker is in meeting him in the Library of the Association, and his signature, for the Treasurer, of receipt of my annual

dues for 1860. I still have that receipt with his signature.

I gave faithful attention to the Lectures of Professors, Drs Leidy, Smith, Carson, Jackson, Rodger, and others. But, I rarely met with them. They gave us no recitations. We employed young physicians, (Dr Bishop, Woodward, and others) to "quiz" us every week. Nevertheless, I am sure that our Professors knew us, even if we did not meet them. They watched us in the Lecture-rooms; saw whether we gave attention; whether we took notes; and noticed our general attitude. They thus had some impression in regard to us when we finally came before them for examination.

At the end of the Medical term, in March, 1860, I returned to my Lawrenceville home. And, on May 8th, 1860, I definitely wrote to Secy Rev. J. Leighton Wilson, D.D., an application to the Board of Foreign Missions, for appointment as a foreign missionary, as follows:-

For some time, I have been hoping that God would call me to work for Him as a foreign missionary. Feeling that he who runs before he is sent may often do as much harm in God's vineyard, as he who, putting his hand to the plow, then turns back,

I have sought to avoid the opposite errors of
uncalled zeal and possible dereliction.

That I might seek direction and gather light,
I have thus long delayed presenting any per-
sonal application to yourselves. Now, however,
possessing a constantly deepening interest in the
service; seeing no obstacle hindering me from
going; and believing that I am in the way of
duty, I present my name to you, asking to be
sent to preach Christ's word to the heathen.

In thus asking you to take direction of that service,
which is to Christ, I may say that I am willing
to go to almost anywhere; whatever particular
preference or aversion I might have, could be
overcome.

I may add however, that, in the event
of an appointment, I would still be unready until
March 1861; at which time a Medical course I am
now pursuing will be accomplished. [Then, giving
a short history of my life, I made a Statement of
Reasons and Motives, as follows]:-

If asked why I apply to be sent as a foreign mission-
ary, I might answer (very vaguely, but sufficiently
satisfactory to myself) that I wanted to go, and
thought I ought to go. And, if pressed for more
definite reason back of this, I candidly say that
I can offer no one striking reason, nor mention

any one circumstance clearly showing to others that it is my duty to go; but, if permitted, would give a series of cumulative evidence, thus:-

Negatively, (1), Not Romance. Whatever of romance may have existed in my boyhood's anticipation of foreign missionary life, I feel assured that I have been divested of it by calmer reflection of succeeding years; by reading missionary journals; and by conversation with missionaries themselves. However incorrect may have been my notions of that work, of which I dreamed even before I professed a faith in Christ, a sense (doubtless even yet inadequate) of the reality of life; of a Christian's duty; and of the difficulties of heathenism, have assisted to efface from Missions the false colours that a glorification of "heroic self-sacrifice" have unfortunately often depicted. (2) Not Ambition. I humbly trust that the false ambition which seeks self-elevation, fame, or mere honor of one's own name, has no part in my request. The short live, seemingly fruitless efforts, hidden positions, and often unrecorded names of missionaries admonish that, if I have ambition to gratify, America would furnish a better sphere. If, indeed unconsciously I possess such a spirit, I yet know that so incompatible is it with

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missionary success, that, on discovery, its eradication would be a primary duty. Positively. (1).

Sympathy for the Heathen. "Knowing the terrors of the Lord"; and possessing a hope of salvation, my heart has been prompted to make known the same way to those sitting in darkness. I wish to help save the heathen from the punishment due unrepented and unforgiven sin, (2).

Appreciation of my Individual Relation to the Work. Many would like to, but can not go; some must; I can go. I know of nothing to prevent me. God has hedged no difficulties in my way; but, having brought me into the Ministry, has set before me "the world", and not simply America as "the field", in which to operate. (3). Obedience to the commandment, "preach the Gospel to every creature". I know, indeed, that, by staying here, this commandment could be obeyed; but, not in its widest sense. The Gospel is not yet spoken to every creature in every land.

(4). I desire for God's glory. I wish that I may be an instrument in God's hands of extending His declarative glory. If God be honored in lands now ignorant of Him, let Him have all the glory, so that I be an humble instrument of its extension.

(5). A Belief that God has Implanted the Wish

for this work. I know of no other way to account for its possession. Fourteen years ago, my childish answer to the frequent stranger's question, "Well! what are you going to be, when you grow up to be a man?" was, "A minister, and a missionary." My pious parents had probably suggested the life of a Minister; whence came the idea of a "missionary", I know not. That I was to be and would be a Christian, I expected as fully as that I was to die. And, if a Christian, a minister; and, if a minister, a missionary. My parents never spoke to me on the subject until I mentioned it to them a few years since. Doubtless, the implanted idea has been fostered by my readings and by the known wishes of a dear sister, whose heart has long been with the heathen, but, had it been only a child's dream, fostered by her wish and my reading, the less reflecting present years would have risen above it; would have abandoned it; and would have yielded to the urgent opposition of some of my friends. (6). From a Review of God's Dealings with me, it may appear probable that I am not mistaken in my belief. My paths of duty have never been suddenly patent and plain; but, when, after deliberation, advice, and prayer, any ~~step~~ step has been taken even doubtfully,

light has in all cases shined and steadily increased. So, that, in pursuing my journey, though there may be darkness before, if I look back, I find a long track of light even up to my present footstep. Thus it was, in publicly professing faith; doubtfully I advanced; and, all has been light. Doubtfully I entered the Theological Seminary; and, God has approved it. Until recently, I hesitated in this matter; and, already, I am strengthened.

(7). Since the head has thus spoken, the heart may be permitted a word. Though I could preach heartily in this country, I believe I would be less happy here than elsewhere. A desire to be a foreign missionary is a part of my life; as much assimilated to the structure of my thoughts as is food to the tissues of my body. Every study of my sessions; every practice of my vacations; every experience gained; every hope; every plan, has tended to this. Not that America is not pleasant, or home delightful (often tempting), or friendships attractive, or ties exquisite. But, a long effort has schooled my heart to do without them; and, now it would be a weary thought to painfully travel back the path leading to this point of experience, undoing what has been done, stripping off armor, to array myself for a different warfare.

In that same month of May, my application was accepted by the Board.

In July, Rev. Wilson suggested my pioneering a new Mission in East Africa. He had me read up the literature of that part of Africa, in order to prepare myself. In doing this, that part of the continent has ever since been as distinct as a map to my mental eye. I see the island of Zanzibar; the intervening portion of the ocean between it and the harbors of Mombasa and Bagamoyo; the regions of the labors of the German missionary, Dr. Krapf, among the Swahili tribes; the route of Capt. Burton interiorward to his discovery of the Lake Tanganyika; and Speke's route to his discovery of the Victoria Nyanza's inland sea in the Uganda country; and the location of the snow-clad mountains of Kenia and Kilima-njaro.

During the summer, I visited my brother Joseph at lovely Warsaw. He unintentionally presented to me a severe temptation. He was loved, honored, and successful in his Warsaw church; he was the leader in his Presbytery of Genesee; that Wyoming Valley was a marvel of landscape beauty; its people more than ever attractive. A few miles distant was the vacant Wyoming church. My brother could not keep expressing the wish that he might have my

companionship there. I was invited to preach at Wyoming, and was the guest of Ruling Elder Judge Skinner, a dignified and most courteous gentleman, who was ready to move his session for a call of me to the Pastorate; and Mrs Skinner, of genuinely grace and refined hospitality; and Miss Mary Skinner, beautiful and good. A sudden temptation almost swept me from my moorings, Might I not consent to the call, and take with it all the possible associated joys? With a supreme effort, in a giant contest, I turned away. That Wyoming church, on the General Assembly records always has had for me a sacred light around the Skinner family. [Miss Skinner became the wife of Major Letchworth; and died on a European tour.]

On my return to Lawrenceville, there was great excitement over the whole country, about the nominations for the U. S. Presidency. There were the two extremes, Lincoln and Hamlin; Douglas and Breckinridge; and, an attempt at go-between, Bell and Everett. My grand-father Nassau Lord looked on the Democratic Party almost as a religion, and, my father and brother, without any feeling as extreme as that, had loyally followed as Democrats. My reading of "Uncle Tom's Cabin", listening to the tales of my Southern college-mates, and studying books on Africa, had given me an

intense hatred for American Negro Slavery, I did not denounce Secession; for, there were good men, both South and North, who believed it was a legal right. But, I had only indignation at South Carolina's plea that she and the South must fight for the "preservation of their institutions", when the only "institution" at stake was the barbarous crime of human chattelage. I sided for Lincoln. So, when a village primary meeting was to be held in Lawrenceville, I attended; and was appointed clerk. When, subsequently, in my duty as secretary, I posted notice of the meeting on the village store door and other places, some of my risers were scandalized at my taking part in a political assemblage. For, my ironic father, while even he could no longer align with the Democratic Party, had decided for Bell and Everett.

In the Fall of 1860, I resumed study at the University of Pennsylvania. But, I entirely changed my plans for the Sundays. Instead of wandering from church to church, I located at one; deliberately choosing the old down-town 6th church of the Rev. Dr. J. H. Jones, ^{at Fifth and Spruce streets} because it had under its care a mission Sunday School down in the slums of Shippen (Bedford) street, where I could continue to test my missionary spirit. The School was in a neighborhood so bad, that

a policeman was stationed to keep order outside of the front door, the teachers had all we could do to keep order in-doors. My class consisted of a half-dozen very unruly boys. Among the teachers were a Mr. Harper; and a Miss Eleanor Webb, whose father was a merchant on Market st.

Occasionally also, a Miss Snowden (sister of Col. Snowden of the U.S. Mint) sent me ^{by stage-coach} on Saturdays to spend the Sunday in preaching at a Huntingdon Valley chapel belonging to the parish of the Rev. Dr. Robert Steel, of Abington.

At Miss Jordan's boarding house, I had the very great advantage of meeting as fellow-guests, the Rev. and Mrs. J. L. Mackey, of the ^{Mission} Louisville, West Africa, at home on their furlough. They told me a great deal about African conditions; which was helpful to me (though, at that time, I was expecting to go to East equatorial Africa.)

I had pleasant companionship in my room. My mate was a young man, Charles Bayl, of lovely Christian character, a clerk in his uncle's store in Philadelphia. And, in the next room, was my cousin Charles L. Davis, who had removed from Harrisburg to Philadelphia. [When the Civil War broke, he volunteered; served with usefulness and honor, and emerged finally as Brigadier-General C. L. Davis, U. S. A.]

I met also a returned missionary from equatorial ^{West} Africa, whose wife had died there in childbirth, and her relatives had denounced him as "a murderer", because it had been widely reported and generally believed in mission-circles, that white maternity in the Torrid zone of Africa was necessarily fatal. This was a shock to me. I had gotten around, or climbed over, or dug through, a variety of obstacles to my going to Africa, I had given up the civilization of America; the society of friends; ambition for position and advancement; had accepted the obscurity of Africa. But, I had not given up Love. The dream that had made life so beautiful, the school-boy love, the College adoration, and now to manhood's chastened devotion, and which dream I had hoped to make real, I now had to destroy. I must go alone! It was terrible! And I faced another frightful temptation. In January 1861, I wrote the thoughts of that conflict, of which I told no one but God:-

Cold on earth the snow is lying,
Cheerless, bitter, stern, and sad.

Tree and leaf are dead or dying,
All in icy garments clad
Loud the winter winds are moaning

Wildly in their riot play.
 And, I call their dismal groaning
 Omen of a darker day.

Hold the hand of God is falling
 On this weary soul of mine;
 And each deep to deep is calling.

(God, forgive, if I repine!
 But, when death comes creeping, chilling,
 Killing heart-life once so ~~warm~~ ^{warm},
 Feeble Nature is unwilling
 Calmly to endure the storm.)

When I feel the slow sure freezing
 Of the feelings once I bore,
 Something says, Would death were raising,
 With a fatal ^{hand} ~~hand~~, life's core.
 Then, no longer I'd be weeping
 For the dreams I loved before;
 And, within the cold grave sleeping,
 Restless would I be no more.

Then the shadows that are flitting
 Through my gloomy burdened mind,
 While all lonely thus I'm sitting,
 Would not see a victim find;

Would not kneel when I am kneeling
At my Father's Throne of Grace;

Would not darken every feeling
With their own dull somber face.

Yet even on Earth's graves are growing
Plants oft culled in childhood's mirth;
Plants whose flowers will be blowing
When the Spring-sun warms the earth;
And, although the dead there sleeping
Never come to us again,
They who sadly watch are keeping
Fond those flowers relieve their pain.

Shall I too, sometime, when talking
With the forms of hopes now dead;
Or, by seeming grave-mounds walking
(Grave-mounds of the hopes that fled)
Ever find those flowers springing
That the wounds of life can heal;
To my heart glad radiance bringing
Where now death, cold death, I feel?

Jesus! did me while I'm tiding
On this Galilean sea!
See its waves and billows bailing!

Jesus! Master! come to me!
 See'st Thou not that I am drowning
 In this dark and angry tide?
 Save me! Thou wilt then be crowning
 All thy other Love beside!

That night, I literally gave up all, for the cause of Foreign Missions. Perhaps God required it as a test. Just as Jesus told the Young Man to sell all he had, and follow Him. I have always believed that that was only a test: and, that, had the Young Man consented, Jesus would have had him "follow" in another way. [Later, in Africa, with my knowledge of Medicine, and a careful study of African conditions, I proved that white nativity there was not "necessarily fatal". In doing that, I have brought happiness to other men and women, besides myself.]

The Medical Graduation was to be in March 1861. As I was not studying to be a Physician, it was not necessary to have a diploma, and therefore there was no need of my standing the final examination. But, I chose to do so. I wrote my Thesis in Latin, "De Officiis Adefis". Prof. Leidy expressed himself as pleased with it. I passed all the examinations, stood with the class on Com-

mencement day, and received my diploma
 (which I have kept simply as a souvenir.)
 And, in return for Miss Webb's sending to the
 platform a hand-bouquet of flowers, I wrote
 in the album of herself and her two younger sisters:

Like the breath of living flowers,
 Like the tinted light of stars,
 Like the lark's song in the hours
 Ere day's heat the dew-drop mows,
 Is a life with gentle friends
 Where true friendship sweetness lends.

But, when parted from their number,
 Wandering from them, lone and far,
 How will Duty wake Life's slumber,
 And its painted visions mar?
 Gone the flower, the star, the lark!
 Ah! now, how the world grows dark!

No! stars shine e'en though unseen.
 No! flowers sweetly breathe though dead.
 No! the lark sings yet, I ween,
 When it's disappeared old head.
 And I'll think I hear, feel, see,
 Though they last forever be,

The political upheaval of the country revealed its true character to Rev. S. J. Leighton Wilson before the Government officials had fully recognised it. Secretary Seward thought that the threatened Rebellion could be suppressed in six months. But, before that, Mr. Wilson had said to me, "There will be war; the country will be divided; the Presbyterian church also will be divided. I will go with the Southern portion, in order to preserve for Foreign Missions, the gifts of the seceding half." Mr. Wilson was a Southerner; naturally he may have been influenced by her. But, his real reason was for the sake of Foreign Missions. [He became Secretary of the Southern Church's Foreign Board.] He told me that, with the depleted treasury of the Northern church, it would be impossible to attempt my proposed new Mission in East Africa. (Had I gone there, I might have antedated Stanley.) So, I was appointed for the Bonisco Mission.

The threat of a Southern Rebellion threw in my way another temptation to turn aside from the Foreign Work. I thought that I had overcome every obstacle. But, evidently, the Tempter had left me only "for a season." Among the reasons for going to Africa, there may unconsciously have existed a desire

for adventure. Always, there had been in my heart a little soldier. The refusal of my parents to allow me to go to West Point had not crushed this existence. Perhaps I thought of China, India, and Syria as civilised countries. (There would be no adventure there!) Now, when War was arising in America, there was my chance! Several of my cousins were volunteering. I was thrilled with the parades, and torch-light processions of the Philadelphia "Invincibles", with the music of the bands, and the marching soldiers. I would volunteer as a chaplain! I would preach to the soldiers; help in protecting my Government, in wiping out the shame of Slavery, and in freeing the Afro-Americans! And, celibacy would no longer be obligatory on me!

It was another "temptation in the wilderness." I emerged safely. I had put my hand to the plow, and would not turn back. [Eventually, God utilised that same little soldier, during the fifteen of my pioneering years in the Ogoe river; where I found sufficient of adventure!]

And, on April 17, 1861, I was ordained to the Gospel Ministry by the Presbytery of New Brunswick, at Cranbury, N.J. The usual privilege had been granted me of suggesting the names of

those I desired who should take part in the solemn ceremony, I requested that my loved Professor Rev. Dr. W. H. Green should preach the Sermon; and that the charge be delivered by my dear friend Rev. Dr. Macdonald. Instead of standing in the pulpit at a distance from me, he came down in front where he stood beside me and could touch me. It was a thrillingly tender Service.

On April 10th, I had been notified by Sec'y Wilson, that a trading vessel, the "Ocean Eagle" which was used for conveying passengers to Africa and which was daily expected from the African Coast, would not return thither before the last of May. That gave me a limit for my preparations. I made good-bye visits to my relatives and friends in Philadelphia, St. Georges, Del., in the vicinity of Delaware City, and to my cousin Rev. R. H. Davis at his Pastorate of the Deerfield, N. J. church. [Insert page 152 1/2] Then, suddenly, in the last of June, came a notification that the "Ocean Eagle" would sail on July 2nd. My brother in law, Rev. A. ... D.D., Pastor of the Lawrenceville Church, arranged a Farewell Service: an account of which appeared in the "Princeton Standard." I think that my sister Leabika's parting tears were not all of sadness; she was hoping that I would prepare a way for her to follow me to Africa. [which she did seven years later.]

[Insert near bottom of page 152]

I was present at the Meeting of the General Assembly in Philadelphia, where I listened to the discussion of the celebrated Dr. Spring Resolution, that resulted in the secession of the Southern portion of the Presbyterian church.

My generous uncle, Rev. Dr. S. M. Hamill, made a donation of \$100, constituting me an Honorary Member of the Board of Foreign Missions. I thought it a great honor. But, in after years, I came to know that it was an empty one. I am not aware of having been given any recognition, favor, or courtesy beyond what is accorded to all missionaries.

And, the Lawrenceville High School, by a contribution of \$30., made me a Member for Life of the American Bible Society.

One of my last errands in Philadelphia was to ride in company with several gentlemen (one of whom was the Rev. Dr. Breed) to attend the laying of the corner-stone of the Huntingdon Valley church; for whose chapel I had preached several times during the previous year.

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ry, who has
beloved coun-
try and who with this
his sailing shores fade
from view—was known personally to many
of your readers, the following is offered
for insertion in your paper.

Having been ordained to the work of a
foreign missionary by the Presbytery of New
Brunswick, on the 14th of April, he stood
prepared for the summons to embark which
came only three days previous to the time
appointed for sailing, the 1st of July.

Though the call was sudden and admitted
of small delay, yet those who loved him
well, and he who loved with all the devot-
edness of son, of brother, and of friend,
were ready to say the parting words.

A kind Providence ordered that the Sab-
bath, always a blessed day, should throw its
hallowing, heavenly influences over the last
scenes, that so a rainbow tint may gild this
spot in Time, as memory sometimes fondly
travels backward.

In the morning of the Sabbath, June 30,
he had a sermon to enter upon the duties
of a foreign missionary's life, preached with
touching appropriateness from the words—

"He who goeth forth and weepeth bearing
precious seed, shall doubtless come again with
rejoicing bringing his sheaves with him."

None of those who listened to that dis-
course will ever lose the remembrance of its
noble thoughts, its holy hopes, delivered
in tones, that now trembled, as some deep
heart chord was thrilled by thought of ten-
der association, again rose in all the ardor
of high missionary enthusiasm, as the sa-
credly solemn privileges of his chosen life-
work passed before him.

The large circle of listening friends and
relatives, there gathered, could not grieve
in giving up one, who seemed by nature,
grace and by cultivation so well fitted for
the work of foreign missions.

A farewell missionary meeting was ap-
pointed for the Sabbath evening. Addresses
of more than usual interest were made first
by Edward Wells, Esq., of Peekskill, N. Y.,
a prominent lawyer and no less an ardent
friend of missions, who as brother-in-law of
the young missionary felt additional inter-
est in the occasion. Mr. Wells was follow-
ed in an address by Rev. Mr. Pierce, form-
erly of the Gaboon mission; whose relation
of experiences drawn from a residence of
more than five years in Africa failed not to
reach the heart of his audience. If there
is power in one fact more than another, to
convince of the value of effort in the cause
of foreign missions, it is when we listen to
one, who returns from a long service in that
burning, wasting clime and with unabated
love and higher, nobler zeal, tells of what
has been done and what may yet be done
for Africa.

In a few tenderly appropriate words Rev.
R. H. Nassau then rose and choosing the
parting word that breathes most of cheerful,
holy hope, bade "Good-by" to the congre-
gation and the people in whose midst had
been his home at intervals during the ten
years of his course, preparatory to the work
of his life. Telling them it was not because
Lawrenceville was not dear to him—not be-
cause his home was not precious and his coun-
try beloved, that he was now about to leave
them for a home in a climate which both he and
they knew was unfriendly to the white mission-
ary, but he felt that God had called him to
preach his Gospel to the heathen."

In concluding his remarks, he bade no heart
be sadder for his leaving,—asked a constant in-
terest in their prayers, and said the parting
word.

At 7 A. M. of the following morning, he bade
adieu to the friends and scenes of home; and at
11 A. M. of Tuesday, July 2nd, sailed from the
port of New York in company with Rev. J.
L. and Mrs. Mackey and Mrs. McQueen, mis-
sionaries also in Corisco, who are returning to
their Island missionary home. Their destina-
tion will be reached probably about the last of
September. In the confident trust that He,
who sailed with his chosen ones on Gennesaret's
blue and stormy wave, goes with these beloved
missionaries, we cheerfully can bid

"The winds their canvas swell,
Though heaves the heart with emotion
As they go far hence to dwell."

17c

*I think that my sister's death was a great loss to me;
the more so, as I would have been so glad to see her. (which she did
not see later.)*

Chapter VIII.

A Touch of Nausea.

July 1861

Secretary J. B. Lowrie, D.D. held a parting Prayer Service in the saloon of the "Ocean Eagle", as she lay at her dock in New York harbor, on the morning of July 2^d, 1861. The vessel was a small one, of only 300 tons burden, and of a type called by sailors a "hermaphrodite brig". There were only four cabins, occupied by Rev. and Mrs James L. Mackay, the widow M'Deen, two young Portuguese traders, Messrs Furtado and , and myself.

A month later, I wrote to my uncle, Rev. D. H. Hamill, at "Lawrenceville," "A Touch of Nausea", addressing him at his room in the High School, which he called his "bosy-nook":-

Let me sit by you, for at least a little while imaginarily in the seclusion of your bosy-nook, I would fain forget the "chapping" of the mad "white caps".

And now, that the privilege is obtained, I will not wait for you to begin a chat, but will myself make a few remarks.

You have sailed out of New York bay? Very well, then you know all about it. And, you have been sea-sick? Somewhat? Well, let us compare experiences,

and see how much alike they have been. I will tell what I suppose you felt; and if I describe wrongly, just interrupt me.

You could not have wished for a better day than that on which you started on the voyage. The mid-day July sun on land had been warm; but, as a steam-tug dragged the vessel down the East river, the fresh breeze was all about you, and you enjoyed its exhilarating influence as the nostril snuffed up its invigorating odor. Even the thought of leaving (perhaps forever) the friends who were now scarcely, by the spy-glass, visible on the distant pier behind you, did not sadden; everything about you was new and attractive; and that splendid wind dashing up the waves about your little brig imparted an exhilaration that was like intoxication. Even after your male and female fellow-travelers had gone down into the saloon, you remained, and stowed yourself in a corner against "the monkey-rail" on the "weather" side of the "poop-deck," out of the way of the busy crew. They were hurriedly hoisting the sails; for, though the vessel was still in the Upper Bay, with such a good wind it could take care of itself. Therefore, the hawser, by which the tug drew it, was thrown off; and you, need bounded on, the masts bending by the bellying

weight of the main-sail, and fore-top-sail, and fore-to-gallant sail, and every sail of which you had never heard. You "squashed" your caps down on your eyes, to keep it from blowing off; And, wrapping closely your traveling shawl that over your other clothing barely kept you warm, even on that July day, you watched the crew as they rattled up the shrouds to unfurl the "studding" and other smaller sail, or listened to the strange and unpronounceable cries as, in concert, they hauled at the halliards and weather-vores.

You admired the impregnable defences of New York harbor; and were gratified by evidence of strictness on the part of the new Administration, when, at the approach of a boat from the Revenue cutter, whose cannon-filled port-holes bade your vessel round to, the helm was ordered "hard-a-port", and the captain brought his clearance to the government officer, who, nettled, because a failure on the ship's part to round sufficiently soon, had caused his boat's crew a hard pull, seemed to half suspect your vessel was a slave, and that your captain would have liked to have escaped his vigilant eye.

But, now, you are past Forts, and Revenue cutter, and all; and as there is no need that the pilot should go beyond the Narrows, he hands the direction of the vessel

over to its captain, and thinks of preparing to depart. But, the latter insists that the former shall not go away dimodless, and thus with a bad opinion of the "Ocean Eagle", particularly, as some time will be required for the pilot-boat to come alongside.

It is after 3 P.M., and, with appetite sharpened, you follow down the companion-way to dinner. The air of the little saloon feels stifled and close, not as agreeable. That on deck, notwithstanding the prevalent savory odor of a nice joint of roast beef. And, looking with a pitying eye on the woe-begone face of a little young Portuguese passenger lying prone on the sofa, you wonder if he is sea sick, and pass on toward the table, grateful that you are not as he.

But, the vessel certainly does roll very much! The motion was not felt half so much on deck; and, it is only by propping a hand alternately against chair and ceiling that you can preserve a perpendicular, on the way to your designated seat.

Grace is paid; and during the long process of carving the roast-beef (for the captain insists on putting up the whole piece before he serves any one) you take a survey of the other viands; some of them are appetising, and others not.

Presently you are conscious of a strange sensation somewhere in the region of the heart. To be sure, you

are sitting by a lady; and you might attribute the afore-mentioned sensation to your usual warm feeling toward the sex, were you not; -witness that said sensation, instead of being at the 5' or 6' intercostal line, is at the epigastrium, whence it is carrying on telegraphic signals with the top of the pharynx. The diagnosis is plain; you did not expect it was coming so soon. You are crest-fallen, with an effort to be dignified, you assume a polite look and tone, that degenerates suddenly into supplication; and begging the company to excuse you, you rise. Then, as the vertiginous whirl blinds your eyes, and a last glance at the table is met by the sight of a fat slice of fat pork that a fellow-passenger is innocently adding to your passing plate, you seize your hat, and incontinently rush on deck, reaching the rail just in time to save appearances. Gasps

follows gasps, under the iron hand with which Neptune has seized your vitals (query, victuals?) until the old fellow is satisfied. And, then you turn on your back, earnestly hoping that having made this liberal contribution to the exacting sea, no further fine will be extorted, for having ventured on its domain. Vain hope! After a while, your friend comes up; asks whether you are sick; and

whether you hadn't better try to eat some dinner? Knowing that he is a friend, you do not take his inquiries as ill-timed jokes: but, with a wry smile and futile attempt at a laugh, tell him that you wish neither sympathies nor dinners.

Then, you turn over again to the position that best suits the voiceless misery of the moment. What would you wish? Nothing, absolutely nothing. In the whole range of Earth's possessions, great or small, there isn't a thing toward which you have the slightest emotion of desire. To wish would be a mental exertion too great to make. You don't wish to turn home, nor is the idea of proceeding thus endurable; you certainly don't wish to remain where and as you are, and yet, if, for the asking of it, you could die, you doubt whether you would have wish enough about it to express the wish.

The afternoon wears away; and the chill wind having blown, you are conscious of being cold. Too independent to ask aid from others, remembering in what part of a certain trust your kind mother, prudently fore-thoughtful of the present emergency, had said that there was placed a warm old wrapper, you crawl down stairs to your study-room, and, sitting on the floor in squaled and matted hair, nervously lift the top, and blindly

thrusting your hand to the bottom, drag out the desired article, replace the tray, and allow the top to slide back. Divesting yourself of your black cloth swallow-tailed coat, to replace it by the wrapper, you observe that said coat is sadly soiled by its previous contact with the deck. Never mind the coat; you don't care for it!

Returning to the refreshing air of out-doors, covered with the wrapper, and with shawl in hand, you make for yourself a bed with the latter. Exertions in this slight matter have excited again the life-stream; and Old Naps gives you some more hard grabs. After responding to which, you lie down to vacant misery.

Failing to make your appearance at the tea-table, your friend comes up to see you: but, you refuse food or drink.

The compassionate steward, fearing that you may starve, kindly comes, offering to make something to order.

You consent to take toast and tea. It is brought.

But, your Argus-eyed nervously sensitive nose detects the presence of a few drops of butter on the toast (you would now abhor the obnoxious).

So, you quietly pitch it over-board; and, taking a few sips of tea, send it to the same destination.

When your sable friend returns to remove the dishes, and observes the emptiness, he smilingly jumps to a wrong conclusion as to its cause, congratulates

you on your returning appetite, and assures you of a speedy recovery. Fallacious son of Ham! Night comes, with its damp dews that drive you down stairs, and you tumble into your berth, being divested of only your wrapper and boots. Even this exertion excites your passionate stomach; and even were you able to take off your remaining clothing, you couldn't possibly re-dress in the morning. So, in those identical clothes you remain day and night and night and day for a fortnight.

You have given to the rapacious sea every atomic particle of solid or liquid that has entered your mouth, and yet the inexorable demands more, in the form of copious biliary retchings repeated at intervals of half an hour. Sinking back utterly exhausted, sleep finally comes to your relief; a restless broken sleep that only helps you to forget the present, but refreshes not. For a few

days, the history of one day is the same as that of any other. Awakened by the 7 A.M. prayer-bell of your pious fellow ^{voyagers} ~~travelers~~, you can not rise, but lay in momentary fear of the steward's advent in to the saloon. Almost the entire idea of eating is disgusting. And, when he draws out the extension table, you throw a towel over your face, and stick your fingers in your ears; for, presently the clattering;

knives and forks and plates, and the odor of fish and trash &c will be unendurable. At different times, you are prevailed upon to eat a few mouthfuls of different kinds of food. But, they invariably so nauseate that you wouldn't touch those particular articles again, even if you were starving. Admitting a physiological necessity for eating something, you make a number of experiments. You observe how curiously independent mouth is of stomach. The former ceases to act either as caterer or sentinal; it craves nothing, nor refuses anything. The latter, intolerant of almost everything, has to painfully and forcibly throw back what the mouth ought not have allowed to pass. And you, a sufferer for the independence of the two, have to learn by sad experience, what edibles are tolerable.

That last piece of Fat you saw assures you that anything of ~~this~~ an Oily or greasy nature must be tabooed. And, therefore, though the warm rolls smell nicely, they must ~~be~~ be eaten with butter, and, ugh!, take them away! You have heard of pickles as very desirable at sea; and you have two walthees of English gherkins down on the lower berth, given you by a dear sister on the day you sailed. But, before opening them, you bid the steward bring

a pickle from the table. But, the mouthful is barely down before it is up. So, you taboo all the Acids; but not before you have experimented on an orange. Just before sailing, you had spent one of your last bright two-and-a-half gold-pieces for half a box of oranges. You bite into one; but, fough!, it makes your mouth musty; and you beg your companions to take the disgusting box out of your room and eat its contents. This they do, much to your own and their gratification.

Next, you get your friend to open successively a tin case of currant jellies; a paper of Ridgway's broken candy; and a quantity of tea-crackers, all given by your sisters. But, soon these all lie dust-covered in the corner of a box; and you taboo the "Sweets" of life. Here then you are left with an amazingly small list from which to make out a bill of fare. Water you instantly reject, though it is fresh broilon kept in the butt of old hogsheds; coffee never agreed with you; Tea makes you nervous. So, for the Liquids, you are reduced to "Simplicity" (alias "Contentment", alias "bambric tea", alias Milk-water-and-sugar). For the more substantial, you discover nothing else than dry toast and Indian-meal gruel well spiced with nutmeg. Thus the blank

time passes. You are not in any pain; there is no lesion of any organ; you have no fever; but, there is that nameless suffering; and the only variation is to change your habitat. As long as there is shade on deck, you lie there, particularly in the early evening. At other times, you choose the sofa in the saloon. And, when darkness comes, you wearily climb into your berth. You can lie there motionless, just because too exhausted to move; even if the light from the saloon lamp shining through your state room's latticed door does reveal nasty roaches at least two inches long up in one corner above your head; and in another corner an enormous spider, mate of one which you remember having helped kill in the adjoining room when your ^{relatives} ~~friends~~ came on board to bid you good-bye.

But, all this lasts only a few days. It would be impossible for Nature long to sustain such regular and frequent retchings. Having brought up apparently every pancreatic, hepatic, gastric, and mucoid fluid, until the power of secretion seemed expended, you had only your regular account to cast up, a half-hour after each meal. Indeed, you think, as Sambo said of the tough turkey, which, before it was killed, had swallowed a box of

calomel pills, and which no boiling seemed to soften, "there is no bile" in you. In the interval between meals, you are able to maintain a motionless recumbency wherever you choose, speechless, and with a countenance expressive of infinite disgust, indicated by the permanent downward angular curvature of the mouth, and the upward twist of the nose.

Lying thus, you do not care to converse. Your fellow-passengers have all been at sea before; and, on this voyage, none of them were sick for more than a day. They know how you feel, and kindly omit to make to you any remark that would demand an answer. But, you lie still, and listen to their conversation; or, being a dabbler in medical subjects, make a clinical case of yourself, and try to divine the cause of sea-sickness.

People say that it is the sea. But, people get well, without the sea being removed; and therefore it is a distal and not a proximate cause. You are strongly inclined to believe that it is nervous in its origin, and that the pneumogastric nerve should bear considerable of the blame. If you hadn't somewhat forgotten regional anatomy, you think that you could explain exactly how the sensation of motion carried from the eye to the brain

is thence transmitted to the stomach (perhaps already disturbed by other causes) by the gastric branch of that tenth pair of nerves. To your mind, this view seems endorsed by the fact that you are sick least when in the position where you see and feel least motion, viz, on the back and with the eye closed. To the objection, that, you are sick even when you do not see, i.e., at night, you reply that, in disordered states, the sensation of motion (as also is the sensation of light, in some well-authenticated cases) is persistent on the visual organs, even after the cause, light, is removed or excluded. Moreover, that by the continued impression, transmitted ~~to~~ the stomach, its irritability is exalted, and vomiting becomes spasmodic even when there is not a particle of foreign matter in that organ. So, you think that, when you recover, you will compose a medical article on "Irritable Stomach".

After the first few days, your nose and ear become less sensitive; Food need not be brought to your state-room, but, as you can endure the sight of the table, though unable to sit at it (unless the head is constantly prone, the old vertiginous whirl returns) you lie on the sofa in the saloon, and a plate containing a few tit-bits is placed on

a chair just in line with and a few inches from your mouth. It is only a slight effort to transfer these to the mouth, But, then, to eat! What a labor your masseters would be saved, if you only had some one to wag your jaws! And, then, how grand it would be if somebody should invent a machine that could masticate food and then transfer it to its proper receptacle by a stomach force-pump! You think it utterly useless to take Medicine. You do not expect to die (you half wish that you might); nobody dies of nausea; you will recover some time or other before the voyage is over. So, though you have a chest full of drugs, you take none, brandy and water is suggested; but, it is a stimulant and tastes badly. You suggest morphine sulph. gr $\frac{1}{6}$; but are afraid that it may produce emesis; and the poor diaphragm asks to be spared. Kresote gr. i. is indicated; but then it might set up inflammation ⁱⁿ the coats of your terribly irritable stomach. So, the only medicine you take or that pleases taste is of home-made current-wine f3i.

On one occasion, the steward thrust in at your door his smiling grimy face, and bore on a plate two apples from the lady whose side at the table you had so precipitately deserted a few days

Previously. Your independent emotionless mouth suddenly springs into life, and craves an apple! It is the first thing it has craved! You send the happy negro back to the donor with your hearty thanks, compliments, and a glass of wine; while you swallow with much relish the somewhat sweet juice (not the flesh) of the mellow Belle-fleur.

The list, from which to select your bill of fare, now increases. Intolerant yet of Oils, Acids, and Sweets, you can eat the Farinaceous articles, such as rice, beans, and peas. But, better still, the Salines, salt beef, salt, and even ham and pork (clear of fat). And, after a week, you succeed in sitting at the table during at least a portion of one meal.

Except when the waves are roughened by stiff breezes you are not positively sick. The trouble of vomiting is gone; but, now, your whole belly and bowels, and the diaphragm and other muscles employed in the act of emesis are left painfully sore, sore to touch, flexion, or any other motion. Even when you would laugh, you are afraid of its jolting.

Moreover, having been lying so much, every bony protuberance is worn, and the skin over them is tender. The lumbo-dorsal vertebra, for want of support, and the scapulae, sacrum, and trochanters,

by attrition, are painfully alive to any contact ab extra. So, you find the softest Brown on deck, and spreading your shawl, lie down, to think, as you have done again and again, of your home and friends. Memory is singularly vivid; each face, in "the old house at home", rises at your call, with startling distinctness. And, as to the yard, whose vines and trees you loved to prune and train, you could mark with a pencil the location and form of each. Formerly, when from home, such thoughts as these made you feel somewhat sadly, not feeling so now, you are amazed at the insensibility that this horrible indisposition has induced.

Again, being piously inclined, you think over some scriptural subjects, and, naturally enough, lighting on Jonah, wonder whether it was not because he was exhausted by an attack of nausea that he had fallen fast asleep in "the sides" of the ship! You are aroused from these meditations by a horrible blast of sulphuretted-hydrogen, worse than the "seventy-two separate and well-defined stinks" that Coleridge counted at Bologna. On inquiry, you find that the man who just left the wheel has been taking a few turns at the pump (the ship having a small leak) and that the bilge has been stirred up. You solemnly inform the

captain that, if a larger leak should be sprung, and he should feel necessitated to call on the passengers to help pump ship, you would lie still and not lift a finger of assistance.

Ten days go by; in some respects you feel better. Neither emesis, nor sore epigastrium, nor tender sacrum much trouble you now. The present affliction is a perfect exsiccation; weakness as of a lubber; your flaccid muscles are like an infants, and an infant could overthrow your strength can't be mustered to do anything in the form of writing, reading, or studying. You can only mope, except when at the cry of the man at the wheel, you, in a moment of excitement, hasten up-stairs to see a distant sail, a school of black-fish, or porpoises, or small whales. Sometimes too, your friend calls you to see flying-fishes, or Mother Carey's chickens, or a Portuguese "man-of-war".

Now, you become so weary, weary by day and restless at night. Hitherto, you have patiently kept a "stiff upper lip" (stiffer now for the mustache that has rapidly increased while your own strength has been decreasing, and have given audible expression to no complaint. But now (the last straws are being added to the camel's back,) you can't hold out much longer, "the wool is short,"

and perhaps you for once turn over petulantly sighing, "Ah! me, me!" Or, on one other occasion in the restlessness, and (to you) interminably long hours of the night, when others were quietly sleeping near you, and the little silent stars, occasionally seen through your small round window, sank one by one; and, at intervals of two hours you heard the watch call "8 bells", "4 bells", and again "8 bells" (4 A.M.) perhaps you murmured, "O! God, when will this cease?"

All at once, however, on the fifteenth day out, when you enter the saloon in the morning, you bear (unknown to yourself) such a bright cheery face, that your friend asks you, "What is the matter?" You "don't know; your grateful heart can however imagine. Nor does he - you know whence came the strength that enabled you to read aloud to the ladies for more than an hour during the morning. At dinner, how you delighted yourself with the entire fervour of a stewed turkey, and astonished yourself and the captain by allowing him to help you twice to fitters! That was an extra dinner, and you did it justice. You mark the day with a white mark. At tea, you amaze all by sitting up to table; the first time you have sat up for three

successive meals in one day! How greedily you swallow every mouthful, as if it weren't a-going down; and how after each meal you fear it won't "stay put"; and then lie flat on your back, breathing slowly, lest your stomach should reject the hard-earned morsels. With what delight you feel the process of digestion progressing. You watch the heavings of the peristaltics, and imagine you feel that assimilated turkey tracing your exhausted nerves, and filling up your exsiccated muscles! Glory enough for one day!

The next is like its predecessor. And, as you sit on deck in the evening, and drink in the nameless splendor on an ocean sun-set, and then climb the shrouds to the fore-mast cross-trees to see it set again, and come back with the gleaming eye of health, you tell the kind-hearted captain that to see and feel thus were worth the endurance of a touch of sea-sickness.

Chapter IX.
Journal of the Voyage to Borisco
July - Sept. 1861

When I recovered from my sea-sickness, I occupied myself by reading, sometimes aloud to the two ladies, Mrs Mackey and Mrs McQueen; with regular gymnastic exercise on deck; and daily study of Benga (the dialect of the Borisco people) with Mr Mackey.

I do not think that the "Berlitz System" of learning foreign languages had at that time been invented. But, he pursued a course, which I have since then recognised as the Berlitz. I am sure that there is none better. He used no book; did not trouble me with a grammar (of course, that was to come later). Every day, he gave me a new list of ten Benga words with their meanings, which I was to memorise, each day repeating the previous ten. [When I landed on Borisco two months later, I had a vocabulary of several hundred words.]

We held morning and evening prayers, and Sunday Services, in the saloon. And sang a great deal, with hymns on Sundays; and my guitar songs on deck, in pleasant week-day

evenings.

I kept a daily journal for my mother, as soon as my sea-sickness allowed me to hold a pen. Extracts from this journal afterward appeared, during the Spring and Summer of 1862, in "The Presbyterian."

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF
A FOREIGN MISSIONARY.

NO. I.

The Departure.

July 11th.—By the date, you perceive that this is the tenth day of our voyage, but it is the first day on which I have had energy sufficient to sit up and write, and by so doing, fulfil the promise made at parting. I hear your voice, that bade me tell you whether I was happy, and I imagine you saying, "He has been sick, and unhappy." I have been sick, but not unhappy; neither have I been so ill as I might have been. The "goodness and mercy" that signalized the last year of my life follows me still; the sea cannot cut off its influence, but like the Gulf Stream we have just been crossing, it warms every where.

It has been something higher than my sought stoicism, that thus far has utterly dried up tears, and even regrets, since the day when rapidly falling down the East river, my spy-glass, at the first bend of the river, lost sight of the loved forms that crowded to the edge of Pier 48. Spy-glass was put away, and I turned, heartlessly, some might think, ('twas better for me,) to the observation of objects of interest as they presented themselves.

Meeting of Ships.

July 24th.—On last Saturday, we had quite a little excitement. In a kind of life such as this on ship board, where there is much to interest, but little to excite, we felt it to be quite an item, when a passing ship stopped to speak with us. Early in the morning, a sail had been seen toward the south. This, however, was nothing new, as almost every day some portion of a vessel is visible; therefore, our attention was not especially attracted, until its proportions became more distinct, and it was observed bearing toward us.

As it came from a southerly direction, we amused ourselves by joking about "Jeff Davis' privateer." Just before tea, the captain told us that the stranger was rapidly nearing us, evidently with the intention of speaking. Our hot tea and cakes were hastily swallowed, at the expense of burnt tongues, and we got out our writing materials, hoping here would be a chance for sending letters home. Only a few sentences were penned, when the captain of the stranger came alongside in a boat, and we were told he was not going to America for two years yet. So our pens were put aside. This vessel was the barque Annawan, from New Bedford, Massachusetts—had been out ten months; had come from Barbadoes—cruising for whales—wanted American news from us. All our passengers had copies of different papers, up to July 2d; we gave him a dozen copies, keeping the remainder for other strangers and Monrovia, for we may arrive in advance of the mail.

The emotions were entirely new and exciting, both on the arrival of this whaler. To see a vessel of your own country—your own countrymen

The emotions were exciting, both on the arrival of this whaler. To see a vessel of your own countrymen—faces different from those with whom you had been shut up for weeks, to say only a few words, and then to see the strangers bound, really bound over the waves, in their light boat, back to their own ship—to watch it receding—and then to stand alone again on the wide sea!

July 31st.—We had seen no strange sails for several days, so it was with interest we watched two barques coming toward us. They came from the north-east, sailing directly before the wind, and, therefore, very rapidly. They crossed our track less than a mile ahead, but not near enough for us to see their names, or exchange longitudes. On this occasion, as usual, our captain had his board ready, but the barques were sailing so rapidly, that they passed far ahead. He then ordered our ensign to be raised. This was medicine to me. Rising from the deck, where I had been languidly lying all the afternoon, I suddenly forgot my discomfort, and with a hearty will, and excited hand, laid hold of the rope that was hoisting our noble stars and stripes, and cheered them, too! The foremost saluted it by raising the English flag, the other, the American. As our courses speedily diverged, the flags were hauled down, but in doing this, the American paid us the further nautical compliment of rapidly hoisting hers three times, before finally bringing it down. We returned the same. This courtesy of the sea means three cheers.

Sabbath at Sea.

July 25th.—Last Sabbath was another of our fine days. The ship was very orderly and quiet. I thought of our fellow Christians at home, and for the first time really valued their public ordinances. As the proper hour came, I thought of our church exercises at ~~the~~ the morning prayer-meeting, the public service—and from that painful, almost lonely stillness of a Sabbath at sea, longed to mingle with other worshippers on land. Yet when the first feeling of pain was gone, I found in the pervading quiet a peaceful restfulness that was grateful to me.

I took on deck the large copy of Walter Lowrie's Memoirs, presented to me by his father, and commenced reading it regularly. Read for several hours. Found it exceedingly interesting; more so than any memoir or biography I had ever perused. After reading till my eyes were tired, sang with Mr. M— until noon.

At 2 o'clock P. M., is our public religious service, and it being my turn to take charge of it, I preached from Heb. iii. 12. Our Sabbath evenings on deck are always very pleasant. We sing familiar hymns and Sabbath-school songs, and think of our Christian friends in America. Especially did we do so on the first Sabbath of this month. We knew all along that our friends were praying for us, and we felt we were safe; for never yet has a vessel been lost while bearing to a foreign land a band of missionaries.

August 16th.—This last word is a new one for me to write, and I am so excited as scarcely to be able to write connectedly. We are no longer at sea, but anchored safely in this now quiet harbour. I did not go ashore, for the afternoon was far spent, and fearing the little boat might not return before night-fall, deemed it prudent to wait until to-morrow morning, and in the meantime gaze at the dense, dark, namelessly beautiful trees and other vegetation of Cape Mesurado.

August 17th.—This morning, it was raining, raining. But about half-past twelve o'clock M., the rain ceased, and the sun

struggled through the masses of clouds. Our missionary party prepared themselves to go ashore, and accept the invitation to dine, given by Judge J—, yesterday.

Oh how my eyes gazed with delight on the rich green of the Cape, as the strong arms of the native Krumen, who were our boatmen, brought us nearer the shore, and the brightening sunlight showed us that what before had seemed only an indistinct mass, was the forms of tall, graceful trees, with the ground impenetrably covered over with dense bushes, and over all, climbing by branch and trunk, depending from tree-top, and flinging their tendrils wherever they could catch support, was a wild wealth of vines.

With a favourable wave, the boat soon ran upon the beach, and before another could come our men had jumped into the water, and seizing the ladies in their arms, were carrying them through the surf. This is the mode in which all passengers, gentlemen as well as ladies, are landed along this coast.

And there I was, for the first time, on the soil of Africa! Had I been alone, or with a special confidant, I might have been extravagant; but I was not.

It was late, and fearing to detain the dinner of our host and hostess, we walked rapidly on. Judge J— has, besides a few boarding-schoolers in his family, six of the Congo re-captives. No one can meet or talk with him without a deep feeling of respect.

After dinner, a letter that had been lying at Monrovia, awaiting her arrival, was handed to Mrs. M—. It told of the death of our friend and Christian missionary brother, the Rev. T. S. Ogden. We had no words. I felt as if I ought to walk softly on the African continent, for instead of coming out as an addition, to relieve the labourers already here, I was to step into the niche (when shall I fill it!) vacated by the death of one of those labourers.

We were sad—not fearing death for ourselves, nor (as for myself) anticipating it; but our mission was weakened. We thanked God he had permitted us to know it before reaching Corisco.

Returning to the beach, we talked of our dead missionary brother, and sadly looking toward the setting sun across the placid waters, where we knew other hearts had been sorrowing for the departed, even before the tidings reached our ears.

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EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL
OF A FOREIGN MISSIONARY.

NO. II.

FIRST SABBATH IN AFRICA.

August 18th.—About nine o'clock, A.M.,
our missionary company and Mr. F—
went ashore. It was a beautiful Sabbath-
day—the bright sun made the beautiful
things of this land still more beautiful.
Went again to Mr. James's, as his house is
the missionary resort. With him we all
attended church.

The breeze which I had felt constantly
blowing here, was playing with the broad
plantain and banana leaves, and gracefully
bowing the feathery branches of the palm,
and the air, not "redolent with odours,"
was gently perfumed. I did not feel the
bright sun as hot or warm; indeed, the air
was pleasantly cool, but somehow or other
I felt very tired. Yet it was delightful—
O! you don't know how unspeakably so—
to walk again on solid land; to meet the
faces of fellow-men; to listen to the chim-
ing church-bells; to see the lines of well-
dressed people wending their way to the
house of God, and to feel yourself again
among the congregation of his people. I
said with David, "Early, O God! will I

Presbyterian church here in Mon-
rovia, like all the other houses, looked so
young and old, all the effect of this
climate. Paint is entirely too expen-
sive, and, therefore, wooden houses must
be satisfied with their first original colour,
which one year here makes look as old as
ten years in America. Stone and brick
structures in one year become moss-covered
and time-worn. The Presbyterian church
is of stone, and has been built for twenty
years. It was with joyful emotion that I
entered the door. Mr. Herring, the gray-
headed pastor, was sitting below the pul-
pit, awaiting our arrival. The advent of
our numerous company, of course, made
quite a stir. The assemblage was strange,
all Africans, but of every hue, from deep
black to almost white. Contrasting strangely
with the elegant attire of some individuals
of large wealth, were the grotesque at-
tempts at fine dress in others of limited
means, and the attire of the Congoes and
a few other natives, who were clothed in
the plainest manner, with the plainest ma-
terials.

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Mr. M— and I sat below the pulpit,
preferring to sit with the audience. Mr.
Herring raised the tunes, sitting in the
pulpit, with the *Presbyterian Psalmist*
on his knee, and announcing to the audi-
ence the tune he had selected. The Hymn-
Book was the same as ours, the church
being an American offshoot. The tunes
were familiar, and when once started, every
body plunged at once into it, singing with
zeal, whether rightly or wrongly. O! it
was a pleasant service! The air, floating
in through the open windows, was cool and
refreshing. During the service, the sky
darkened, and heavy drops of rain came
pattering down on the broad leaves of the
plantain and pawpaw trees, and in at the
windows. After service, there were a few
introductions; among others, to ex-Presi-
dent and Mrs. Roberts.

The rain was over by the time we left
the church, and the sun had partially dried
the path through the grass and bushes;
for it is impossible, in a town where there
are no beasts of burden, and no wheeled
carriages, to keep down this wealth of
vegetation. To keep the streets open
would require the constant effort of the
entire population.

After dinner at Judge J—'s, the
Rev. John Seys, formerly a Methodist
missionary here, now Agent for the Re-
captives, and acting American Consul,
came with the Rev. Thomas Fuller, of the
Methodist Church, to obtain the service of
one of us. Mr. M— was able to engage
himself, I being under promise to our
church in the afternoon. I preached on
Psalm cxxxix. 18. Though without notes,
felt free in utterance, forgot my physical
weakness, and felt strong the remainder of
the day. This service closed the day, and
we returned to the ship revived and grati-
fied.

THE COLLEGE.

At Monrovia a College is being built.
The funds for it were contributed by dif-
ferent friends of Liberia in America. Our
fellow-passenger, Mr. F—, just coming
in at that time, I concluded to go with
him and see the College. Guided by our
young friend, a nephew of Mr. J—'s,
we started on a beautiful walk, leading
through a part of the town I had not seen
at all. The College is situated on one of
the most elevated parts of the town, and to
reach it, we had to descend into a little
valley, and the path, part of it a narrow
ravine, was skirted by dense matted bushes
and vines. To attempt describing these
would, for me, now be simply impossible,
they were so many, and so various; beauti-
ful mosses, ferns, *convolvuli*, passion-flow-

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ors, young cotton-trees, and all so utterly matted, interlaced and intertwined, and bound, that I could readily see how difficult must be journeys through tropical countries.

PLANTATION OF A LIBERIA MERCHANT, K AND FONGO RE-CAPTIVES.

August 19th.—About nine o'clock, A.M., the two ladies, with Mr. F and I, went ashore, for it was a bright, fine day, with a cool breeze, and we wanted to see whatever was to be seen. Leaving the ladies at the house of one of their friends, I started for a ramble. I wanted to obtain a correct idea of the outline of the Bay, the Mesurado River, and the two little islands at its mouth, also to see where began the wide and indefinite outline of the St. Paul. Completing the survey, I sat by the sea-side a little while, under the shade of a cotton-wood tree. Then I turned to go up the hill, when I was accosted by an amiable looking Americo-Liberian, who, apologizing for the interruption, said he understood I was just come from the "States," and would like to put to me some inquiries. He told me that he belonged to the Southern Baptist Mission among the native tribes inland from Little Bassa; that he had come to Liberia nine years ago, a slave from Kentucky, and finding here little black children who could read, while he could not, had set to work and had learned. Gathering up and retaining knowledge, he had become a clergyman, and was operating among the natives. He wanted to know what was happening in America. I gave him the outline of the Government's operations, and the prevalent impressions as to results, adding, as I always did in America, my own hopeful, loyal view, and such meets with a hearty response here. I talked with brother H almost an hour on the hill-side, under the shade of my umbrella; could have listened to him indefinitely; but my tired limbs refused longer to support me, and I told him I must go.

At the top of the hill were the store and dwelling of Mr. S L, a young and enterprising merchant, where I rested several hours, and before I left, he arranged for an expedition to-morrow, ten miles up the Stockton Creek, (a stream connecting the St. Paul and Mesurado rivers,) to a large farm of his at the town of Caldwell.

The soil on which Monrovia stands is one of the poorest in the Republic, and Mr. L wanted to aid me in seeing the products of the rich and fertile interior; for though Caldwell is only seven miles from the mouth of the St. Paul, yet, in that short distance, the soil, rich here, vastly improves.

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August 20th.—I rose early, to make an early start on the expedition, for which arrangements had been made yesterday. The day was propitious, the sun not bright and glaring, but slightly obscured by clouds. Against any possible rain we were guarded by umbrellas and India-rubber clothing, that Mr. L supplied.

Starting at half-past eight o'clock, A.M., with five strong natives as boatmen, rowed nine miles up the Stockton Creek. If you will read Du Chaillu or Livingstone, or any other writer on tropical scenery, you will know what I saw. The creek in some places is not wider than one hundred yards, but for much of the ride there was no shore to it, each side being lined with those interminable mangrove trees.

Further on, the land rose and gave footing to bamboos, palms, thatch-palms, cotton-wood, while running over them were those endless vines of which I have before spoken. The ride was diversified by the singing of the boatmen, and the entertaining conversation of Mr. L. Though there was no rain, we kept our umbrellas elevated all the time—here in Africa we expect always to carry umbrellas. Carried to the muddy shore in the arms of "Pessy," I met on the bank Captain S. S. S. R, an officer in the Liberian army, and superintendent of Mr. L's farm. He led us up a slight ascent, from which frowned a cannon that had been used in the late war. The town of Caldwell was one of the first settlements made in Liberia. A short distance brought us to the plantation house, an airy, two-storied building. After refreshing ourselves here for an hour, Captain R came, at half-past eleven o'clock, A.M., and proposed a walk over the plantation. We fell into a narrow path, single file—Captain P, myself, and Mr. L, followed by natives with extra clothing, if needed, by the sudden showers. I was highly gratified by stumbling across a long line of the Driver ants, about which I had heard so much when in America.

Passing on through acres and acres of cassava, sweet potatoes, and ground nuts, we came to rice fields. Here at work were some of the Fongo re-captives. They are put out to service to those who apply for them, just as children are bound out in America. They are to be educated and clothed as those children, and in case of ill treatment, have the right of appeal to certain commissioners, who have charge of them. They were intelligent looking, and greeted Mr. L warmly; we returned their salutations, calling the men by name. A modest-looking woman, less imperfectly clad than the Kru women, was beating cassava root in a wooden mortar. I asked her if I might taste of it, and tasted a little just to please her—notice pleases them all.

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Returning from an extensive walk, we came to a hut, in front of which sat a thin, diseased, disconsolate Congo. He belonged on the farm; he and eight hundred others had landed at Monrovia more than half-starved, naked, and diseased, and though well cared for since that time, his disease continued. My heart was wrung with pity for him; he could talk little or no English, but I understood he wanted to get well, and work as the others were doing. Mr.

Lloyd

asked my medical advice, telling me what had already been prescribed. I had seen no case like this; but on the cursory examination I could give, thought previous treatment good, so far as it went, and advised stronger constitutional treatment.

Lloyd

After a lapse of three hours, got back to enjoy Mr. Lloyd's plantation house, a most excellent dinner. Waiting at the table was a little Congo boy, not more than nine years old, with an eye that was painfully bright and quick—almost the quickness of alarm. It seemed to me as if the horrors that had met his childish mind in the crowded slave ship had left a never-fading impression. Though only nine months since landing, he spoke English, and had learned much.

Powers

Captain Powers is a member of the Episcopal Church, and had taught these chil-

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dren at the Sabbath-school. He called up little "Elijah," and his sisters "Isabella" and "Topsey," and bade them repeat for me their lessons. They promptly responded to the Scripture questions, &c. Reverently folding their hands, they repeated the creed, and various little stanzas. Standing behind them was a little fellow, certainly not more than seven years old, who seemed infinitely amused, when poor Topsey or Isabella made a mistake. Presently I asked him what was his name? With a sweet, thin, little voice he answered, "Colonel" Lawrence." He is under the care of Colonel L——, who lives near. He said his alphabet to me, and said he was going to school "to get plenty sense."

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EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL
OF A FOREIGN MISSIONARY.

NO. III.

AMERICAN NEWS AT MONROVIA.

August 23d.—The first thing I heard before rising this morning, was the announcement that the "Quail"—the little Liberian vessel which carries the mail monthly, between Cape Palmas and Monrovia—had arrived during the night. She had been anxiously looked for, not only by the Monrovia, but even more so by ourselves. Her regular time for reaching Monrovia is the 20th of each month; and our ship having arrived opportunely only a few days in advance of that time, we did not wish to leave before the Quail should arrive with American news, later than we had brought with us.

I was all curiosity to hear the news, but restrained myself, knowing I could hear it at any other time, and that now was the only time to take the rare chance of sending letters home by the expected United States war steamer *Mystic*. So I stayed on board and wrote, and Mr. M— went ashore to gather news. The day has been rainy. I have been writing, and the ship has been taking on fresh water for its voyage. That sentence may describe the day.

In the evening the captain returned, saying we could not sail until to-morrow afternoon. Here was the delay of another day in this voyage, which, for our mission's sake, we so wished to be ended. Mr. M— also returned. He had been reading different papers during the day, and brought us the gist of the news, up to the 9th of July, just one week later than our day of sailing from New York. He also brought with him a copy of the *New York Tribune*, of July 6th, which Mr. James, after partially reading it, had kindly allowed him to take. This was a great kindness, for not many papers are taken at Monrovia, and where all were anxious to see or possess one, it was very generous to allow us to take this one. The Monrovia do not subscribe for many American papers, not because they do not read, but because subscription is expensive, so the few that are taken are largely borrowed. As we could not any one of us monopolize the paper, we all gathered around the cabin table, (except Mr. S—, one of our passengers, who, foreigner as he is, would defend the rebels, if he dared oppose the strong Union sentiments of us all,)—the paper was put into the hands of one of the ladies, who with clear voice read to us the Message, and portions of other documents.

At our evening prayer, we have given thanks to God that he has answered prayer, and given unity and sound judgment to our rulers, and that the evil we so much feared in our beloved country, was to be thus energetically subdued.

VOYAGE DOWN THE COAST.

August 24th.—Our last day at Monrovia. The afternoon wore away in watching the process of weighing anchor, and observing the hurry and bustle of departure. The wind is strong against us this evening. The winds blow constantly from the south, and, therefore, it is much more difficult for vessels to sail down the coast than up. We have been tacking again and again, but making little progress. This evening we have been singing, as we generally do on Saturday evening, as a kind of preparation for the Sabbath.

There was nothing attractive in the sight of the coast, from which we did not go far; it was visible almost all the time. The air was hazy, and the shore was undiversified, being generally low, but covered with trees. We passed a little town, Marshalls, on Junk river. The place is notable, I believe, only for its oysters and fishery. This is a part of the Liberian Republic, and if its inhabitants had more of enterprise, (for the want of which, in their present infancy, one can scarcely blame them,) they could supply themselves with their own fish, to any required amount, instead of paying exorbitant prices for fish imported from America.

In the afternoon, passed in sight of Little Bassa, another small place. Neither of these two localities are marked by any thing that would attract the eye, viewing from the sea, particularly as I was fresh from the really romantic undulations of Cape Mesurado.

Considerable singing during the day, with our usual afternoon service, and our Catechism in the evening, filled up the quiet pleasure of this Sabbath day. Indeed, after all, the new and strange sights, and the goings to and fro at Monrovia, to sit still all day was rather a pleasure.

August 26th.—Grand Bassa, or Bassa, as it is commonly called, was in sight

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shortly after breakfast; we soon came to anchor, for the captain had a small quantity of goods to be set ashore. In anchoring, we passed within voice-reach of a vessel, which we discovered to be the Liberrian barque Edwards, commanded by a fellow-townsmen of our Captain T. The latter went to visit the former, and returned soon, bringing with him the Rev. H. H. Messenger, belonging to the Episcopal Mission at Cape Palmas, and stationed at Bahlan, seventy miles up the Cavalla River. He was taking a sea-voyage for his health, intending to go as far as Monrovia, but hearing of our missionary company, he was thinking somewhat of turning round and journeying with us. He, therefore, spent the day and following night on our ship; we were glad to meet a fellow-American and a fellow-missionary, and enjoyed his society, especially as the rainy weather prevented any of us going ashore.

Yates

We spent the evening in music. At the request of our company, I sang, to the accompaniment of my guitar, quite a variety of pieces, for almost an hour. Since we have reached the drier African coast, my guitar strings have broken very little; they broke very much while in the fogs of the far-out ocean. We finished our evening with sacred music.

I consider myself compensated, by the happiness I have derived, and thus far been permitted to give, for the slight expense and time given to music in the past few years. Mr. Messenger concluded not to change his journey, and therefore returned to the Edwards. His vessel and ours raised their anchors about the same time, and went on their separate ways.

I sent by Mr. Messenger, to Monrovia, another installment of this journal, with the hope that he would reach there before both the Mystic and Jacinto should leave for America. So having finished one course of fifty-four miles from Monrovia to Bassa, we started on another course of eighty-five miles to Sinou.

AT SINOU.

August 29th.—The small headland here is called Blue Barre, or Bloo Barra. Here emerges the Sinou, a short river that comes from sixteen miles inland; in debouching, it turns a low piece of ground covered with bushes, which hides almost entirely from the sea the sight of the town of Greenville.

We anchored quite far from shore; it looked very unattractive; and this unattractiveness, together with the fact that the captain was in a hurry, made us hesitate about going ashore. But he said our going would not incommode him, and as the poorest land is to me better than the best ship, we determined to land.

The morning was far gone, when the boat returned for us. As we neared the shore, the beauties of the land began to be revealed. The most singular feature of this coast were the large masses of rock that jutted out, making some headlands considerably higher than other parts of the shore. Against these rocks the surf beat, and threw up its tall spray in grand style, and with louder roar than any I had yet heard from old Ocean. You would have thought we were rushing into danger, and indeed it did appear so, for there was no visible spot where landing seemed safe. But I was told that Sinou was one of the safest places on the coast for boat-landing. Our boatmen knew the way, and rowing around a surf-beaten, rocky point of land, we were, at once, in a quiet little cove, that was only a few hundred yards across any part of it. Just in advance of us were some most singular hillocks, with a broad base rising from the water, perhaps to the height of eighty feet. The tops and sides were covered with vegetation, but the lower sides were bare, smooth, and black. It was a romantic little place. The cove was really a part of the mouth of the river, which we could not yet see; we seemed completely shut in, except toward the sea. But making another turn around a low tongue of land, we entered the river fully, and were soon landed at Greenville. This place is very sandy, and the vegetation appeared dusty and dried, for there had been no rain here for more than six weeks, and this was their rainy season. It was an unusual drought. The air was warmer than any we had yet experienced, and the bright sun glaring on the water had caused our eyes to pain.

The Rev. J. M. Priest, a missionary of our Board, lives at Sinou, and Mr. M— was the only one of our party who knew him. After resting awhile at the house of a Mr. Payne, a merchant of the place, we went to Mr. Priest's. His residence is extremely plain and unpretentious, and himself a plain man, though, I am told, one of the best informed men in the colony. He was formerly a slave in Kentucky. Besides being now a minister, he at the same time practises medicine among those who cannot pay for medical services, or when the doctor is away. Mr. Priest has quite a number of the Congoes in his family.

Monday

Returning to Mr. Priest's, from making some calls, we obtained from him some fruits and flowers, which we desired to propagate in Corisco. Cape jessamioes, and slips from two yellow, flowering shrubs, (names unknown to us,) coffee, lemons, yellow sweet potatoes, palm nuts, and the butter-fruit, or Ahagado pear. These fruits, except the latter, are cultivated at Corisco; but the coffee is smaller, the sweet potatoes are white, instead of yellow, and for lemons there are limes. Accompanying this I send you a tolerably accurate sketch of the largest of these lemons. In the sketch I have not exaggerated at all; indeed, it seems smaller than the original, while I handle its round form. The shortest precise measurement around the original is twelve and three quarter inches, and the largest thirteen and a quarter. You will think it a mammoth lemon.

Arriving late in the afternoon at the house where we first stopped in the morning, we found that Captain ~~Y~~ would not be ready to go back to the ship until after dark. This prospect I did not much like, as I had not yet spent a night on the shore; but was quite relieved when the captain of a Dutch brig lying here offered his boat. So we were off at once.

The air was cool and delightful, and having had a pleasant day, we were disposed to enjoy the ride through the cove and around the rocks; but the sun having set, darkness soon fell, and we had a long, long row before we reached the ship. The waves became quite rough, so that our boat toppled about like an egg-shell. As soon as the captain came on board to-night he

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Yates

had the anchor taken up, and we have started, with favourable wind, on our course of ninety miles to Cape Palmas.

I have been bethinking me of home to-day, for I try to keep the course of memory of all the days of the calendar; and to-day I have been sitting at home, in the room once mine, and looking from the side window, see the willow and the monument that covered dead A—— B——, and the same calm feeling has come over me that ever came in the past, soothing the mind ruffled

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white stone under that same willow.

Extracts from the Journal
of a Foreign Missionary

No. IV.

Friday, Aug. 30. I slept so soundly and delightfully last night that I knew nothing of the successful progress we were making. So, all day, we have been sailing rapidly with a good wind. Air clear and cool, have passed, during the day, Settra Kree, Nana Kree, and other native towns along the coast.

There has been no incident during the day; and we have been only exulting in our unusual good success at proceeding down the coast so fast. We saw a number of vessels during the day; for, almost all vessels on this Coast run in sight of Cape Palmas, even if they do not intend stopping there.

We watched the Cape, as we gradually neared, and calculated whether we could anchor there to night. We came distinctly in sight of it; but, the sun set; and, as the coast and bottom are very rocky and often dangerous here, Captain thought it prudent to drop his anchor, and wait for the morning light, when he will take it up, and come in nearer to the shore. Had the sun-light lasted us but half an hour

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longer, we could have been there to-night.

Saturday Aug. 31st. Before I was up this morning, we had had our anchor raised, and were sailing in to a spot nearer the landing. We got in quite near, so that our boat-rides ashore will not be so long as they were at Monrovia and Sinoe.

We did not go ashore this morning; for, Mr. Mackey was not feeling well, and we preferred waiting for him, and all going ashore together. But, we sent by the Captain, early in the morning our respects to the Rev. C. C. Hoffman at the Orphan Asylum of the American Protestant Episcopal Mission.

The whole front of the Cape is a rock; and just in front, or, a little to one side of this, separated by a narrow strait a few hundred feet in width, is a low rocky island, only a few acres in area, and having on it a scrubby vegetation. It is called Dead Man's island, and was

formerly used by the natives as the place of deposit for their dead. They did not bury; but, casting the corpse on the open rocks, allowed it to putrify or be eaten by birds. Being so near the town, the stench was unendurable by the civilised inhabitants; and, an end was put to the practice.

Captain returned after breakfast, bearing from Rev. and Mrs. Hoffman a

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written invitation for us all to come ashore, and make the Asylum our home. We immediately sent written word by a native that we would be ashore in the afternoon.

At 3. p.m., all our missionary company went ashore. The surf was not high; and, we did not go over the bar; for, in calm weather there is access, at one side of it, to a small sandy beach. There was standing the Rev. Mr. Hoffman, from the windows of the Asylum, the approach of our boat had been noticed, and he had come down to welcome us.

I was the only real stranger; for, though Mrs Mackay was the only one who had not been there before, she was known by name.

As we were reaching the house, I was admiring the flowers; and Mr Hoffman remarked that he had "the prettiest lily in all Africa." I did not at first understand him; but I did presently when his little daughter Grace, springing from the arms of her bearer (a comely mulatto girl) came to meet him on the veranda. Grace was a beautiful child, of probably not more than three years, and, with her white face and golden curls, deserved the name of "lily".

Mr Messenger was in the parlor. And soon, Mr Hoffman entered and welcomed us. I passed most of the time playing with Grace.

Mrs M'Queen

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and I accepted Mr. Hoffman's invitation to accompany him to Hoffman (a native christian church) where he was to conduct a Love Feast, a rite preparatory to the celebration of the Eucharist on the following day. We had a pleasant short boat-ride up Hoffman creek. One of the boys at the oars was named "Calvin." At the little station dwelt a native man, a Mr. Harris, who had charge of it, and who was studying for Episcopal orders. The tribe, in the christian village near the station, was the Grebo. Passing through the village, we came to the church, St James, a commodious edifice. Its services were conducted by Mr. Harris. Mr. Hoffman requested me to take part in the services at that church on the next afternoon. I was startled, at first; for, speaking through an interpreter would be something new to me. But, I would soon have to learn it; so, I willingly consented to begin at this point. He had previously asked Mr. Mackey to preach in St Mark's, at Harper, of which himself is Rector. But it was now seen - set; and, thinking it wise to stay longer on shore, I left Mrs. McQueen with Mr. Hoffman to take their part in the Love Feast, and hurried down to the boat; and soon we

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brought to the ocean-landing, where Mr. Furtado was on the look-out for me. ~~It was now dark; and~~ ~~hurry~~ ~~and Mr. Mackay~~ going to the Asylum, I found Mr. and Mrs. Mackay, and the captain waiting for me. I was urged to take tea; but, I would not delay the others. So, we hurried down to the landing. The surf on the bar was rough; but, we passed it safely. When we reached the vessel, the hour was late; and all being tired with a long and happy day, we soon retired for rest.

For the Presbyterians

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL
OF A FOREIGN MISSIONARY.

NO. V.

COMMUNION SABBATH AT CAPE PALMAS.

McQueen
September 1st.—There were but three of us to go ashore this Sabbath morning, Mrs. Mc— having remained on Saturday, to share in the exercises at Hoffman's station. While a ship is lying at anchor, its boat's crew of Krumen stay on board, so as to take on shore at any time those who may wish to go. The day was fine and clear, wind fresh and strong, making the waves rather high. On approaching the shore, our crew, who are pretty good pilots and oarsmen, thought it unsafe to go around the bar to the beach, so they went across the bar. The waves were larger than any we had yet seen during the whole voyage, not so rough, of course, as in a storm, for they came in long, regular rolls, but they were high. I thought the last swell had overtaken us, and that we were past the bar, when suddenly the stern of the boat was tilted up, the oars thrown out of the hands of the oarsmen on one side, and the boat veering to the other side, went sliding on its beam ends, sideways down quite a little hill of water. There was no spray, or at least none came into the boat, so that, saving a fright to Mrs. M—, all was right. The men regained their oars, and a few vigorous pulls placed us beyond the reach of another swell, and safely on the landing.

Mackay

We took the ascent of the hill slowly, for the air was warm. Around the Asylum gate were gathered about fifteen girls, pupils, all with their clean, shining, happy, smiling, modest faces, and light or white stiff-starched, uniform aprons, frocks, and sun-bonnets, and bearing in their hands each a Bible and prayer-book. One of the missionary ladies not feeling strong, we found on her way to church in a little vehicle, much used by English invalids. It is a single-seated carriage-top, with a seat wide enough for only one rider, placed on wheels, and so low that it barely clears the ground, and is drawn by a donkey. The rider drives, and an attendant walks by the side. This was the first vehicle I had seen in Africa.

We were not long in the house before our friends were ready, and then, under the guidance of Mrs. H—, we started for church. Mr. H— had been down to the Sabbath-school, and was returning to meet us. The walk to church was long, and somewhat warm, which might have produced a feeling of fatigue, but for the new and interesting circumstances around me. The path was wide, smooth, and hard, and led us in from the cape, to the farther end of the ridge, and to its more southerly side, where is a long beach, that shelves very rapidly, and against which the ocean beats and wars loudly.

The whole settlement is not called Cape Palmas; the town is called Harper, and is said to be situated at Cape Palmas. Only the end of the ridge running into the sea is called the Cape. The Church of St. Mark stands near the shelving beach of which I have just spoken. The three ladies entered the church, while Mr. M— and I went into the vestry-room with Mr. H—. He conducted the preliminary services at the desk. Mr. M— preached a written sermon, from Acts ix. 6. His subject, Christian duties, and the proving of faith by works, was appropriate to a communion day, and Mr. H— thanked him afterwards for it, saying he had himself previously selected a similar text for the occasion.

With true African taste, the audience were dressed gaudily, and as fashionably as in America; stiffly starched, and greatly spreading white summer dresses, or brilliantly barred red and blue other materials. Side by side with them sat others, just from heathenism, attired in the scantiest and plainest manner. But when they came to receive the communion, rich and poor were together, kneeling at the altar in companies of six or eight. Sitting in the chancel, we received the elements from the hands of Mr. H—.

It was a delightful morning. Sitting in a cool recess of the stone edifice, I leaned back and rested; the sound of the deep, heavy roar of the ocean came in at the open window with the air that fanned my cheek, and mingled with the chantings and hosannas of the children. A spirit of joy crept over me; calm, and yet so intense as almost painfully to wring at my heart, because free from the tossings and religious privations of the ocean, I could again mingle with the congregation of "my Father's" people, and for the first time on the soil of this great continent partake of Christ's saving body with those who, by it, had been saved from heathenism. It was particularly affecting to see old Sally Williams come slowly limping up the aisle, leading by the hand another woman, apparently as aged as herself, and who was blind. The lame was leading the blind, but both were in a safe way.

Mr. H— and myself did not return to the asylum with the remainder of our company; it would have required too much time, for he intended opening the afternoon Sabbath-school, whose superintendent was absent, before he should go with me to the native station. So we went across the street to the sexton, Mrs. Carroll, a Virginia coloured woman, where he was glad to rest, while I prepared for the afternoon service. Mrs. H— sent down one of the pupils with a little lunch for us, after which we proceeded down the creek to a point some distance above the usual starting-place. I had discovered that beside his Sabbath-school there was a funeral to be attended, so I at once bade him not go with me. He was relieved, and I started in the boat alone with "Calvin," one of the native converts. The ride was short, and having now some idea of the channel, I was more successful in handling the rudder than I had been coming down the stream the previous evening.

I bore with me a copy of the Grebo Liturgy, and a note from Mr. H— to "Harris." The latter was not at his house, nor at school, so I proceeded alone to the church. The bell ceased ringing before I reached it, and at the door, coming from another direction, I met "Harris." He was to conduct the exercises as usual, the sermon alone was my part of the service. The liturgy and hymns, too, were in a hidden tongue; I understood no words; but the hymns were sung to such familiar tunes as Balerma, &c., and I joined in as heartily as any, for the English caption revealed to me the subject of each hymn.

It was a strange—very new and strange

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position for me. I was alone; not a white man or any foreigner there. And such an assemblage! About seventy-five or eighty were present; about one-third native Christians, another third heathen adults—men and women—the remainder almost perfectly naked children, Christian or heathen, I knew not. The children were adorned by their mothers with strings of teeth of various animals hung about their necks, and with numerous rings, sometimes a dozen, of brass or ivory, about their wrists or ankles. The restless little fellows were constantly changing their seats from one pew to a more eligible one, or from the head to the foot, or *vice versa*, or down the aisle to the door, so that they made much disturbance—not by running, or laughing, or talking, but at the slightest motion their numerous trinkets and rings jingled together, like so many tiny sleigh bells. On their becoming too noisy, it was almost ludicrous to see some keen-eyed father or guardian dive down among the offenders, and, grasping some unfortunate by the hair, or other convenient projection, settle him down firmly among his fellows. The delinquent bore his punishment quietly, knowing better than to cry.

When the time had arrived, I entered the pulpit, and read the 14th chapter of Matthew, from the 15th verse, reading verse by verse, while Harris, standing at the desk, translated it into Grebo. The text was from the 30th verse. As I uttered sentence by sentence, or several short sentences at a time, Harris interpreted my words. We occupied thus about forty minutes, speaking together. I was as fluent as I had expected to be in my first attempt at speaking through an interpreter; but my heart, just fresh from a communion-table, and at my first proclamation of the gospel to those whom I had long sought to meet, instead of being tender, and warm, and earnest, as I had hoped, seemed cold and passionless. I had need to make Peter's cry, and my text a prayer for myself.

When the services were over, and the people dismissed, I returned to our little boat, and soon reached the Cape landing. Harris accompanied me; he seemed a good man, and desirous of obtaining whatever information he could regarding his studies.

At the Asylum I met our captain, who said he was soon about to return to the ship, so I concluded to depart, though the others of our missionary party had decided to remain on shore all night. Mr. M— urged my staying, too, for that if by staying I should take a little fever, it would not develop itself until our arrival at Corisco, where I might expect a slight attack at least; besides, the usual Monthly Concert in the evening was to be very interesting. Still I deemed it best for myself to return to the ship. Mr. M— and the ladies remained on shore.

It was nearly sundown when we left. With the Krumen and sailors we had a full boat load, and the captain was dragging in tow, by a rope in hand, his own little batteau. The surf was higher than what we had met in the morning. A great wave, hundreds of feet long, and foaming with spray, would come rolling toward us, threatening to engulf our little boat, but the latter would rise on the swell, and clear the wave's top very gracefully. After rather an adventurous ride, the ship was reached, and wearied with the enjoyments, duties, and new experiences of this Sabbath day, I sought repose. By an advance of five hours difference in time, I had been allowed to sink into forgetful slumbers, when you at home were holding Monthly Concert.

THE NORTH STAR AND THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

September 4th.—Early in the morning the operation of raising anchor was commenced; but after dragging in most of the chain, it broke, and some seven fathoms of it, with the anchor, were lost. The bottom is rocky, and this vessel has lost an anchor at the same place before. The ship started in almost a straight line for Corisco, on a course of one thousand miles, at the rate of one hundred and forty miles a day.

In the evening the phosphorescence of the sea was unusually bright. Unlike what I had before seen, in sparkles, it was spread in broad fields and patches, and actually afforded light like the light of a dim moon. We left the green water that characterizes soundings along the coast—soon it was out of sight, and we were again on the blue sea. We were for several days making good progress toward Corisco, and we were increasingly anxious to be there, for by letters Mr. M— had received while at Cape Palmas, we had reason to fear that the already bereaved missionary band might, ere our arrival, be still further desolated. The reason of our good progress was the season of the year, and our position out at sea. I have, in a previous part of this journal, spoken of certain winds opposing vessels going down the coast; this is true in other seasons of the year, and when they coast all along the Bight of Benin and the Gold Coast.

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Monday, September 9th.—Yesterday was passed, as have been all our Sabbaths, pleasantly and rapidly, bounding on our southern course. During the day we had crossed the meridian that divides eastern and western hemispheres, so that now I am in a different hemisphere from my friends in America. Had we gone a little further south, I would have crossed the equator, and been in a southern hemisphere also; but the captain has gone as far south as he wishes, and now is sailing in a direct line for the little island that is to be soon our home.

To-day I have seen flocks of hundreds of sea-gulls hovering over the water, watching for fish. They are, probably, from the islands we are nearing; perhaps some from Corisco, for these gulls fly far. Thus, as by many things, I am reminded of our nearness to the end of our voyage, and our distance from America. The sky was clear this evening, but not by the best eyes, not even those of Mr. ~~M~~ or the captain, could the north star be seen. Its position is about a degree above the horizon, but even in the clearest weather I shall no more see it. So thus is cut off from our American associations a star that, during the whole voyage, had been the cynosure of many eyes.

Having gotten into the tropics, I had for some time desired to see the Southern Cross, but as it was visible only very early in the morning, I had not seen it. But this morning very early, happening to awake, I thought of the Cross, and arose at once. On gaining the deck, however, I was disappointed in finding that clouds obscured the object of my early visit to the deck. I shall yet see it in its brightness.

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EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A FOREIGN MISSIONARY.

NO. VI.

ARRIVAL AT CORISCO.

September 11th.—Rising at the usual time, and going on deck, I found the captain looking off toward the south at St. Thomas' Island. The island was at least twenty miles distant, and so very indistinct that it would have been unnoticed by me, had it not been pointed out by others; yet the eye, once set on it, caught and retained it readily. We could see a dim outline of what seemed to be only a mountain rising suddenly from the sea, with its sides apparently well wooded. In the course of the morning we saw Prince's Island, about as far off, and as indistinctly, on our northern side, as St. Thomas had previously been on our southern. The former island is not as high as the latter.

We all feel in good spirits at the rapid progress we are making toward our destination. We have sailed one hundred and ten miles during the last twenty-four hours, and our good little brig has yet only one hundred and seventeen miles to go before reaching Corisco. We have been quite in love with our little vessel, and like to call it "ours." It is certainly a missionary ship, for Captain Yates, in his many voyages on it to and from America, has never been without some male or female missionary, belonging to either Gaboon or Corisco.

By a correction of an observation made at noon of the 11th, captain found that he was in a latitude south of the Gaboon river; he had purposely come south to some point below Corisco, but had not thought he was quite so far down. At two o'clock, P.M., the mouth of the Gaboon could be seen with a spy-glass. The vessel was put on a course nearer north, and we Corisco passengers busied ourselves in gathering together and putting back into our trunks such articles as had been lying loosely during the voyage. Then we stationed ourselves on deck, where, though the sky was bright, the air was cool, and were on the look-out for land.

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At three o'clock, P. M., Cape Esterias was visible. We were opposite its long face, that looks westerly to the sea. At five o'clock, P. M., the tree-tops on Corisco were seen, and at tea we eagerly discussed the probability, or as the captain thought, the bare possibility, of reaching the island to-night. After tea on deck, we watched long the outline of objects as they loomed up. My companions pointed out to me objects that they recognized; the length of the island, and a little spot certainly it seemed, to see which we had come all the way across the ocean; off on our right the tiny little isle Mbanga, inhabited only by rats; in advance of us, and between us and Corisco, and seeming a part of it, another little isle, Leval; and finally, in the centre of the length of the island of Corisco, a tall Mangi tree. This tree is a landmark for all sea captains anchoring at the island. It is the tallest tree in view—is without branches to a great height, and is crowned by wide-spreading foliage. It is at this time almost leafless, this being near the close of the dry season, which may correspond somewhat, both as regards temperature and effect on vegetation, to our winter. If we had had one hour, or even half an hour, of daylight longer, we could have arrived at the proper anchorage to-day; but night fell, and as our cautious captain had, on a former occasion, lost an anchor on the rocks at this place, he was unwilling to proceed in the dark, and therefore sounding in eleven fathoms of water, he let go at seven o'clock, P. M., on a bank of sand and mud, about six miles from shore. It was slightly annoying to be thus in sight of our destination, and be compelled to stay another night on shipboard. A light was hung out to attract attention from the shore, and we watched during the evening for some canoes to come off to us; but none came, and we wondered at no light or fire being built on the beach, by which we might have found our way in. Perhaps, had there been one, we could not have seen it, for a dense fog arose.

Thursday, September 12th.—We slept little during the night, for the sea rolled short and quick, and the vessel jerked with heavy strain on the cable, jarring through all its timbers. At an early hour the crew were at work trying to raise the anchor, but so firmly had it become imbedded, that after two hours of effort, they stopped in despair.

The morning was rainy; but we could see two boats coming from the shore—both had sails, and one with a large white sail we thought might be the mission boat. Our American flag, and another bearing in large letters the name of our vessel, were raised, and we sat down to breakfast awaiting the arrival of the boats. On account of the adverse wind, the foremost of the boats did not arrive for some time. When it did, our captain, with the assistance of its crew, succeeded in raising the anchor. Five of the native Christians arrived in

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McQueen

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Mackey

I ought not have written those last two sentences; and, had I known the future of my African life, I would not have written them. For, my mother's love was the only love that never failed me.

are the other boat, who were gladly welcomed by our party into the cabin. Though Mrs. McQ had been so long absent from Africa, they recognized her at once. Being a stranger, I remained on deck until the first salutations and inquiries were over, and then went into the cabin, extending my hand with the usual "Mbolo." Having known of and expected my coming, they at once called me by my name.

They confirmed what we had heard at Cape Palmas, and what the men in the first arrived boat had told us—the death of Mrs. McQ three weeks ago. By ten o'clock, A. M., we were again safely anchored, and the mission boat came alongside, containing one of the missionaries, and some more native Christians. In it we started for the shore. On the beach were over fifty men, women, and children, shouting with joy for our arrival. I could not bear to look toward them, for my heart was full. Turning my face back to the ship, I longed for half an hour of seclusion.

The surf was not heavy, and was safely passed. I saw dusky forms plunge into the water, and surround our boat; the two ladies, Mr. M., and myself were caught up by strong brawny arms, and borne dry above the tide, and set down among a mass of forms, and chorus of voices, and a wildness of hands. Two of the missionaries were there, and they and my companions being mutually known, were occupied with greeting. Therefore I held back among the joyous, outstretched hands of children, who crowded me toward the sea, and repeated responsively the only Benga I knew. But soon I broke through the thickening ranks, and hastened to seize the hands of my new missionary friends, and with them and the crowd of natives proceeded to Evangsimba, a few hundred feet from the sea. We were soon seated in the house. I knew not whether to smile or weep, to talk or be silent, it was all so strange, so strange; but I was grateful for being permitted to reach longed-for Corisco.

So, my dear mother, my voyage was ended, and my journal is closed. If you knew how glad I am to have arrived here, you would not grieve as to my absence, nor fear for my safety. Nor will you consider that I love America, or home, or friends less, when I say that I myself have not much grieved at the separation, or that I think it shall not be a cause of unhappiness in my future life here. Thoughts of home are indeed pleasant to me; as I sat on the vessel, or as to-day when I look off at the setting sun toward where you are, a quarter of the way around the globe, I have indeed thought I would like to be with you, but it is no ground of unhappiness that I am not. And, now I cannot promise to write so regularly, and certainly not so much as heretofore; I must recognize the claims of the Church whose Board has sent me here. You will therefore interpret properly, if, though my thoughts turn to you, my pen send them elsewhere.

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Chapter X.

On Borisco Island.

Sept. 1861 - Oct. 1865.

Borisco, one of a number of small islands, stands near the center of Borisco Bay, of the Gulf of Guinea. Northward, distant seventeen miles, is Cape St John; eastward, distant fifteen miles, are the three Elobi islands, at the mouth of the Muni river (Rio d'Angra); southeastward, are some small uninhabited reefs, opposite to the mouth of the Munda river; south, is Mbange, on the way to Cape Esterias, distant twenty miles; south westward, is Leva.

Borisco lies exactly under 1° N. Latitude. It is about five miles long, and three miles wide.

At the S.E. end was Ugobi Station, the School for Benga boys, in charge of the Rev. C. Becker, and his chapel, where he preached on Sundays.

At the N.E. end, was Elongo ("tower", so called because of the high bluff, on which it stood), the School for boys from the mainland tribes, in charge of the Rev.

W. Clemens, and his chapel. About

half-way, on the western side, two miles from

Ugobi, and three from Elongo, was Evangasiimba Station, in charge of the Rev. J. L. Mackey, treasurer of the Mission, and in charge of the Goniseo church located there. A few hundred yards from it was the Girls' School, "Maluku" (Stândû-luku) in charge of the late Rev. J. S. Ogden, Mrs Ogden, and Miss M. L. Latta.

On the 12th of Sept. 1861, at Evangasiimba was Dr. Loomis, whose wife had recently died in childbirth. I walked to the School, to greet Mrs Ogden and her six months old babe and Miss Latta. In the afternoon, came from Elongo the Rev. Messrs W. Clemens and W. H. Clark (his brother-in-law) to welcome me. With Mr. Clark, I again went to Mrs Ogden's, and remained to tea. And, afterward, walked with him three moonlight miles on the beach to Elongo; and, for the first time since leaving America, slept in a regular bed.

On the way, I was much impressed by a conversation with Mr. Clark. He was pleased that I had acquired at least a smattering of Benga; but, at once he urged me not to preach without an interpreter, until I could speak the language grammatically and

fluently. He instanceed Mr. Mackay, who, he said, while he was not fluent, was grammatical; and Mr. Clemens, who, he said, was fluent, but quite ungrammatical. The advice was kindly intended. But, I am glad that I did not follow it. Mr. Clemens' work, especially for the mainland was most efficient and successful. I would have every missionary begin to use the native language immediately on his arrival. The natives are thus impressed by the demonstration of personal interest. Mistakes in grammar can be corrected subsequently. I did so. Mr. Clark became a thorough grammarian in knowledge of Banga; but, he never was able to preach without an interpreter. To me, interpreters were a very lame crutch, on which to lean. The more I became acquainted with them, the less I respected or relied on them.

The original location, in 1850, had been made, by Mr. Mackay, on the island, rather than on the mainland, for certain reasons, which, at that time, seemed wise.

- (1). The mainland was known to be very malarial; it was hoped that the island with its ocean air, and at least fifteen miles at sea, would be free from that malarial. (2). Several Stations.

near together, would furnish companionship.

(3). Schools were to be established; and the educated Gorisco convents were to be utilised as evangelists to the mainland tribes, thus saving the missionaries from exposure in travel.

But, that ideal plan already was failing. The Gorisco Bungaloes were not on friendly terms with the mainland tribes, and, the few evangelists, who had been sent, were not safe when some tribal quarrel arose. Rev. Wm. Chambers had to do the mainland travelling; and, in order to educate the children of those tribes, had a School at Elongo, tribal jealousy not permitting them to enter the Bonga School at Ugobi. And, as to health; apparently the island was as unhealthy as the mainland. The Rev. George McQueen, Mrs. Becker, Rev. J. S. Ogden, and Mrs. Loomis had died; Rev. and Mrs. Simpson were drowned in a shipwreck; and several others had given up the work and returned to America. Mrs. Coleman and ^{her sister} Mrs. Clark were in the United States, for their confinements, under the very general impression that maternity in Africa was too dangerous.

When I returned to Evangasiimba the next day, and had assisted in the stowing away of my

goods; in the evening, Dr. Loomis took me into ~~the~~ his confidence, and told me of the tragic death of his wife and child, where Miss Latta had been his only assistant. He told me also of his disappointments in the mission-work; how he had realised the narrow limits of the Congo field, and how his desire to remove to the mainland had been refused by the Mission. My sympathy went out toward him; and the painful thought thus early came to me of the possibility of unkindness among missionary associates.

The following day, Saturday, Sept. 14th, the "Ocean Eagle" went on its way to Libreville, ~~France~~, taking as passengers, Mr. De Heer and Miss Latta, on their vacation, to visit the Gabon A. B. C. F. M. Baraka Mission.

Until my location should be decided, a few weeks later, at the regular October annual meeting of Mission, I lived at Evangasiimba with Mr. and Mrs. Mackey and Dr. Loomis. Mrs. Queen had at once gone to the Girls' School, Itândâ-luku ("Love-of-Sister", contrasted to Maluku = Sisters) and was making herself useful with Mrs. Ogden. Maluku, being near the Evangasiimba house, was a part of that

Station.

I occupied myself by assisting Dr. Loomis in his medication of the natives, and in other helpful ways. But, especially, I devoted myself to acquisition of the language. Taking a lad, who could speak English, I asked him to tell me how to say, "What do you call this thing?". He told me, "Otubaka lē olombo tēkae, na?" So, I went with him to the villages; sat down in the huts, where the women were cooking; talked English even if they did not understand (they were pleased saluted them, "Mbolo!"; patted the little children; and laughed) and touching one object after another, repeated my phrase, as if it was one long word, "Otubakalēolombotēkaena?" The people were delighted; and I came back each day with a new stock of words. The natives at once believed in the sincerity of my personal interest in them. I am sure that my plan was the very best for a new missionary to pursue in acquiring a foreign language.

My first address in the church was made in the evening of Sunday, Sept. 22; from Matt. 7: 24-27. Ubungi, one of the Ruling Elders, who was studying for the Ministry, under Mr. De Heer's care, interpreted for me. [Subsequently, he fell away, under the allurements of Polygamy; as also did another Elder - Liantate, Andēke,

a protégé of Mr. Mackey].

On Oct. 3rd, came my first sorrow on Corisco. I think now that I was wrong, that I misunderstood and mis-judged, under an unnecessary suspicion. I had given Mr. Mackey a filial attitude; I was waiting patiently for the Mission's decision as to my location and work. Nothing had been said to me on that subject by any one. But, that afternoon, Mr. Clark, on a visit, laughingly said, "So! I hear that you are to be located at Maketu, among the ladies!" I might well have rejoiced at the prospect of such a delightful location. But, recalling what Dr. Loomis had told me of his experiences, I felt hurt that I had not even been consulted as to my wishes. I went to Mr. Mackey in the evening, and complained. His interview was very kind and satisfactory. I believe now that Dr. Loomis and I were wrong. It was an illustration, of what I often sadly saw, in other instances during my African life, of the loss of the sense of proportion, and the perversion of mental vision that result from the isolations of foreign missionary life.

On Oct. 7th, the Annual Meeting of Mission was held. I was appointed Superintendent of the Girls' School; and, Mr. McQueen

was to take ^{Mrs Ogden's} ~~charge of~~ place in charge of its domestic arrangements, when the latter should make her expected departure to the United States. [For, at that time, a widow with an infant was not expected to remain in the Mission; because white children were supposed unable to live in Africa.] Also, I was appointed associate with Mr. Clemens on the Mainland Visiting Committee.

I was just twenty-seven years of age on the 11th. I celebrated it by removing from Mr. Mackey's to Maluku.

And, on the 14th, Mr. Clemens summoned me to join him on a boat-journey to the Benita region, in order that he might show me "the lay of the land", as a preparation for my taking his place, when he should go on his furlough. That was the beginning of the long series of repetitions of sea-sick distress which I bore during most of my African life. I never had fully overcome the dreadful experience of the first two weeks on the "Ocean Eagle". With Mr. Clemens, I simply lay on the stern-sheets of the boat, helpless and uninterested. He was a good sailor, and enjoyed the trip. He directed the boat; told me of where

we were going, and of the conditions and prospects of the several places. We stopped for the night at Harje, to visit the native evangelist, Balevi. The next day, went northward, beyond the Bonito river; and returned to Harje. And, the following day, back to Corisco, arriving at Malukku late at night.

The next day, the 17th, I was welcomed by Miss Latta, who, ~~last~~ ^{during} my absence, had returned from Libreville, bringing with her the first mail from my home.

There was an adjourned mission-meeting on the 18th; at which, Dr. Loomis was given leave for furlough. And, the next day, at Presbytery, Mr. Clark and I sat as corresponding members. Mr. Mackey was made clerk, in place of Dr. Loomis.

We sang farewell for ~~Mr~~ on Sunday 27th; for Mrs Ogden, her baby boy, and his Liberian attendant, a young woman, Charity Sneed. And, the next day, they, with Dr. Loomis, and Miss Van Allen, of the Gaboon Mission, embarked on the "Ocean Eagle" (which had come from Gaboon) for the United States. [He did not return.] Mrs Ogden remained in the United States during nineteen years, to educate her son; and

when he had reached young manhood, about to settle in business, he died; then, she returned to the Mission].

My functions at Maluku, besides directing the workmen in the care of the grounds and the many needed repairs of the houses; studying the language; and teaching several young men, included the discipline of the School. Miss Latta efficiently had charge of the instruction of the girls, assisted by a native teacher. I had no desire to interfere. I was pleased that she should have entire control, but, it was her own wish that such cases of discipline as she found intractable should be referred to me. I caused it to be understood among the school-girls that it would be well for them to submit to Miss Latta; for, if any case was referred to me, I would punish severely. Notwithstanding that warning, I frequently had to carry it out. (And, in the end, I regret that I became too severe.)

I had another distressing boat-journey with Mr. Blowers, on the 27th of Nov.; through Corisco Bay, east to the Mbiko tribe; southward to the Munda river and Cape Estorias (where Elder Andöke was

stationed as evangelist) and on to Libreville, during which I suffered very much from a boil in my arm-pit. Entering Gaboon Estuary, the sight of steamers and other vessels anchored at the French Plateau was quite exhilarating. These vessels, and even the very smoke of the steamers, were quiet reminders of civilization. At the Mission House, Baraka, I made the acquaintance of Rev. and Mrs. W. Walker, and Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Preston. Over the grounds were acres of the sensitive-plant. One of the Baraka ladies, in bringing from America some of her favorite flowers to adorn her little garden, had introduced this plant. It had spread, and had become a nuisance.

During the two days that I remained under the hospitality of Baraka, my room was cared for by one of the older school-girls. She had, as her assistants two little ones, sisters, about five and seven years of age; their names were Njivo and Anyentyewa. The friendship there formed with them lasted during all my African life. And, I returned to Conico on Dec. 2.

I made a great sacrifice to the cause of Temperance. One day, while I was

studying Benga with my assistant, an educated young man, Ibolo, occurred an incident, the effect of which I never forgot. I had keenly observed everything new, and closely inquired. I saw a man passing with a bottle containing a whitish liquid. I asked Ibolo what it was. He said, "Palm-wine". I expressed my regret that people should drink intoxicating liquor. He explained that the fresh juice of the palm was as innocent as cider. (But, a few days older it would become "hard"). I told him to follow the man, and buy the "wine". He did so; I drank it. It was perfectly harmless and refreshing. Two weeks later there was a sequel, when 9 Christian women came to my study. All native African servants closely watch the words and doings of their employer, and, on their journeys, report all these as "news." A Corisco man going to Elobi had reported my drinking "makui". (Makui was the word for palm-wine; and, unfortunately, it had been adopted as the name for all foreign liquors, rum, gin, &c.) The Elobi servants reported it to their English white trader, who exulted, "There! that missionary denounces me for selling Rum; and himself drinks it!"

The Corisco Christian women wore an anxious look. She was uneasy, and hesitated. I told her to speak. "Mr. Nassau, do you drink Rum?" "No! I do not know even its taste." "But, I was told that you did!" The Elobi report had come back to Corisco! "So!" I told her, "I did indeed drink make, but I never drank rum." And, lest a similar mistake should occur, I decided, on the Pauline principle for my weak African brethren, never to drink make again; though, on journeys, it would have been refreshing.

For our Christmas, Dec. 25, Mrs. M^{rs} Queen spread an extra dinner. But, otherwise, in School, and with the workmen, no change was made in the usual day's order.

On Dec. 31st, mail came from my home. Among other letters was my dismission from the Presbytery of New Brunswick to Corisco Presbytery; a connection which I thereafter held for forty-five years. At our Malukie table, when I mentioned my home-letters, the two ladies expressed a hope that my sister Isabella might some day join my work in Africa. And, Miss Lette promptly summoned one of the best young girls, ^{Behâti} ~~and so~~, and named her

"Isabella", for my sister.

Wednesday, Jan'y 1st, 1862, was quarterly Mission-meeting day, the school-girls were sent to their homes for the day; the house was closed; and we all went to Evangasimba for dinner. At that time, women of the Mission neither had any vote, nor were they allowed to be present during the meeting, [their admission to be present, and to equality of ~~xxx~~ vote, were gradual developments in later years.] I was appointed secretary; and Misses Clemens and Setheer were granted leave of absence for their furlough to the United States.

The difficulty and danger of small-boat navigation, in the Mainland Visiting Service, had already been reported to the Board; and, as early as Jan'y 6th, 1862, a letter came from them, suggesting the purchase of a small steam-vessel. Messrs Macky and Clemens, as members of that Visiting Committee, came to consult with me. They brought with them an English trader, a Mr. Thompson, (whom I had been attending as a patient, in the little Evangasimba Hospital) who assisted us in making estimates. [But, nothing eventuated, in that matter].

Miss Latta had rapidly acquired the Benga language a year after her arrival on Corisco; and had

made translations of a large number of Hymns, the manuscript of which, with a few others, made by other members of the Mission (including one by myself) M^r. Clemens was to take with him for printing in the United States. (This was the first Bongo Hymn-book used in the Mission.)

Jan'y 9th, 10th, and 11th were eventful days; days of trial and testing. They revealed to me M^r. Latta's calmness in danger, decision, and versatility of resources. The occasion was a "palaver" about the native Secret Society, Ukuku. "Ukuku" means a departed spirit (plural, mekuku). It also meant a Secret Society, into which all males were initiated at puberty, whose proceedings might not be seen by females, nor its laws disobeyed by any one, under pain of death (commuted, occasionally, to a heavy fine.) Its decisions were uttered, as an oracle, from any secluded spot, by some member appointed for the purpose. On trivial occasions, any man might personate Ukuku, and issue commands for his family. On other occasions, as in strikes to raise prices, this Society laid its commands on foreign traders and other white men. Sometimes, representatives of the fraternity from several tribes discussed inter-tribal difficulties. The Ukuku of Kombe,

a tribe forty miles north of Coiseco, was angry at the spread of Christianity by our evangelists, and came to Coiseco to consult there with "the sons of Belial" against our work and schools. It came in a company of forty or fifty, on the evening of January 10th, filing in front of the Maluku school-house, and the girls fled in dread, to hide their faces in their bed-rooms. The procession then passed on to the road in front of the Evangelista house, that road really was mission property; but, the public had been allowed to use it constantly, as a short cut to the beach. The Society stopped in front of the house, and performed one of its mystic dances. Mrs Mackey gratified her curiosity by standing on her porch, and watching. She was entirely within her rights; but, under Ulukku law, she had done what no woman was allowed to do. The Society dispersed, threatening to kill Mr Mackey, and burn the house. This news spread to the villages, and created intense excitement. The next morning two old Benga men, who were respectively the father and step-father of two of the girls, hastily came to the front yard, and entered the house excitedly. Instead of coming in deliberately, sitting down,

arranging their persons, and then awaiting the usual salutation, "Mbolo!" (May-you-live-to-gray-hairs), they, without seating themselves, said, "Call my child!" This being a demand, and not a respectful request, it was not complied with promptly. The elder of the two started to go through the hall to seize his daughter. They were induced to sit; and then they told of the excited rumors that were flying, of danger to our house, and their desire to remove their children from that danger. The children were brought; and the father unceremoniously marched off with his, without any courteous final word. Mrs. McDerm and Miss Latta were both present. The latter had acted as interpreter during the conversation; and now she interfered with the step-father; induced him to sit again; represented the foolishness of the fear he was impressing on the child's mind; laughed at Ukuku with an audacity that amazed him; flatly said (what for a native to say would have been death), "Ukuku is only a man"; added some entreaties; and enforced them with a small gift, until the man himself laughed, and went away satisfied, leaving the child in her hands. About noon of the same day, just

as school was closed, another cry of fear was raised; the children scattered in all directions. Some immediately returned after the first paroxysm of fear; others were apprehended and brought back by the more faithful of our native assistants; others fled to their villages. Miss Latta rose from a couch of weakness to meet the trying circumstances, and, gathering the returning children, locked them in her own room, partly for retention and partly to gratify their own wish to escape the light of day and M'Kut's face. While at dinner, three women belonging to a man who had three girls in the school, came and demanded their children. These being safely locked up, Miss Latta told them that she would yield them only to their father. They reviled her; but, the dinner was proceeded with. Presently, the husband came, in blustering drunken haste. Miss Latta knew him well, and hinted that when drunk his vanity was manageable. He drew a long knife and plunged at any dog which had sprung at him. The dog was bidden down; the angry man appeared; Mrs M'Green adroitly invited him to the table, and his plate was heaped with yams, and bread, and

chicken and plantain. He became voluble, friendly, and witty; dismissed his women; requested to see his two younger children; with a ^{face} terrible in passion ordered them to remain at school; passed his knife across his own throat as a threat of what he would do if they disobeyed; and handed them back to Miss Latta.

At the public "palaver" on the 10th, in the village of one of the chiefs, the native christian men attended in a body for the defence of themselves and the Mission. ~~But~~ ~~But~~, all those native chiefs, excepting three (King Imenya, Medika, and another) voted that the Mission should be burned. But, on the next day, the 11th, Mr. Mackay came to tell us that, at the continued meeting of the palaver, more Couisco chief chiefs had been present, had out-voted the mainland party, and had passed a law that, (1) Utku should not come onto Mission grounds. (2) that christians (native and foreign) were not subject to its rule. The Society had dispersed; and Utku had gone back to Kombe. I exclaimed, "I am thankful! God's Name be praised, and sang,

"Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

Sunday the 12th was a restful day, after the week of excitement. ~~At~~ With the mercurial temperament of the Negro, animosity of the "Palaver" was dying out, and several of the Chiefs were present at church.

So excited had I been, that I forgot that, on Saturday evening, Mr. Mackey had asked me to preach on Sunday night. Not until I saw him enter the church that night, as I was sitting in the audience, did I remember the engagement. I hastily selected hymns, and, while doing so recalled the text of one of my few sermons, "Lord! have me"; and saved the situation.

On Jan'y 16th, Yeyē, one of my workmen, gladdened me by saying that he wished to be a Christian. This was just four months after my arrival; and this was my first fruits!

On the 17th, there was a called meeting of Brethren for reception of Rev. W. H. Clark; but he failed to be present. Arrangements were made for Mr. Mackey's Installation ^{as Pastor}. I was appointed to deliver the charge to him. I sat up late at night writing that charge.

In the School, half of the day, the girls were occupied by instruction in books; the other half in sewing their clothing. Miss Letta had charge

of both these departments, assisted, as to the books, by a native teacher; and, as to the sewing by Mrs McQueen. It was too much for Miss Latta. So, I generally took her place with the books; and she entirely relieved Mrs McQueen at the sewing.

I had thought, before I left the United States, that I had entirely conquered myself as to any conflict between my duty to Foreign Missions and the (supposed conflicting) privilege of Marriage. I had given up the latter. But, during February, I found myself again drifting. My daily association with Miss Latta; the frequent walks with her and her school-girls had aroused the passion which I supposed I had destroyed. It asserted itself, proving that it had been only dormant. There were memorable walks, and moonlight strolls, and guitar entertainments with my repertory of love-songs, on which with difficulty I refrained from expressions of love.

My conflict with myself continued into the month of March, and made both myself and Miss Latta unhappy. If she suspected my strange variations of silence and devotion, she could do nothing to relieve the

situation. I went over the whole ground which I had argued with God, while in America. I had not the slightest doubt of my duty as a missionary, nor ever a thought of abandoning the Work. But, equally, I became convinced of, not only the wish for, but, also the duty of marriage. So duties ever conflict? No! Human misconceptions alone create the apparent difficulty. So, I ceased the conflict, and allowed myself to drift on the sea of Love.

Ancestral associations, similar in birth, station, culture, and family-covenant blessings; early co-residence in State and town; paths of life that had often approached in curves, or crossed in lines during academic training, by town, on streets, and at public gatherings; only names known, while yet there was no acquaintance, until a passing introduction (by what people call "chance") on the eve of her sailing to Africa, almost the entire conversation at which could be comprised in, "I shall see you again in Africa." Hands that worked together in school and church; feet that together led the merry school-girls, and with them romped the Edowe beach, or climbed Ugoni's tangled paths, or raced on Kân-bâ's sands,

or climbed Upe's gnarled trees, or exulted in excursions to Lova, Elongo, Ugobi, or Eluvé; tastes consonant; dispositions unlike, not contrary, and therefore supplementary; loneliness that sought in all these one of God's compensations for what had been left in dear homes six thousand miles away; sentiments that found congenial soil in the beauty of tropic light and leaf and flower; respect and deference born of characters tested by storm, wild adventure, and trying ordeal; two lives twining like convolvuli in a common dependence that had, at first, been unrecognised (unless to woman's finer intuitions) until on the night of March 14th, I talked ~~at~~ on the porch to my guitar, and Miss Latta came to listen. And, then, I told her; and she understood, and consented to accept my love. A week later, I wrote to my mother, of my new joy.

The only white people whom the eight missionaries on the island had any chance of meeting (besides an occasional visit from one of the Gaboon friends) were sick traders from Elobi island, who came to our little hospital for treatment; and, very rarely, some foreign scientist. Du Chaillet had visited Conisco

before he went to America. And, in March, the English author, Winwood Reade, aroused by Du Chaillet's tales of the gorilla, had come out to try and verify them. He was at Evungasimba, the guest of Mr. Mackey.

Notwithstanding the degree of civilization claimed by the Benga tribe, and their sometimes offensive pride in what they claimed, they still had a great deal of superstition ingrained in their customs, particularly connected with sickness and death. Then, Witchcraft stepped out boldly.

On March 15, there was great wailing in Kamba village, for the death of Chief Okota. In the evening, to show my interest, I went with two of the children of that town. On such occasions, people, of the most distant relationship, were sure to be present, as a proof that they bore the dead no ill-will, and that they had not caused his death. Two of my own workmen were standing at the head of the street; and a third, Matoku (a slave) walked wailing up and down the street. The immediate relatives of the Chief were gathered at one house. Another hut was full of women, forty inside and fifteen outside. Every one, men and women, was pouring out wails, yells, screams, cries of utter

desolation. For them, there was never more to be any joy! They plead with the spirit of the dead to return. I heard my own name called upon, for sympathy. I did feel sympathy; for, their notes of grief were of every range of expressions. I sat down among the women, and listened to their sobes. I never, in all my life, saw more intense signs of grief. (And, yet, years later, I came to understand that much of those signs were insincere). My sympathy was lessened when I learned that it was being proposed to kill a certain slave woman, on a charge of having bewitched the Chief. Still more was I shocked, when one of the two children, a little boy, on our way home, rejoiced in the prospect of her being put to death. Ten days later, this was atrociously accomplished. At the time of Okota's death, the woman had heard, from her fellow-slaves, of the intention of the Chief's brother, Ajai, to kill her. With futile hope, she secretly fled at night to the forest thickets of the School premises, which, not being constantly traversed by the public, had grown dense. She expected to find some safety in the night of asylum, which, even by the heathen, had been accorded to all refugees,

from whatever cause, on the mission-premises. For ten days, she lived a wretched life, hiding by day; and, at night, stealthily coming to out-houses near the School, where lived two of my employees (freemen) who, though themselves relatives of Okato, as christians, harbored and fed her. But, they had told her not to reveal herself to me, lest the public effort I would then probably make to defend her should drag me into a personal conflict with her master.

Search for her (who, by the very act of flight, had, according to native reasoning, indisputably fixed criminality on herself) was diligently kept up by her enemies. Having allied with themselves all the superstition of the whole island, they had actively been aided in traversing ~~the~~ every probable nook in the entire forest, excepting the Mission-grounds (which hitherto they had not dared to invade.) One day, ^{near the} ~~that~~ left School-

ness, I had left the native assistant-teacher, Ibolo, with the girls in the School-room. One of the children, sitting by an open window, spied a crouching female form making its way to their Kitchen-shed. The startled child cried to the teacher, "Moto!" (a person). The

form retreated into the bushes; and, at recess, Molo reported the occurrence to me, with a heavy heart, I guessed too well who the woman was. I feared that her unwise act of seeking in daylight for a fire-brand, with which to cook the snails she had picked up in the thicket, would shortly lead to her discovery.

It was so. Ajai soon called alone at the School, and respectfully requested to see me in my study. With well-simulated grief for his brother's death, and polite allusions to my former friendship for Ikota as one of the patrons of the School, he humbly asked for a white shirt in memory of his brother, promising to pay for it in a few days. This being given, he went on to beg permission to search the mission-compound for the alleged murderers of Ikota. This was promptly refused; but, he, on grounds which I myself would have admitted in case of actual murder, deferentially continued to argue for permission. Suddenly, a loud shout was set up in the public path near the School. Ajai, recognising certain words, jumped up, all his deferential manner gone; and raising the shirt, went away with it out of the

house, explaining, "We've got the witch now without your permission; and I've got the shirt and you sha'n't see any pay for it!" One of the school-girls, a niece of Ajai, had, at recess, told the Kāmū slave, Matoku, where the fugitive was secreted. And he, with the traitorous cowardice that made most slaves informers on each other (as a means of enhancing their own safety with their masters) had given the information that had brought Ajai and a retinue of the town. The farmer had hypocritically detained me by the private interview in my study, while his retinue broke onto the mission premises, and, led by Matoku, made the seizure of the half-dazed fugitive. Their shout was the understood signal that had led Ajai to so suddenly close his interview with me. I saw the woman being dragged away, tormentors beating her with thorns as she stumbled along. My discharge of Matoku from employment, and the dismissal of Ajai's niece from School, the threaten regarded as but a slight punishment. My attempts to plead with Ajai for the woman's life were met with undisguised admissions of his fixed purpose to kill her. With a family

as prominent on the Island, and as wedded to superstition as was Okota's, and, in the face of the current that set against the women, the influences which I was able to employ proved ineffectual; and, I returned to my house baffled. A native Christian told me that the woman was to be put into a boat and murdered at sea, so as to prevent any interference which it was thought I might possibly attempt. With a spy-glass, I saw a native boat rapidly shoot out from beyond a point of land, a half-mile distant. When they had reached deep water, the rowers rested on their oars; the woman was beheaded, and her body cast into the sea. A Christian native, who had stood a pitying but helpless eye-witness of the scene, afterwards told me that the victim, as she walked to the boat, led and forced forward by strong arms, seeing his merciful eye, cried to him by name, saying, "I am dying! What shall I do?" Perhaps her question was an aimless one. Perhaps she thought only of her earthly life. That Christian had only time to say, as she was hurried past, "bless our Jesus!" Though she had all her

believed in fetiches, she had not practiced witchcraft, and was innocent of any attempt at murder. But, she knew who Jesus was. She had often been at my School morning-prayer service (which was held just before the daily market at the door, where natives gathered to sell their food-products.) She knew something of the Truth. While her ankles were being bound, she tore away, with her yet free hands, the only fetish-charm hanging about her neck, and flinging it into the sea, with arms extended heavenward, she exclaimed in tears, "That thing is of no use. I walk in darkness, O! Jesus, if Thou canst help me, help me!" Did He not hear and save? [This incident, I utilised eighteen years later, in my story of "Mawedo": Am. Tract Soc'y, 1881.]

About that same time, I was much encouraged by an interest in religion on the part of several of the girls. They were naturally full of the vivacity and mercuriality of their Race. The solemnity of their religious interest therefore the more marked. On a Sunday afternoon, after morning Services, when Mr. Mackey had preached on, "Be not deceived; God is not mocked, &c", one of the larger girls, Ejadibëndonda,

came, asking me to talk with her on personal religion. Another girl, Uraniga, weeping, asked that a certain native christian young man, Binda, might be called to talk with her and some others. There was great quietness. Some of the girls had no appetite for their evening meal. I was so glad for what I hoped was the Spirit's influence! Little companies of the girls were singing hymns. Even restless naughty Kove and Maria were quiet. Another christian man, Mrs McQueen's cook, Upinyalo, was talking with them.

Ibolo, the assistant teacher, was a very well educated young man. He had been a special protegee of Mr McQueen. With occasional inspection from Miss Latta or myself, I gave up to him, at the end of March, the teaching of the School, in order that I might give larger attention to an irregular class of several young men, who, I hoped, would become evangelists.

A distinguished visitor came to Gouise, on April 23, Capt. Burton, the East Africa traveler and discoverer of Lake Tanganyika, who had been rewarded, by his British Government, with a consulate in West Africa. He was interested

in the history of the Carthaginian Admiral. Hanno's voyage to West Africa. Some writers had thought that the limit of Hanno's voyage was the region of Sierra Leone; others believed that he had gone as far as the Gulf of Guinea, reaching an island, in the center of which was a lake, *Corises* has a central lake. Capt Burton wished to see it. We escorted him thither. On our return to my house, he seemed very much exhausted with the heat. Among the medicines on my shelves was a bottle of brandy, which, in those days, was accepted as a proper medical stimulant. I never used it in any other way. I really thought that the Captain needed a medicine, and handed him the bottle, remarking explanatorily, that I used it only medicinally. "But, I take it because I like it!" said he, as he poured out a glass-ful.

On May 20, Rev. Messrs Clemens and Becker sailed on the "Greyhound", for America, on their furlough. [Mr. Clemens died ~~at~~ on the voyage.] Mr. Clark remained at Elongo, in charge. Licentiate Andäke was called from Cape Esterias and placed at Ugobi to take charge of the Station and School; and, I was appointed to its chapel services, which I thereafter attended on Sundays, unless weather or some sickness

prevented.

Though Miss Latta had accepted my love and gave me hers, I found that she hesitated, under the general impression (which I also had borne) against marriage in Africa. Not because of unwillingness on her part; but, for what other members of the Mission might say. I went with her carefully over the whole subject, in its medical aspects. I had convinced myself that the fear of white maternity in Africa was not well-founded. If a wife were given care, attention, relief, comfort, companionship, proper medicine, and general preservation of health, I had come to believe that maternity would not be more dangerous in Africa than in America. Miss Latta agreed with me; and an engagement was announced on May 26th.

Usually, it is not judicious (because of the native point of view) to allow much time to elapse between engagement and marriage. But, we delayed selecting the marriage-day, until we should receive letters of welcome from our respective relatives, in response to our announcement.

On the 27th, there was a scene at the School that burned itself into my memory. Miss Latta's best pupil, Ijuli, (to whom had been

given the name of a generous friend, Miss Jenny
 Baird in the United States) was to be taken away
 by her father, Bēkē, to be sold to a polygamist
 from Elobi. I had seen, at one of the beaches,
 a boat which, I was told, was part of the price
 of the purchase. Ijeli herself was very much
 opposed to it, But, all the goods having been paid,
 both she and we were helpless to prevent the
 shameful sale. Though I was not well, I had
 gone, as usual, to the morning school. About
 three-quarters of an hour before the closing, a
 note of warning from M^r. Mackay came telling
 me that the three men, father, uncle, and
 polygamist, were on their way to my house.
 Just as school was near closing, came a note
 from Miss Latta calling me to come in haste.
 There was much excitement among the girls;
 and many people in the reception-room
 of the house. The three men were there; they
 were intoxicated, having braced themselves
 with liquor for what they knew would be a
 contest. I plead in vain with the father,
 trying to dissuade him. He attempted to go
 through the house, to seize his child. That
 would have meant violence. So, I had to
 summon her. She refused to come. To prevent

violence, I had to go and bring her myself. She came in tears. The uncle had the audacity to ask for a gift, which, of course, was not given. In our sorrow, tears, and indignation, Ijuli was dragged away by those three drunken men. It was a maddening scene. [More than nine years later, when Mrs Nassau was in her grave, Ijuli was brought to my knowledge, at Liberville, in the Gaboon church, as a christian inquirer, in a manner that shamed my weaker faith, that had given her up for lost, or that looked upon her education as wasted.]

In my duty as Mainland Visitor, I took a sea-sick voyage in the boat with M. Mackey, in June, to Elobi islands and a town, Ukâkâ, on the left bank of the Muni river mouth, to locate a native evangelist, Ikela. That town took its name (which meant "log") from an enormous trunk of a tree, which, on the river's tide, had been stranded at that beach. Traders, not acquainted with native philology, called the place kâkâ, and were trading there. Years later a white man started a cacao plantation there, and made money on the Coco that he sold. And, for that reason, the steamers listed the place as kaka-beach!

Later in the month, I had to make a five-day boat-journey north to the Kombe tribe, to inspect the native evangelists. Before starting, at the School morning-prayer Service, I, for the first time prayed in Benga. I had been on the island ten months, and talked with the natives intelligibly though imperfectly; but, I had hesitated to use imperfect grammar in prayer. The journey included a stop at Hanje, with its evangelist Njumba; to Sifolu, south of the left bank of the Bonito river mouth; to evangelist Yume, at Medema, some miles to the north. On returning to Hanje, the former evangelist, Bolevi, who had been suspended for drunkenness, was dying. It was a solemn scene as I knelt at his bed-side. It was the first native death that I had seen. As he lay in physical agony, he professed repentance for his sin of intemperance, and pleaded for life that he might go to Corisco, and be restored to the church. On the return journey, I stopped at Aje and at Elobi's. On arrival at Corisco, I found there, as guest of Mr Mackay, a German Scientist, a Mr. Mann, a very agreeable gentleman. My journey had included the first anniversary (July 2) of my

sailing from Anacard. Our monthly mails were waited for, not only for the love they brought from my relatives, but also for the intense interest with which we watched the progress of our Civil War. On July 12th, Rev Mr Preston, of Libreville brought one mail, with the news of the battle of Pittsburg Landing.

Among the traders at Elabi was an American, a Mr. McCallum, who came to remain under my care in the little Evangelical Hospital, the while that Mr. Mackey, accompanied by Mr. Mann, left, for an effort to open the Muni river, in order to reach the interior Farnere tribes. All along the West Coast, there was an iron-bound System, under which, while white men were gladly received by the natives, and were allowed to locate and live as they pleased, they were not permitted by the coast-tribes to enter into the Interior. Traders were to advance their goods on "Trust" to the coast-men, who, then, having first taken their "commission" (the size of which was of their own choice) went into the Interior, and bought the ivory, rubbers, &c, of the interior tribes, who were not allowed, by those coast middle-men, to have direct

contact with the white men. All this, in order to keep the profits of the Trade confined to the Coast Tribes. For the same reason, missionaries were restricted; for, their permanent residence in the Interior would break the System. It was as iron-bound as a United States Trades-union boycott. The coast-men, kind and polite to the white men, as long as the latter yielded to the System, did not hesitate to threaten murder if he resisted. A remarkable fact in that System was that each interior-tribe just next to the coast, was equally severe in enforcing the rules against its next interior neighbor. The result was that neither could we missionaries carry the Gospel to the Interior, nor could the interior tribes come to us. Mr. Mackey, using the personal friendship of the Louiso "King" Imunga, and with the understanding that he was going only on a journey, and not for residence, had gone in his boat to Elobi, and thence had entered the Muni. On Aug. 1st

came a native report that, while Mr. Mackey's life was safe, his boat had been stolen by the next-interior tribe, in order to prevent his going farther. We all were troubled, especially

Mr. Mackey.

On Sunday, Aug. 3^d, just after I had commenced my sermon (at Evangasinba, in Mr. Mackey's place) there entered one of the men who had gone in his service. I was startled. Why was that man here? Where was Mr. Mackey? The audience also was excited. Presently, Mr. Mann also entered, Mr. Mackey was being held as a prisoner; Mr. Mann had come as a messenger to get King Imunga to go with men and demand his release.

The party went the next day on their rescue errand. But, on the following day, Tuesday, vague rumors came of ill to Mr. Mackey. At the evening prayer-meeting, special prayer was made for him. But, on Thursday the 7th, a Benga chief arrived from Elobi with some of Mr. Mackey's belongings, saying that he was safe at ~~that~~ island. And, on the Friday, Mr. Mackey arrived, and was received by the Conisco people with great congratulations.

My Marriage-day had been fixed for Sept. 17th, only a week later than the first anniversary of my arriving at Conisco. Rev. William Walker, of the Gaboon A.B.C.F.M., who had had a paternal charge of Miss Latta on her voyage to Africa in 1860, made the forty-mile boat-

journey from Libreville to perform the ceremony. As a "white man's wedding" was a very rare event, on the eve of the day I sent messengers all over the island, to the chiefs of the villages, to notify them to come to the ceremony in the church the next evening. Mr. Marm exercised his skill and taste in the selection and arrangement of flowers and orange-blossom wreaths. The native employees of the three stations drew on their monthly earnings, wherewith to indulge in new suits of a shirt and five yards of calico, to grace the feast prepared by Mrs. McDuncan, that was to follow. Just after the regular 6 P.M. *Reun-Set*, the low-roofed bamboo church of *Evangelisimba* was filled with several hundred curious spectators. Some of them had seen the ceremony performed for native christians in private houses; but, only once before had they witnessed it in the church and for missionaries. On the dark forms of some, and on the brilliant-colored cloths of others, the dim light from a few impromptu lanterns (made of tin cracker-boxes) aided by the rays of flaring candles, contrasted strangely with the civilised dress of the missionary pair, who, under the shadows

of the limes and coconuts and oranges and guavas that arched the front-door, had awaited a signal to advance to the brighter light of the pulpit kerosene lamp, where Mr. Mackey had meanwhile been improving the occasion by some preliminary religious services.

The honey-moon journey was taken the next day with Mr. Walker in his boat, to visit his Station, Baraka, at Libreville. It was not an ideal bridal-trip, Mrs. Nassau slightly nauseated sat with Mr. Walker on one of the stern-sheets. I lay on the other helpless and in the fierce grip of old Neptune, indifferent to my bride. The twenty miles of crossing the Bay to Cape Esterias took all day. Merciful clouds hid the glare of the sun. I remember little of the journey, except that I heard Mr. Walker, in his paternal care of my wife, singing,

"O! for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe"

to the tune Evan. I never forgot it. In my subsequent African years, it was the hymn and tune on to which I fell in my hours of desolation. With the night spent in a village hut at the Cape, the next day, the remaining twenty miles, around Point Blanc and into

the Gaboon Estuary, brought us to the friends at Baraka, early in the afternoon. Ten days were pleasantly and usefully spent at Baraka, in writing letters, receiving mails of congratulations, shopping, and assisting in church and Sunday School. And, on Tuesday Sept 30th (a rainy day) the boat-trip was made back to the welcomes of Evangasiimba and of the children at Maluku.

There was another happy day, in the end of October. I conducted the Tuesday evening Prayer-meeting of Oct. 28th in place of Mr Mackey, who, as treasurer, had gone to meet the "Ocean Eagle", Capt. Fawcett, who had just anchored, from America. The next day, there was reading of precious letters, and the landing and opening of boxes of gifts of a variety of toys (one of which, "Noah's Ark", became a most helpful amusement for my native guests) and clothing, dresses, shoes, cakes, dolls, &c, for the girls; books and papers; and hardware, seeds, &c, for my garden. We were all happy and excited. There was also a pleasant visitor, American Consul May, who had come on the "Ocean Eagle", from Libreville.

And, the next day, Oct. 30th, came the Gaboon mail-boat, with a Frenchman,

Mon: Anat, and a lady, Madame Butler, seeking marriage on Spanish territory, which French law had refused them at Libreville, because of some technical requirements, until the fulfilment of which the French priest had suggested that they live in concubinage. After Mr: Mackey had performed the ceremony, and we had given the two parties our congratulations, our joy was saddened by the mail's news of the death of Mr: Glemens and the ocean-burial.

On the 20th of Nov., the Rev. Mr: Baillie, a member of the Scotch M. P. Mission in the Old Calabar river, a few hundred miles north of Corisco, came for a few weeks visit. His companionship was very helpful, in the society of our little company of six. And, we made his stay pleasant with several excursions. On one of these, to the prairie, Elivé, on the east side of the island, he made a demonstration, among other games, of one I had not before seen. Mr: Clark being handed a book of recitations, chose a tender sentimental one, and was told to stand and read it aloud with careful expression of the words, Mr: Baillie stood behind him, making frantic gestures, the very opposite of the sentiments

of the piece. This made it most absurdly ridiculous, adding much to the amusement of the occasion.

Though my workmen were continuing their jobs on Christmas Day, the school-children had, by this time, learned that the day was a time for gifts; and they were teasing Mrs McQueen and Mrs Bassett for presents. Even some of the young men seemed also to expect. After supper, in the evening, I jumped rope with the children in the yard; and we sang vociferously.

1863.

New Year of Jan'y 1st 1863 was spent at Elongo, on Mr Clark's invitation, to celebrate an anniversary of his marriage. There also came Mr and Mrs Mackay, accompanied by Mrs Preston, who had just arrived by boat from Libreville, ~~with~~ bringing with her a mail. Joy at the arrival of letters was shadowed by my wife's receiving news of the death of her brother Lieut. Wm. Latta, in a Washington, D.C. hospital, from disease contracted in Virginia swamps, just after his promotion to a captaincy. With characteristic thoughtfulness of others, when she discovered the contents of her letter, she made no demonstration by which the good news of others

should be married; but, quietly rising, left the company, making only a sign for me to follow. It was a sad blow. She was an orphan; her two brothers were dead; she never had a sister. She had uncles and aunts and cousins. She valued a letter from my dear brother William; she said that, notwithstanding Capt. Latta's death, she "still had a brother William".

With the habit of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy all over the world, our Protestant Mission was being followed; and their priests were locating on the island, at Esowe beach, a short distance from Evangaseimba. When I went to my Services at Ngobi on Sunday Jan'y 25th, I was told that, after I had left them on the previous Sunday, a Spanish priest had gone to Uato, the town of King Imunga, and distributed bottles of rum. This pleased many of the heathen; they were willing to be called "christians", if only they were allowed to retain their Rum and Polygamy.

Though I had still an incomplete vocabulary for speech in Benga, I had mastered its grammatical constructions. As a means of increasing my vocabulary, I began, in February, carefully and slowly, with the aid of a young interpreter, Mëndä, translation

of the Psalms; a work which, continued at intervals, was completed eight years later.

The Mainland Visiting Committee set before its evangelists a high standard, and made their appointment a matter of solemnity. In March, two young men, Mbâta and Nanga, were to be commissioned. A missionary meeting was held in the church, with quite a program: Services conducted by Rev. J. L. Mackey; Charge to the candidates by Rev. W. H. Clark; Hymn, Licentiate Ibiya's translation of "My soul, be on thy guard"; Prayer by Licentiate Audike; Addresses by myself and Mr. Mackey.

And, on March 6th, the two young men were to be taken to their out-station at Aje, some twenty-five miles distant on the north coast. Mrs. Nassau was desirous to see the region, which she hoped, some day, she and I might occupy. Accompanied by Mr. Mackey, we set sail in the open boat. With a run all the afternoon, we were at Nanga about 9 P.M. There we were met by evangelist Njumba, and landing, the boat went on to Meduma beyond the Bonito river. The journey had been a tiresome one; after a hearty supper, and prayers with the natives, we retired. The next day, the boat returned, bringing

evangelist Yume from Medema. Mrs. Nassau was
 interested in going through the villages. She was
 the first female missionary seen in that region,
 and probably the first white woman. For, the
 few foreign captains who brought their wives
 with them, did not take them ashore. One
 native woman actually was afraid of the
 strange new being. Others, in curiosity, came
 to Mrs. Nassau as she sat on the beach, and
 were allowed to examine her feet and her
 hair. Religious services were held in the evening.
 As that region belonged to the Corisco parish,
 the next day, Sunday, the Lord's Supper was
 celebrated, and a woman, Mahangua-ngani,
 was baptised. The next day, Mr. Mackey told
 us of the Falls, in the interior, of the Bonito river;
 and we looked with deep interest toward the
 distant mountains. Resuming the boat-
 journey, we came south to Aje, where we met
 Hika (Mrs. Ibiya) visiting. The children eyed
 Mrs. Nassau curiously; and, when we took
 our lunch under the shade of a tree on the
 beach, women and children followed us.
 Arrangements were made with Adati, the
 chief of the town, for a house for our two
 young men. Services were held in the evening.

Our rest that night was disturbed by the shouts of the people in driving away elephants from their gardens. The next day, Tuesday 10th, the boat-journey was resumed. And, in a heavy rain, we landed at Evangasinba, late in the afternoon.

It was a successful journey; and a safe one, notwithstanding its exposures. It so enthused Mr. Nassau, that, in the middle of the next month, April, I wrote an account of it to Secy Lowie of our Foreign Board, and requested that I might be sent to make a station on the mainland; and, at once, began to plan the kind of house I should build.

As the Mission, on my initiative, had asked my sister Leablla to join us, I sent her a letter containing a list of the articles she would need to bring. (She came five years later).

As it was difficult for our christian young men to obtain wives, the wife-market being bought up by the rich polygamist chiefs or "head-men", the Mission adopted a plan of buying in that market; the young girls thus bought were under our care and control in the School. When they became marriageable, they were given (not sold) to a young man, of their own choice.

Subsequently, under advice from the excellent Mr. Ibiya, while the young woman still had her own choice, the young man was to refund the money we had paid for her. Still later, when we took the position that church-members should not sell their daughters, we abandoned the entire plan. But, at that time, there still were some young girls who "belonged" to the Mission. One of them, Ejadibëndonda, a protégé of Dr. Loomis, was of uncertain parentage. The money for her had been paid to King Imunga, but, a Mpongwe family, of Gaboon, claimed her. After considerable confusion and distress, Imunga and his retinue and the Mpongwe representatives came to Mr. Mackey on April 27: paid back to him (as treasurer of the Mission) the pile of goods, cloth, crockery, brass-rods, &c, &c, to the amount of \$50.; and the girl was taken to Libreville by her Mpongwe relatives.

While there were no wild animals on the Island, to give us flesh, there was a large variety of vegetables, and an abundance of fresh fish. In the rivers of the coast was a species of seal, the manatee (dugong). Occasionally it was caught in the Bay, near

the river mouths. Very rarely one was brought to the Island. I had my first taste of manatus on May 2^d. A most delicious meat.

On May 11th, I was delighted with news from my sister Isabella that she had applied to the Board for appointment to our Mission. But, on June 1st, was disappointed that she was still in doubt about her duty. She was a very efficient aid to our father in his Female Seminary.

The 2^d of July was a notable day. The mail had arrived, and Mr. Clark came from Elongo to consult about his letters. He had expected Mrs. Clark to return to Africa. He received word that she was waiting for him to come for her. So, he said that he would ask leave to go on whatever American vessel should next come. And, when I ^{informed} ~~told~~ him that Mrs. Nassau had told me that she was to become a mother, he at once advised that she should go with him. It was true that she was not feeling strong, in beginning the fourth year of life in Africa. There was no thought of my going; for, I was in comfortable health, and only two years in the Mission. But, I felt perturbed. Mrs. Nassau had agreed with me that she was not afraid of

maternity in Africa; she had fully intended to remain. She did not wish the second anniversary of my leaving America to be the beginning of her leaving me.

There was a sad condition of coldness and backsliding in the membership of the Congregational church. After the Preparatory Services on Saturday afternoon, July 4th, there was held a meeting of the congregation, at which was announced the suspension of Ubengi from the Eldership; and the election of evangelists Njumba and Eyavo in his place. The reductions of foreign Trade were very great; and it almost necessarily (as it was then conducted) involved Kium, Sabbath-breaking, and debt. Our evangelists were forbidden to have any connection whatever with the Trade.

The older members of the Mission, looking at Mrs Nassau's failing health, insisted on her going to the United States, irrespective of the question of maternity. And, we yielded; but, no date was set, though, on the 8th, I wrote to my parents and the latter fearing that she would probably go to America.

In continuance of my hopes for a Station on the Mainland, Mr Mackey and I made a ten-days boat-journey, on July 9th. The sea was smooth,

and the inevitable sea-sickness did not come till after a long while; and, even then, there was not the usual despair and resolution never to go to sea again. Stopped at Aje; there was a delightful evening service, assisted by the two evangelists.

The next morning we passed on to Nanja; and thence to Medema, for the night. And, on Saty, back south to Sipolu, on the left bank of the Bonito mouth, where the Sunday was passed, examining inquirers, and holding services in the villages; the latter being attended to by Mr. Mackey, as I had a very sore leg.

On the Monday morning, the boat started on a seventeen-mile trip up the Bonito river; passing islands and villages; beyond the limits of the Kombe tribe, and to the Balengi tribe; and seeing new birds and trees. The scene was exactly as I had read of descriptions of rivers in the tropics. The vistas were beautiful, with the ranges of mountains one above another in the Interior. Some villages wished to know where we were going, and began to object. (The inter-tribal jealousy!) The splendid view of the hills made me feel well again. The current became swift, and the river narrow. Late in the afternoon, we stopped at Senje village;

walked a forest path for half a mile, listening to the roaring of the succession of Falls. At the head of the Falls, Yovi, I was at first disappointed at its size. Perhaps in the entire height of the succession of falls, there was a descent of seventy-five feet. But, the body of water was deep in the ravine, and the terrible little whirlpool at the top was a miniature of Niagara's. There was some superstition connected with that whirlpool, and some of the natives were angry at our having gone there. A foreign naval surveying party had once entered the river's mouth; white traders had been allowed to enter the river for fourteen miles; Rev. Wm. Clemens had gone beyond to the Rapids at Sänge; but, Mr. Mackay and I were the first foreigners to go farther to the Yovi Falls.

Spent the night at a Balengi town. On Tuesday 14th, we rose very early, and were at the river's mouth by sun-rise; and then on to Hange. And later, for the night, at a town farther south. Next day to Aje; and thence, for the night, at Cape St John. Our hopes for reaching Corisco on Thursday were baffled by opposing winds; and we were driven to Elobi, for the night. And, on Friday, July 11th, we

safely landed at Corisco, after a very rough and trying journey. When I returned

that Friday, Mrs Vassar met me with a question, whose shadow we had dreaded, and therefore had resolutely put away. Now, it had to be faced and answered in a single hour. Should she go to America? She had previously shut her eyes to growing weakness. But, a combination of indications made all the little missionary at both Corisco and Gaboon, say, "She ought to go." A boat had been awaiting Mr Mackey and me, with important letters from Rev. W. Walker of ^{Libreville} ~~Gaboon~~. He had found an English bark, the "Moulton", of a Glasgow firm, about to sail from Gaboon on the 23rd, and had sent us word; Rev. W. H. Clark had decided to take this opportunity for his furlough; there was some doubt about the fitness of such a vessel for an invalid lady. A steamer could have been selected; but, our Mission, under the war-straitened treasury, was taught the closest economy. Mr Clark's ~~company~~ ^{company} supplied escort. My good health required me to remain. Every point had been discussed during the two days while my return had been awaited. Mrs Vassar was to go. God gave us a strange ability

to endure.

The time to prepare was short; Friday, Saturday, Sunday. The simple style of dress worn in the mission-home would be out of place in England; some preparation must be made for it, and for the change in climate. Oat-meal and fresh vegetables were added to the ship's stores; cocoa and a few delicacies by Rev and Mrs J. M. Preston, from the French Plateau stores; a barrel of sweet potatoes and an hundred oranges from Mrs Walker; prepared rusk, and one of our goats to give milk; dried berries and cake from Mrs Mackey; and a six-gallon jug of fresh water from the Baraka spring.

On Tuesday, July 21, at 10. A.M., with Mrs. Vasson in the mission sail boat "Marije", her baggage, and six skillful Benga oars-men, I started on the journey; stopped at Cape Esterias at midnight; slept for a few hours ashore; off again the next day at 7. A.M.; and reached Baraka at sun-set. Mr. Lalack followed in the "Drapeer", a smaller boat, and arrived wet and exhausted four days later.

A two days' delay of the "Moulton", in completing her cargo, gave a desirable rest from the fatigue of the boat-journey.

The ship was not intended

for many passengers, and they were to provide their own bedding. The only two extra staterooms were still in confusion when we went on board at 7 A.M. of Friday 24th. Sails and other things were being taken from the room assigned to Mrs. Nassau. The captain promised fair. But, the privations of that voyage would be a long story. His heartlessness became, in the latter part of the nine weeks' voyage, cruelty.

As I returned ashore, the vessel's sails were flying to the morning land-wind of the cool-dry season, and it stood out to sea on the south side of the Gaboon's broad mouth, as my "Menji" stood on the north side on its way back to Corisco.

By the departure of Mrs. Nassau and Mr. Clark, our Mission's white force was reduced to four, Rev. J. L. and Mrs. Mackey, and Mrs. McQueen and myself. We two continued the Girls' School, using native assistants in the teaching. I continued my teaching of young men, having a protegee, Bombanga, who, I hoped, would enter the Ministry.

The natives were very much infested with intestinal worms. One of the little girls, Jēbā, actually coughed up one. I took it, and

preserved it as a medical specimen. But, the mother came several times to object, fearing that I would use it, in Witchcraft, to injure her child! (In Witchcraft, some portion of one's body, clippings of hair or nails or skin, are mixed in the enemy's fetish-charm.)

In September, I was disappointed, on hearing from my sister Leabeda, that she was still delayed in America; but she wrote that she hoped to come at some future time.

On Sunday, Oct. 11th, at the Ugobi Chapel, Licentiate Andiki told me of the visit of a Spanish vessel at Elobi. The sailors having been given liberty ashore, they had hired, from her parents for their sexual use, a young native girl, who died the next day from the effects of their brutal abuse. ^{Immediately} ~~On the last day of~~ after Mrs

Kassau's departure, I had changed my mode of school discipline. It had become too severe. While still occasionally I used the rod, I would not allow the native teacher to whip. I preferred some other form of punishment, e.g. deprivation of food or of play.

On the last day of Oct. 1863, came letters from Mr. Kassau, mailed in England. Of the discomforts of the voyage, from the loss of the goat on the

fourth day, to the actual rationing of food (the diet on fare that might suffice for able-bodied men, but not for delicate invalids) only a portion was recited in her letters, and that only as a matter of history, not a complaint. The captain's fair exterior changed to positive rudeness. By the end of the fifth week, Mr. Clark's religious services had been so often postponed and interrupted by the captain's various excuses and obstacles, that they were broken up entirely, and the announcement made that "the Koran was as good as the Bible, and a Hindoo as safe as a Christian." The two mates, Messrs Kerr and Moural, were invariably attentive and polite. Her loyalty to her country was offended by the captain's reports of the Civil War received from passing British vessels. She wrote, "If we may believe them, the South are doing wonders; New Orleans is taken; Washington and Baltimore in danger; and, the rebels threatening Harrisburg. I do not like to feel bitterly against the English, but I wish I was out of one of their ships." In this unhappy frame of mind she had landed in Glasgow. And then, suddenly she was ushered into the opposite extreme. Mr. Clark had gone

ashore to see the firm owning the ship, in order to leave that very day for Liverpool and America. The coming of the vessel was known by telegraph from Cork; a Thomson family (who had a relative in the African Old Calabar Mission) saw the Nassau name listed; they happened to meet Mr. Clark at the ship's office; and they came to the boarding-house to invite her to be their guest. She wrote, "While I was sitting on a low stool, looking, I've no doubt, very dismal, the servant came to the door saying that two gentlemen were inquiring for Mrs. Nassau". They were the Rev. Wm. Thomson and his uncle Mr. George Thomson. Instead of hasting from Glasgow, she and Mr. Clark remained a week under the rare kindness and hospitality of the Thomson family. It was never forgotten. [To this very time, I have retained correspondence and friendship with another member of the family, the Rev. J. E. H. Thomson, of Edinburgh.] Mrs. Nassau reached America in the middle of Oct. 1863, and met the love and welcome of the Lattas of Philadelphia, and of my parents and sisters and other relatives in Lawrenceville N.J. I continued to plan for my hoped-for mainland station, expecting that Dr. Loomis

would return to Africa, and join me. [But, he was not permitted to return.] So, in November, I made a journey northward. Stopping at Aje, I promptly told evangelist Mbâta to get ready his belongings, as I would remove him to another place. The conduct of the Aje people had not been satisfactory to me or just to him. Taking him with me, I passed on to Hanje, arriving after dark. The approach there to the beach is very inconvenient. Because of rocks, the boat always had to anchor some distance from the shore. Landing therefore had to be made by canoe, which was late in answering our calls, and in which I got wet, and had no dry changes of clothing. The next morning, I took from evangelist Kjiumba his assistant, Makondengi; and, going on to Mbini Point, at the left bank of the mouth of the Bonito river, left him and Mbâta there, the beginning of a new out-station. Then, I passed onward, to leave evangelist Yume at his post, Meduma, by the middle of the afternoon. Then, went beyond, almost as far as Bata, to see about obtaining a wife for teacher Othembu; and remained for the night. The towns-people were very curious, peeping in at the

door of my bed-room. The next day, two of the towns-men seized one of my boat-men, on a charge of debt. Whether or not the charge was true, the act was a very unusual infraction of the native law of hospitality. I had to loan him goods, with which to pay the demand against him. It was a painful voyage back to Medunna by evening. I remember the kindness of Yurne's assistant, Etigani. [He grew in usefulness and faithfulness, finally entering the Ministry.] Late at night, the journey was resumed; reaching Hange early in the morning of next day. Had H. another search for a wife for Uhemba; and remained that night. The next day, I was delayed by the discussion with the father as to the ~~fixed~~ excessive price of the girl he was selling to Uhemba. (I had not yet learned the native habit of haggling.) And, then, started for Aje. There, in the evening, the people were so inhospitable, that I unwisely insisted on my men resuming the journey, though the night was dark. As a result, we ran on a rock and broke the rudder. Rowing, we sought refuge at midnight, at the mouth of a little river Sternbure; and slept in my

wet clothes. Before daylight of the next day, the 14th, roused the towns-people, and with their tools mended the road. Resuming the journey at daylight, we rounded Cape St John, ran out to sea, and landed at Bonisco before evening, in time for supper, and (though tired) to sing with the children. One song was, "Whither goest thou, pilgrim stranger?"

Licentiate Ibiya (who was in charge of Elongo, during Mr. Black's absence) was the most progressive of the native evangelists. On his own & initiative, he formed an Anti-Polygamy Society, and encouraged Christian women to desert polygamist husbands.

In December, I made my first acquaintance with "Africa" Folk-lore. While I was packing a box of snells to send to the Glasgow Thomson family, four of the school-girls were assisting me. In their chatting, they told anecdotes of plants and animals talking like human beings. Thenceforward, one of my specialties was the collecting of Folk-lore tales. [Fifty years later, I published my, "Where Animals Talk?"]

The use of intoxicating liquors was a great obstacle to our Mission-work. None of us missionaries used intoxicating drinks.

But, we were the only white people, whom the natives knew, who did not. The Spanish R.C. priests used it daily; and Rum was the only article which their vessels, in coming to the island, sent ashore to buy goats and chickens.

The Benga men of Bonisco prided themselves, as a coast-tribe, on their proximity to the White Man and the forms of civilization. But, the more I became acquainted with them, I learned less to respect them. I regard them as the most cruel of any of the coast-tribes I have known. On Christmas Day, I was told that a brother of the bland-mannered "King" Imunga intended to kill a little sick boy of his, "because the child would not get well".

I closed the year, in a review, with Mr. Mackay, of the low spiritual state of the native church. Some of the evangelists, and even two of the Ruling Elders, Ubengi and Andake, seemed to be yielding to the seductions of Rum and Polygamy.

One of the trials of missionary life, in a country like Africa, is the depressing mental effect of isolation. This is not appreciated by our friends in America. In companionships under ~~the~~ civilization, prominent individual traits are softened or held

in restraint. In Africa, they are very apt to develop offensively. Also, among the one two or three associates at a station, lack of sympathy for one's special tastes produces a depression that has occasionally resulted in loss of mental balance. On the last day of the year, came letters from Libreville, telling of the sickness of a young missionary lady at Baraka, who was losing her reason. [She returned to America, and entirely recovered.].

Though I could use Benga freely in conversation, I hesitated to use it in public prayers. It seemed irreverent to make to God the grammatical mistakes which I knew I occasionally made to fellow-beings. But, more than two years had elapsed since I had taken up the language. Farther delay seemed wrong. So, I marked the close of the year 1863, by praying in public in Benga.

I had had poor health, at times, during the whole year.

The Communion Service, on the first Sunday of the new year 1864, was marked by the excommunication of five members of the church; among them two highly educated young men, Ibolo and Tongo, of whom I had expected much.

From month to month, I watched the news from the United States, of the progress of the Civil War. On Feb'y 5th, I read with great satisfaction the Federal victory at Chattanooga.

When I left America, some of my special friends gave me their favorite Scripture texts, by which to remember them. On Sunday Feb'y 7th, I took as the text of my sermon, the verse given by my dear cousin Miss Anna How, Ps. 16. 11. "Thou wilt show me the path of life; in Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

On Wed'y 10th, the "Greyhound" arrived from America, with good news and boxes of gifts from my relatives. But, I was too sick to open them at once. Annagances, from derelictions of the Station employees, had fevered me. And, the climate of the country was already having on me (its common unfortunate effect) of making me over-sensitive to unintentional slights by one's associates.

The Spanish R. C. priests had hitherto made only occasional visits to the island. But, in February, Senor H. V. de Boez, Sec'y of the Governor of Fernando Po, came bringing with him a priest, whom he located at a spot, Esowe, half-way along

the line of the beach from Evangasiniba to Ugobi.

I was distressed at reports of Andike (former Elder and Licentiate) being engaged in Trading and allowing the use of Fetishes. On my mentioning this to Mr Mackay, a reason why the man should not be retained in charge of Ugobi, I found Mr. M. not disposed to believe the reports. Andike had been his special protege. [Later, the reports were proved true, and, still later, the Presbytery and Mission made very decided rules on these subjects, not only in regard to church officers, but also for all church-members].

On March 12th, I was delighted to hear by mail from England, that a new missionary, the Rev. George Saul, was on his way from America, to join the Mission. On my way to Evangasiniba to consult Mr. Mackay I saw in the path a young man striking one of our older school girls. Neither of them saw me until I actually came to them. I did not inquire what were the grounds for his act. Unwilling to see a woman beaten, I struck at him, and he fled. It was the first time I had ever used force to a native who was not under my authority.

The Ukuku

Society had been very noisy in the adjacent villages, during several days. As I came back from Prayer-meeting, I was standing in the open door of Malukas, and the Society was passing on the public road. They shouted to me to close the door (lest the school-girls should see them). Remembering the public decision, in the case of Mrs Mackey, under similar circumstances, I stood on my rights, and remained with the door open.

At the quarterly Communion, evangelists Njiemba and Eyavo were ordained as Ruling Elders. I performed my first baptismal Service, in baptising Mrs M'Duenn's cook Ufiinyalo's infant, named for her, "Georgiana". The harmony of the Communion season was marred by Benga heathens, in their tribal jealousy, making threats against the mainland Christians. These latter felt that they were so unsafe that I gave them shelter in the school-house. And, two days later, Mr Ibiya offered to be their escort, in our boat, to their homes northward. He, a Benga, and in the Mission-boat, made them safe.

On April 14th, a Spanish steamer came, inquiring whether we intended to remain on the island. It was a strange inquiry. We were, though few,

sustaining our three stations (two of them by native aid). And, anxious as I was to go to the mainland, that did not mean (at that time) that we even thought of abandoning the island. It looked to me like a Jesuitical suggestion that we should go.

By April 23; Mr. Mackey, whose health had been failing, left on the Spanish steamer, to recruit. How long he would be absent we did not know. There were thus left in our Mission only three persons, Mrs Mackey, Mrs McQueen, and myself.

I wrote to Mrs. Vassar some verses entitled, "Thinking of Thee"; the first of which was,

The Sea,
It knows no rest
From its beating 'gainst the shore.
And the Sun,
In life-light dressed,
Shines earth-ward, as of yore.
And my Heart,
It knows no rest
From all its

Thinking of Thee.

The newly-arrived Spanish priest was sick, went to him, and gave him medicine; and Mrs McQueen made him food fitted for an invalid. Whatever

might be the intentions toward us of the Hierarchy to which that priest belonged as the sworn enemy of Protestantism, we wished to show at least the humane side of our Christianity.

¹⁸⁶⁴ May 6th was a notable day. A vessel from the north was seen heading toward the island, coming from the north, and making signals meant something! I went off to it in the smaller of our two boats (because it could go more rapidly) though the water was rough. I found on board Mr. Mackey and Mr. Paull! And a mail that told me of the birth of my son William!!

My meeting with the Rev. George Paull was a case of love at first sight. I think of him as the noblest and most apostolic of the men I met during my entire life in the Mission. He was immediately appointed treasurer in Mr. Mackey's place, as the return of the latter to Corisco was only temporary. As Mainland Visitor, I

had to take another boat-journey on May 17th to Aje, before sun-set, and for the night. The next day to Nanje, before noon. Made only a short inspection, and back again to Aje, for the night. Very early, in the dark of the morning of the third day, to avail myself of the favorable land-wind, started back to Corisco, which I reached late in

the afternoon. The most interesting incident of the journey was the inquiry, at Aje, by one of the younger of Chief Adati's wives, as to how, in the midst of Polygamy, she could carry her wish to be a Christian. [Later, when Adati allowed her to be baptised, I told her about Adaman having to go into the house of the idol-god Kirmmon.]

At Louiso, the native women were responding, more than the men, to the call to Civilization. One woman, Iressa, Mrs. Vassau's special friend, who had amused her by protesting, when Mrs. Vassau had announced her engagement to me two years previously, "Why do you marry? You are not sold as I was! Do you not know how men beat their wives?" That beating, to the high-nerved Iressa, had become so severe, that she attempted to hang herself. (Suicide was very rare among the natives.)

On May 23^d, Mr. Mackey, still very weak, departed on his overland trip to America, leaving Mr. Paul in charge at Evangasinba.

Stealing was one of the common annoyances from our natives. While this was true of all the tribes, and while there were cases of severe robbery at other of the many tribes among whom I lived at the seven Stations I occupied during

my mission-life, I think that the Corisco-Bengas, men, women, and children, were more persistently petty-thieves than any other tribe. This was the more noticeable, because of the Bengas priding themselves on being "civilised."

On June 4, came good news, in a letter from my sister Elizabeth, telling of the increasing strength of Mr. Vassau and of our babe. Mr. Vassau sent a message to the school-girls, asking them to give the boy a native name. I read to them that portion of the letter. They were exceedingly pleased, and immediately sat in a council on the important subject. Many names were suggested; but, two of the leaders, Ijawe and Behâti, finally selected "Ayënwě"; and, by acclamation, it was chosen. (The word means, "The Unseen".)

Sometimes, in my visits to the sick in the villages, the more heathenish portion of the relatives objected to my entering the room where the sick lay. I found that they had an idea that all white visitors, even missionaries, had their magic "witchcraft", by which we stole the souls of the dying, placed them in bottles, and sent them to our own countries to be converted into white men!

A man sent to me, asking for a medicine, with which to "quiet"

his mother; that she was "dead"; it was time to bury her; but that she persisted in "shaking" herself. I went to his village to rebuke him. The woman was indeed pulseless and unconscious, but her muscles made occasional spasmodic movements. He really believed that she was dead. (In my study of the Philosophy of Fetishism, I discovered, years later, that the natives believed that our Human Personality included four Entities, viz, Body, Soul, Heart-Life, and Dream-Soul. Of these, only the Soul was immortal; but, that the Heart-Life often continued for a while to make physical motions, even after the Soul had emerged.)

Chief Injēnji, the heathen polygamist father of licentiate Andēke, was dying, in July. Andēke not only dropped all his duty to the Mission, by abandoning his post at Ngobi, but also, in his father's town, threw aside his civilization, and went to all the extremes of heathen Mourning, and allowed some witchcraft ceremonies. This was not the beginning of his fall; but, it was his first open break-away.

Mr. Paull was a rarely noble man. I often spent evenings with him. He talked of our respective families and friends. He showed me his book of photographs of relatives

and special friends. I remember that there was one particular picture, of a young lady, on which his eye always rested longer before he turned to the next page. He told me of his romance; that her parents were unwilling for her to go with him to deadly Africa; that he was allowed correspondence with her, in the hope that he might prove Africa a fit place for her to follow him. All that was deeply impressed on me eleven months later.

After his father's death, Andêke definitely told me that he would demit the Ministry; would assume position as his father's successor in the Town; would take as his "wives" the women whom he thus inherited; and would be a "Head-man" among his people.

Mr. Paull was animated with the same feeling I had in regard to mission extension on the Mainland. He enjoyed the boat-journey; for, he was not affected with sea-sickness. So, he went for a week's tour to Elobi and Kombe, in my place. I helped him in loading the boat at Evangasiula beach. Even that, and the sight and thought of the sea sickened me.

Among my other industries, I continued at superintending the erection of a new and better

house at Ugoi; the assumption being that Mr. Seider would wish to resume his old post; but, as he would return married, I was trying to prepare a more comfortable house for the lady.

While Mr. Paul was at Kome, came a mail, with the startlingly gratifying news that the "Greyhound" had reached America; that it would soon return, with a number of missionaries, among whom would probably be my wife and child?

Stealing continued. When I returned from church at night of Sunday, Aug. ²⁰21, my dog Rover was on the porch wounded on his head and one of his legs, and plantains were stolen. The brave faithful animal had tried to protect my property.

One evening, the priest Garcia came to visit at the school. Mrs. and I entertained him in the parlor. When the hour arrived for our usual family prayer-service, we went into the adjacent hall, where the children gathered. But, the priest did not join us.

Uncertainty marked Mrs. Nassau's preparations for return to Africa by the "Greyhound", until within a few days of its sailing. Not an uncertainty in her intention, nor in readiness of baggage; but, as to whether the small accommodations could admit her.

There was room for only one more passenger (after she had been notified) and Mrs. Clemens (whose going was still uncertain, had the precedence of right to it. Mrs. Nassau finally received word from the Mission House in New York city, that she could not go. But, in the very last days, her former Corisco friend, Dr. Loomis, interested himself personally, vigorously, and even manually, in enclosing from the ship's saloon, an extemporaneous room; and, a telegram summoned her joyfully to embark.

The actual sailing was on June 16th, 1864. The company consisted of Capt. P. S. Yates and his wife; for the Lutheran Mission in Liberia, Rev. and Mrs. Rice; and Mrs. Kistler, each with her infant; for the Episcopal Mission at Cape Palmas, the Rev. Thos. Barrow; for the A. B. C. F. M. Gaboon Mission, Mrs. Rev. J. M. Preston; and, for Corisco, Mrs. Clemens, Rev. and Mrs. C. De Heer, and Mrs. Nassau and babe and nurse. [This nurse was a colored woman from Camden, N. J. at Liberia, she deserted; but, Mr. Nassau obtained there, a faithful substitute, a Liberian colonist, a Mrs. Thompson.]

Meanwhile, on Corisco, the coming of the "honeybeard" was anxiously expected, though Mrs. Nassau's actual

presence on board was not known to us; the list of passengers and the arrangements of the vessels intended sailing having been forwarded the while that the question of her obtaining passage was yet in abeyance. So, it was startling on Sept. 1st, when the mail came, I being in the confusion of some house-repairs, Mrs. McQueen opened the mail-bag, and handed me a letter from Mr. Nassau, of date Aug. 16th, written at Cape Palmas! Vessels had been known to come from that Cape to Corisco in ten days! What, if the new missionary company should come next day, and find the house all in confusion! But, on re-reading the letter, I found that the vessel was to go up into the Bight of Benin, and therefore could not reach Corisco until the last of the month.

American Consul May and Rev. Mr. Preston had come in a boat from Libreville, to meet Mrs. Preston. The "Greyhound" anchored at Corisco, early on Sunday morning, Sept. 25th. As I had the arrangements for church services on my hands (Mr. Paull having gone to a preaching-services on the east side of the island, those two gentlemen launched our boat, and brought ashore, with two of the ship's boats, in time for church, Mr. Nassau and babe and nurse, Rev. and Mrs. Decker, Mrs. Preston, Mr. Clements,

Capt and Mrs Yates, and a Rev. Mr. Heigart from Liberia, on his way to America. The grateful thanks of that day made the church's low undorned bamboo walls as lovely to the Great River and Receiver as was ever any earthly Bethel.

After Services, the natives rather broke in on us, at the Makeke House, to see my baby William, whom, while distant and "unseen", they had named "Ayēnwe". He was only the fourth white baby that had been seen on the island. They crowded the church, a week later, on Communion Sunday, to see his baptism, by the Rev. George Parrell.

At the quarterly mission-meeting, Mrs. Glewens was appointed to assist in the Girls' School; Rev. and Mr. Decker were placed in charge of Elongo, thus relieving Licentiate Shiga to return to his mainland out-station; Ugobi School was combined with the Elongo (native tribal animosities having somewhat lessened), and Ugobi Station was abandoned. [This was the beginning of the final removal of white service from the Island.]

The admirable arrangement of dividing the work of the Girls' School among three ladies made my assistance, or even presence as "Supersintendent," almost unnecessary. Being thus relieved almost

entirely from care of the School, I had time for translating and other writing, and teaching young men.

There were occasional epidemics of small-pox on the upper coasts. It had been raging there during 1864. It reached the Gaboon, where there was no vaccine matter. Finally, the French authorities obtained some from Calabar. When our mail-boatmen went to Libreville in November, Rev. Wm. Walker vaccinated them; and (according to the doctors of those days) from them was obtained lymph for Corisco. All the school-children were required to be vaccinated; and, daily, for more than two weeks, ten or fifteen villagers came voluntarily for the operation.

For our own health, and to gratify the children, we took frequent excursions. One of them, to Léve island, was noticeably happy, and marked by the return of America of Mr. Macky, on Wed. Dec. 14th.

Mainland work enlisted Mr. Powell's interest as much as it did mine and Mr. Hadden's. He and I made a boat-journey to the mouth of the Bonito river on Dec. 23rd, and spent all of the next day, Saturday, in tramping along the beach on the right bank, and through the forest, and over the prairie, looking for a site

for a prospective Station. The object of our coming was not explained to the curiously-eyeing natives. But, they respected it, especially as they saw our eyes rest with satisfaction on the cove at Mbâdè Point (Hegbearn Head) near the town Upwarjo. On French charts the river was called St Benoit; on Spanish charts, San Bonito. English traders called the region "Benita", and we accepted it as the name of our Station.

1865

On returning to Corisco, Mr. Paul's urgency was assented to; and Mrs. Karsan's and my hopes were deferred, by yielding the prior right which the Board had given me. And, on Jan'y 4th, 1865, Mr. Paul was appointed to Benita, and given the entire charge of its adjacent work. In his going thus alone, each of us gave the best native aid in order to make his effort a success. Mr. McDougal sent his best cook; I sent my best interpreters. Mr. Lark's expected return to Corisco from America made this disposition of our forces possible. But, the scarcity of money in the treasury (because of the Civil War) and of food in the store-house, would have made it difficult for Mrs. Karsan with one babe to have gone to that work just at that time. Nevertheless, in the light of Mr. Paul's

subsequent death, I have never forgiven myself for consenting to his going. [The Mission determined that never again should a new man be sent alone to a new place.]

The Lord tried our faith. Small-pox continued on the island in sporadic cases, interfering with our operations among the people. Famine came. Irregularity in the Seasons made failure in the sequence of native gardens; so that, in the land of fertility there actually was famine. The costly price of our foreign food prevented its being used for maintaining the full school (unless actually to save life). And, of that foreign food, there was very little even for ourselves. Early in March, Mrs. Tassau had a severe fever, so that our babe had to be weaned; and, there was no proper substitute to be found in the scarcity of Mission store-house supplies.

And, in April, a dreadful incident occurred: For two years, I had been exceedingly annoyed by thieves. Plantains, chickens, and even goats had been taken, ^{week} ~~day~~ after week, regularly on Sunday or Tuesday nights, when we were away at meetings. I quietly had suffered the spoiling of my goods, at no watches, nor required any one to stay away from church in order to protect. At

last, the evil had become so great, that I could not endure it, and I set a watcher (one of the workmen who lived in the yard) and we all went to the evening Monthly Concert, except Mrs. Thompson, who stayed with my babe, and Mrs. Nassau's Liberian young girl Julia who was left to help her. It was the evening of the Communion Sunday. Mr. Paul and all the mainland evangelists had come to the quarterly gathering. He had presided at the afternoon Service, giving a most encouraging report of success at his Mbâdè Station, and asked for the organisation of a church there. When I returned from church that night, my watcher was in the house guarding a thief, a slave lad, whom he had caught in the act of robbing my locked hen-roost. The lad had with him a bunch of keys, with one of which he had opened the padlock, and, a dead chicken was hanging from his neck. I tied the thief's hands and legs with thongs; and put him in a store-shed under the house, for safe-keeping until the morning, when I intended to give him a public flogging (authority for which had been accorded the pioneer missionary, Mr. Mackey, by the native chiefs.) Later in the evening, hearing the thief making a noise, I went to him and

gagged him with a handkerchief; but, I removed it, on his promising to be quiet. About mid-night, his moans annoying Mrs. Vassau, she suggested that I give him an opiate. Sleepy, and with the dim light of a candle, I went to my medicine-shelves, and taking a vial, & of what I supposed was paregoric, gave the thief a dose of it. In the morning, I found him dead. I carried the corpse to a slave's house in the adjoining village. There was an ominous silence on the people's faces; and then there came a wail of indignation, and terrible threats against me. I despatched a note to Mr. Mackey. Before he came, there rushed into the yard a crowd of armed men and women (mostly slaves) who, laying the corpse at my feet, accused me of murder. None of them dared to touch me. The most violent was Mr. Mackey's cook, a young freeman, son of Kombe-ya-manga, the Chief of the village, whose slave the thief was. Presently Messrs. Mackey and Paull came. Of course, they did not doubt my innocence, Mr. M. quieted the people; said that the affair would be discussed when the Chiefs were gathered; and sent his cook to call his father and King Imunga from Elabi, where they were trading. In the meantime, Mr. M. advised me,

not to expose myself by going off the premises I unwillingly yielded; for, so doing would seem to be confessing guilt. He made a coffee; and I buried the remains. Frequently, during the days, passers by would stop outside the fence, to revile me. But, many of the better educated and freemen came to express their faith in my innocence and their sympathy for me. On the next

Friday morning, the 7th, Kombe-ya-manga had arrived, at once went to a neutral village, and without notifying me, began to discuss the affair. Messrs Mackey and Paul went and tried to delay the discussion until King Imunga should come. But, the chief was raging. He demanded for his slave's life, the life of either myself my wife or my child. Mr. M. declined to discuss, on that basis; even in native custom, a freeman's blood was never given for a slave's. Then, the chief changed his tactics, and demanded \$200. damages. That also was absurd; it was the price of ten slaves. Mr. Mackey came to consult me. I told him not to yield, but to put in a counter claim for all that had been stolen during the previous two years. But, when he returned again, he said that he had paid, under protest, \$50. from Mission funds. I knew of this only when the Council

had dispersed, and the affair was settled. I felt bitterly. I felt that, in his weak state of health, ^{Mackey's} ~~his~~ good judgment, which I had greatly trusted, had failed me. Even my friend Mr. Paul said that he believed no other course could have saved my life from the angry mob. That did not satisfy me. That I had refrained from going to the Council would be regarded as cowardice; and, I would rather have lost my life than that there should seem to be a quasi admission of guilt, in the payment of the demanded damages. I immediately re-paid to the Mission the \$50.; and, considering my usefulness as a missionary at an end, announced ~~that~~ I would resign. (I did so, at once, in a letter to Secy Louie. Without my knowledge, Mr. Mackey wrote objecting to my resignation being accepted. And Secy Louie's reply was a letter of entire confidence in my innocence.)

As soon as the money was paid, all danger was past; and those who had shouted for my blood came cringing to profess friendship. Some few native friends came voluntarily bringing goods and offering to assist in paying the fine, which they sympathizingly called another theft from me. When King Imunga returned, he tried to recall

the Council of Chiefs; but, it was too late. In that whole affair, I had stood in an unfortunate light. Great honor and authority had been accorded the three pioneer missionaries, Rev. Messrs Macky, Clemens, and De Heer. The filial attitude I had held to M. Macky was proper in a new mission. But, I should not have continued it for four years. The natives looked on me as only his subordinate. All over Africa, when two white men live together, the one who handles the pay is the "Big" Master; the other, the "Little One". M. M. was Treasurer, and Pastor of the Church. The Chief Koube-ya manga, against my protest, had allowed his noisy slave dance-house, only a stone's-throw across the public path in front of my house. I had not recognised his chieftainship by making him presents. And, he took his revenge!

I can never know the cause of that thief's death. At first, I assume that some snake had bitten him. But, when I went into my study, by daylight, and my eye fell on the medicine shelf, there stood, side by side, three vials, of the same size, shape, and color, paregoric, laudanum, and stramonium. Which, ^{haste and} in the dim light of night, ^{had I taken?} ~~and had~~ I dose of either of the latter two, of the size of

proper febrile dose, would be fatal.

All this made me more than ever desirous to leave an island and a tribe, of whom, notwithstanding the friendly sentiments of individuals, I should ever have an irremovable impression of the savagery of its official Council of Chiefs. It is just however to record, that, after the affair was closed no native, of any tribe, ever referred to it to me in any way. The only persons who ever cast it up to me, were two disgruntled missionary associates, years afterward.

After the settlement of that slave-affair, Mr. Paull had returned to his Benin Station. But on April 28, he arrived again, sick with African Fever. Mr. Mackey and I daily and nightly ministered to him. But, on May 14, he died. There are two forms of "African Fever"; one, the most dangerous (the globo tumefactio) is sometimes fatal in three days; the other (the bilious remittent) is hopeful, if the patient survives as long as a week. Mr. Paull's survival during more than two weeks has made me think that mine was something more than malaria that was dragging him down.

The arrival of Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Clark and their two little children, Walter and Anna,

with a Liberian nurse, and goodly supplies,
by the "Greyhound", on May 18th, brought relief
but no help for us. For, he had at once to
step into Mr. Mackey's work at Evangasimbo.

The vessel was first to
attend to some trading at Libreville, and
would return to Corisco in two weeks.
In the meanwhile, I was to go to Bonita, to
settle Mr. Paul's accounts there, and to return
with his personal property. So, on Saturday,
May 20th, I started northward. After passing
Cape St John in the afternoon, opposite the
Bafutku coast, we met with an accident.
A small canoe with two men came out to
sell food to us. They unskillfully stood in the
boat's course, were run down, and their
canoe broken, but not so badly that they could
not paddle ashore again. But, tribal
suspicion was aroused; it was charged
that my Bengas had deliberately run them
down. (Later, I had some trouble to settle
the matter.) I passed Aje, Hanje, Adoti, and
Sipolu, and crossed the Bonita mouth,
finally reaching Mr. Paul's half-birth house
on Mbâde Point, at 11. P.M. On landing, I
was startled to find the house locked. At

houses, I had asked one of the men, "Where is evangelist Etigani staying?" He ~~told~~ ^{said} me, "In Mr. Paul's house". I supposed that he meant the dwelling house. So, I ^{had} thought nothing of a Key. Etigani was living in Mr. Paul's out house! And, the Key was at Corisco! I could have broken into the house; but, that would be a bad example before the natives. I would not allow Sunday travel; so I could not start a messenger back to Corisco until Sunday was past. I stopped in one of the Upewari's villages, and found Mr. Paul's converts helpful with food. His excellent Benga cook, Upeniyalo, was attentive. On the Sunday, I held services. After midnight, I repaired the rudder of a small native boat, in which to send evangelist Yume and my crew back to Corisco for the Key. As the boat was small and without any freight, I hoped that, starting by 1. A.M. of the Monday, it possibly might return in ~~48~~ forty-eight hours. To occupy the time until its return, I went in it with evangelist Ajemba the ten miles down to Hanja, landing there by daylight; and, the little boat went on. Preached and taught; and, in the middle of the afternoon, as the tide was receding, started to walk back the ten miles

to the river. But, the beach was bad; and Njumbwa got a canoe, and we sailed beyond Adoti creek. Resuming the beach, I reached Sifolu at 9. P. M. There, I allowed Njumbwa to remain; and I walked on two miles farther, to the house of a young English trader. On those two miles, I met not a single native. Most of them are afraid to be out, because of wild beasts. While Njumbwa was with me, he carried me across the little creeks. Without him, I took off my shoes and socks, and waded, and on the other side sat down and put them on again. While thus sitting on a log at the top of the beach by some bushes, I heard behind me a sound like a deep groan. I supposed that it was the voice of a wild hog; and I started away. (But, afterward, when I told of it, natives thought that it was a leopard's growl.) At 10. P. M. I was at the trader's house for the night. And, before daylight of the Tuesday, he kindly sent me in his boat across the river. I visited in the villages; called on King Mango; he, as well as the christians, was anxious to know whether another white man would come in M. Paull's place; and I wrote a letter to Mr. Paull's parents. Rising late on the Wednesday, I was

disappointed that Yenne had not come. And still more disheartened, when he had not arrived on the Thursday morning. He did come, at noon, with the keys. I took only Upiyap into the house; he knew ~~all~~ the names of all of Mr. Paull's employes; whose accounts I found in good order. To have no disputes, I had to open his private-diary. There I saw the name of the lady of his romance; the record of her monthly letters; and then the record that she had ceased to write to him; and was to be married to some one else; and then came his sickness, I thought! - was his sickness due partly to that blow of disappointment?

After making out every individual account, I took a list of the furniture, &c, Mr. Paull's and the Mission's. At the evening meeting, I announced that all payments would be made next day. And, that night, I began packing Mr. Paull's belongings. On the Friday morning, there were demands by the old heathen Chiefs, to which I had to be diplomatic. But, there were no disputes at the payments of the workmen and Mr. Paull's due-bills. No one made a false demand. Late in the afternoon, started with both boats, heavily

laden, and with several male and female passengers. A trying voyage all night into froo wind. By daylight of the Saturday, we were below Aja. As it would be impossible to reach Conisco before Sunday, I had to stop there night and over Sunday at St Home village, Cape St John. Was well entertained at the village, and rested after the previous day's hard voyage. After midnight of Sunday, started, to sail direct to Conisco; but, opposing winds drove me toward the Munda river mouth. Tacking back again, my crew and passengers were without food. Finally, landed on Conisco's north end at 9. P. M. Leaving the crew to bring the boat around to Evangelinba in the morning, I walked to Elougo. Mr and Mrs DeHeer kindly gave me a supper. And, then, I walked on alone the three miles to my Maluke home, near midnight. I was almost afraid to knock at the bed-room door. But, good Rover settled the doubt by his frantic barks of joy; and Mrs Nassau's hand was on the door-knob. And my little son's sleep was not broken.

The "Greyhound" was at anchor, having brought Rev and Mrs Walker on a visit, from Libreville. The good food which that

vessel had brought, came too late for my fifteen-months old infant's too hardly rationed frame; and, we felt it necessary for him to go, in the care of Rev. and Mrs Mackey and Mrs McQueen, on their final return to America, on Saturday night, June 3^d. It was an excruciating sacrifice, such as I never again consented to. His mother never saw him again; nor I, until more than seven years later.

Furloughs to their native countries were taken by the members of the several Missions on the West Coast, only at intervals of several years. But, in addition to this, annual "vacations" for a month were sometimes taken, in visits to some adjacent Mission. It was impossible for one to find a vacation-rest at one's own Station. Circumstances would force work upon one. As a stranger, a visitor in another Mission, the visitor had no responsibilities, and could rest, even if the region were no more healthful than his own. In this way, the Rev. and Mrs Edgerley, of the Old Calabar river Scotch U. S. Mission, were

making us a visit, during August. Their society was a very great addition to our pleasure. There was commenced a friendship that continued during the remainder of our missionary life.

The thoughts of Mrs Nassau and myself were more and more turning from Louisa to Benita. It was at her urgency that I had obtained the Board's permission for the establishing of a Mainland Station. I had unwisely yielded it to my friend Paull. Now, she was anxious to again claim our right. And, I was unhappy in my farther association with the Benga tribe, whose outrageous conduct to me over the thief affair (though the tribe seemed to have forgotten it) I never could forget. The thought of it barred any successful missionary work for them on my part. In one of her letters to America, during the month of August, Mrs Nassau wrote, "Although I like this School very much, there is one Station to which Dr. Nassau and I are very anxious to be sent; that is Benita, the place occupied by Mr Paull. But, we must stay on Louisa until other help comes: and we hear of none to join us." Finally, in September, my

associates yielded to my urgency, and it was decided that, after the regular annual meeting of Mission in October, I should be allowed to go to Benita. Then came three busy crowded weeks. The School-children were given their vacation on Sept. 25th; and were not recalled for another session, as Mrs. Lawrence thought herself unable to take charge of the School alone. This proved to be the beginning of its final abandonment.

The next day, Mrs. Lassar accompanied me on a business boat trip to Elobi islands, she taking that opportunity of saying good-bye, on what was her first visit to them; and we returned the next day. The 28th was occupied by a good-bye visit to our friends Rev. and Mr. Betts at Elongo. Then, came the gathering of native church-members on Friday 29th, for the Preparatory Services and the Communion, Sunday, Oct. 1st.

After the Annual Meeting on Oct. 4th, there were weeks of packing that kept us from grieving too much over the destruction of a home that had been intensely happy, and, at times, intensely sad; and of a School, which we would have rejoiced to have seen saved

from the ruin that our going brought on it.

The last acts of putting the rights and under lock and key were done at a weary hour of 10. P.M., Oct. 16th, 1865, at the close of a weary day of farewells. The children, weeping to part with a teacher, to whom they had fondly clung, had scattered to their heathen homes; and the Malakka School was closed.

Chapter XI.

At Benita

Oct. 1865 — Dec. 1871

The journey to my new and mainland home was made on Oct. 17, 1865, across Corisco Bay, seventeen miles to Cape St John; and thence, thirty-six miles farther, following the line of the coast, to the Bonito river. Mr Paull's house stood on a bluff of almost pure sand, on the north side of the river, just at its mouth, the point Mbâde of the bluff having a beautiful bend of the river on one side, a few hundred feet from the front of the house, and the ocean in the rear several hundred yards.

On the arc of the bend were native villages, Upwanjo; near by, northward, Haya; two miles farther, Paka, the seat of "King" Mango; and, five miles farther, Meduma. Two and a half miles, southward, across the river, at Mbini Point, was the trading house of a young English clerk, and agent or factor (and therefore it was called a "factory"). Two miles farther to the S.W., were two other trading houses, an English and a Spanish. These three foreigners, with one living twenty-three miles

north at Kata, were my nearest white neighbors, short of Louisa, distant fifty-two miles.

After a week of confusion in her first entrance into her new home, Mrs. Nassau, writing on Oct. 28th, described to her Latta relatives, her journey thither:—"Our first moving up here comprised only such a part of our household goods as could be brought in one large surf-boat, the "Manji". Dr. Nassau and I, with Mr. Thompson and two native children, Julia and Mary Ann, and four oars-men came in the small sail-boat, the "Charlotte Dwyer". It was named for a colored woman in Baltimore, who donated the funds for its purchase. It is a very useful little boat, but not fitted for sea-voyages, except in pleasant weather. We chose to come in the small boat, fearing that the wind might fail, and knowing that the Manji would be difficult to row. We had a great many odds and ends with us, and not much spare room. We left Louisa between 9. A.M. and 10. A.M. with a fair wind; but, we soon lost part of it, and made rather slow progress all day. We reached our new home about 3 o'clock of Wednesday morning;

and, although we were out some eighteen hours in the Rainy Season, there had not rain enough fallen to wet us. The big boat was here several hours before us..... Day-dawn was creeping in through the crevices of our bamboo-hauls when we threw ourselves on a hastily-made bed, to try and rest our weary limbs..... In Mr. Paul's house, as we entered that night, of its five apartments, reception-room, study, bedroom, store-room, and pantry (an area of 24 ft x 34 ft) the study was the only completed room."

Next day, the voices of the Komba natives crowding about the front door awoke us early. After prayers and the buying of provisions, a young lad, Ijebi, (who had been Mr. Paul's table-boy, presented himself, and without ceremony of engagement, asked what he should cook for breakfast. Other lads, and one girl, Kaxe, who had been at Corisco School, were at once at home with us. Crowds of people came and saluted us as guests of their tribe. Compacts of friendship, from the women to Mrs. Nassau, and from the men to myself, were made by the gift of a fowl, or fish, or plantains.

That same afternoon, I

began completing the flooring and doors, with boards which been sent from Corisco. Next day, a young English trader, MacLachlan, from Mbini, across the river, called to welcome us. On the following evening, a catechumen, Inguiry Calau was organised, that has been continued ever since. And Mrs. Nassau commenced an evening sewing-school for adults and children, whom she taught while sitting sewing in the reception-room with Mrs. Thompson. The subsequent completion of the house gave time and place for school in day-light.

On Sat'y 21st, old King Mango and other chiefs came to arrange a schedule of prices and wages. But, the civilised young men frowned down the attempt; and, Mr. Paul's list of prices being produced, it was accepted; and they dispersed harmoniously.

On the following Sunday, one hundred people crowded into and at the windows of that 12 ft x 22 ft reception-room. And, I announced that a church would soon be organised.

One morning, Mrs. Thompson's fears of wild beasts were all revived by the sight of leopard-tracks in the soft sand around the house.

The Komebe dialect is very unlike the Benga. I had to use an interpreter,

Makondjé, a christian young man, who had been with me several months before I left Borisco.

The attendance at morning and evening prayers was very gratifying, ranging from thirty to forty.

The month of November was much occupied with building a kitchen and other out-houses.

By direction of Prud'homme, on Dec. 11th, the Benita church was organised with eighteen members set off from the mother-church of Borisco, evangelist Njembé being Ruling Elder. And, on the 31st, the first communion was celebrated.

As I had to go to Borisco headquarters regularly on the first ^{each} week of January, April, July, and October; and, Mrs. Kassar wishing to re-visit Borisco mission-associates after the three months of almost entire deprivation of civilised society, it was decided to close the house, and go with the entire household for an absence of two weeks, covering the Borisco communion season and mission-meetings.

1866

We therefore went to Borisco on New Year's Day, Jan'y 1st 1866. After a week there, I had to go to Libreville, to have extracted teeth that had been

aching at frequent intervals for weeks. I left Mrs Nassau visiting at Elongo. During my absence, she was taken seriously ill; and Mr. Clark sent a boat for my return. Even after her recovery was assured, it was thought prudent for her to remain on the Island, until the arrival of nourishing food-supplies by the anxiously expected "Greyhound" (which, however, did not come until a month later.) So, with Mrs Thompson, I returned to my work at Benita, on Feb'y 7th.

When Mr. DeHeer had returned from his furlough in 1864, the Board sent lumber for a new house to be erected at his Ugobi Station. But, as there were several changes, and Ugobi was to be abandoned as a white Station, it was decided that the lumber should be used at Mbâdè. So, I had weekly communication with Corisco by the boat bringing the boards &c. On one of which trips, a box was stolen by the Bafukes of Utémbe in tribal unfriendliness toward my Koumbé crew. In the

mean while, until I should go to Corisco for the April quarterly meeting, Mrs Nassau visited the friends at Baraka, Gaboon, going on the "Greyhound", which had just arrived on March 2nd, with our

needed food-supplies. And, I at Koube, was making a journey of inspection of the out-stations, going south as far as Ulâba, and back to Ajé, Hanje, and Siphon; and, busy squaring logs for the hills and sleepers of the new house; and, on a two-days tour among the Balengi of the river, as far as the Falls.

Evangelist Itiyani's wife, Mabito, who had been a Maluku school-girl, died, leaving a little babe; he showed a sorrow more sincere than the usual frantic wailing.

On March 26th, I started on the journey to Corisco; on the way, stopping at Ulâba and Utembuwe, in the Bapukue tribe, to recover my stolen box of goods. I obtained them, as there was no feeling against me personally. At Corisco, was held the usual church communion. And, on April 3rd, M^r. Walker came from Libreville, bringing my wife in restored health and the monthly mail. Then, was held Presbytery on the 4th. And, on April 6th, Mrs. Nassau and I returned to ^{our} Benita home. There, were happy days! Opening of boxes of delicacies, and peeping into letters and refreshing books stowed away in unexpected corners of the boxes of presents that, in sudden abundance,

had come from Glasgow, and Lawrenceville, and Waynesburg, and Philadelphia. Some of the boxes had been wet in landing from the "Greyhound"; and, in the month's delay to open, until both Mrs. Nassau and I could be present at the joyful act, some of the contents had spoiled.

Elder Njumba fled from his Hanyé out-station, his goods being seized by a man on an adultery charge. (This was the beginning of his final downfall.) Native funeral

mourning is short-lived. Good and sincere as was evangelist Etigani, only a month after Nabita's death, he came seeking another wife.

Early in May, a comfortable trip, that united the pleasure of a pic-nic with the work of itineration, was taken up the river fifteen miles to Sänge, for the locating of two young men as evangelists. Mrs. Nassau accompanied, and its exhilaration completed her convalescence from a fever that had threatened just two weeks before.

For three months, materials had been collected from the forest for the foundation - posts, &c, of the new Mbâde storey-and-a-half frame-house. Its erection was begun just after the return from Sänge. It was built connecting the west end of M.

Paul's bamboo-house, gable to gable, with a board platform covering the ten-foot space between the two. It was not quite complete before the 12th of July, when our infant George Paul was born. Thus had Mr. Nassau mused in one of his letters to America:—"Long before I went to Benita, in my regular Bible-readings, I would stop at an occasional verse that seemed to hold for me the promise of another little life that might shed some happiness on ours. I know that there is a good deal said about its being wrong to have children in Africa. I do not know, I tried to find something in the Bible, I prayed for teaching; but, perhaps my wishes misled; but, I could find only in God's Word that children are a blessing. After Willie went away, I longed so for the baby voice, the baby hands and feet, that I asked of my tender Heavenly Father, if it was His holy will."

And, so, when, a gift from God, the babe came where everything spoke of sainted George Paul, George Paul's Station, under George Paul's roof; in the only room George Paul had completed, no other name was thought of but "Paul"; it was a baptism in itself. There was no unusual

difficulty in the confinement; and, I watched Mrs Nassau successfully in her convalescence.

Natives came with hushed step and bated breath to look on the only white child most of them had seen, and the first born in that region.

In prudent overthought, I had provided a goat, for any emergency requiring fresh milk. But, one night, a leopard broke through the shed where the animal was tied, and, gnawing off her neck behind the rope, carried away the body.

The missionary company on Boniseo being reduced in August by the final return of Mrs Coleman to America, at the quarterly journey in September, Mrs Nassau accompanied me on a voyage, trying and disastrous (by theft, storms, and loss of anchor) to Couiseo, where one George Paull was baptised. There, Mrs Nassau remained to assist her friend Mrs Clark; and I returned to Benita to see to the embarkation, on Oct. 22^d, for Liberia, by a sailing vessel the "Hayward", of Mr Thompson, whose term of contract had expired. And, then, a sickness of Paull recalling me to Couiseo, the Benita house was closed for several weeks. I remained at Evangasimla, to assist at Mrs Clark's confinement; which was

successfully accomplished. I felt quite a satisfaction ^{that} in the cases of my own wife and of Mr. Labank, I was doing something to refute the common belief in the necessary fatality of white maternity in Africa.

Early in December, after the birth of Willie Clark, as we were about to return to Benita, a half-grown heifer was obtained from Libreville, and taken in the boat with us. On "Wana" were laid our hopes for Paull's safety. Not that he was sick or in need; but, I remembered our own Willie's starvation, and was making provision for emergency. There were no domestic cattle at either Bonisco or Benita (though wild oxen were common on the mainland) but, at the Gaboon Mission and with the French, there were a few cows, brought from St Paul de Loanda, the descendants of stock imported long before by the Portuguese.

1867

A very dangerous dysentery that seized Mrs. Nassau, in the early part of Feb'y, 1867, required Paull to be kept away from her. This, which would be an affliction to almost any child, was providentially relieved for him by a remarkable forgetfulness of her. When the violence of his mother's

disease was fast, and we thought to save for him his natural nourishment, he did not know her, and would not, until forced, take it. This compulsion was not well. Himself was seized with the same disease, but off finally from his natural nourishment, he refused the only artificial food we happened to have at Benita. There was desiccated and canned milk at the Corisco store-house fifty miles away, the last seventeen of which lay across the Bay. Tribal feuds between the Kombe, Bapuku, and Benga had become so intense that the monthly mail-boat ceased to come; and my Kombe, though kind enough, were too cowardly to be tempted by my offered rewards for a crew to go to Corisco for that milk to save Paul's life. And, there were no goats or sheep; leopards had destroyed most of them. But, in our hour of extremity, an English trader across the river, a Mr. Sutherland, heard of our need, found a goat which had recently kidded, and sent her to us. It seemed sent by God; and, we called her "Lomwengo" (sent). In Feb'y also

there was the good news of the arrival, on Jan'y 14, of two new missionaries at Corisco, Rev. and Mrs. Salomon Reutlinger, who were trying to revive the

Kaluku School, I entertained the hope that they would either relieve us, if failing health should compel a return to America, or assist in an up-river step, if health permitted our remaining.

My return in April, from the quarterly meeting, was signalled by a cheering visit from Mr. De Hen to Mr. Nassau, the boat being laden with abundant provisions from the recently-arrived "Edith Rose"; desiccated milk, and boxes of delicacies from private friends in America. We were flattered by the hope that little Paul, in spite of his previous course of suffering and oncoming teeth, would regain his rosy cheeks and plump legs.

Mr. Black, at Evangelasimba, needing a nurse for his little Willie, had written to Liberia, asking Charity Sneed (whom Mr. Ogden had sent back from America) to come. She assented, on condition that her mother accompany her. I then offered Mr. Black to take the mother into my employ. For, though I had a very helpful and devoted little nurse for Paul, Akā, Etiyani's betrothed, I wished to give Mr. Nassau more aid in the house. So, in July, Mrs. Sneed arrived. [For more than twenty years, she remained in the Mission, in the employ of several families, in

various services, a devoted christian friend.]

That Dry Season (usually the most healthful for foreigners) the mortality among the natives was great. Springs and streams, that had not previously failed, dried, and we used water whose inferiority was not fully appreciated, until, recognising, too late for little Paull, its aggravation of what had never entirely left him, we abandoned entirely the Upwango dark spring, and even the Hayë creek across the prairie, and found at Bolondo, two miles up the river's mouth, a clear little forest rivulet, whence our water was ever after carried by canoe in kegs or along the beach in jugs on men's shoulders.

But, in October ¹⁸⁶² my little one was fading away, and growing more beautiful as he faded. For an infant, he often evinced a strange love of beauty, by stopping his bearers on a ramble, and insisting on having a flower which older eyes had not detected; and, in public worship, he showed his satisfaction with music. On Dec. 11th, when he was seventeen months old, we wrote of him:—"Paull has been having a long hard time with his teeth.

He is eating the fourteenth; and they have made him very thin. I hope that he may now have a respite from them in which he may recover flesh and strength; for, I have plenty of goats' milk on which to feed him." And, on Dec. ¹⁸⁶⁷ 13th, he died.

Little Paul's grave was the first white grave at Benita. It was made in an open space not very far from the rear of the house. When the formal company had dispersed on the evening of that 13th of December, 1867, two Christian men returned to me secretly, and said, "D. Nassau, never tell who warned you, but we warn you to watch the grave." "Why?" They were reluctant to tell. My horrible suspicions insisted; for, I knew that portions of a dead body were valued by the heathen in the composition of fetiches, and, a portion from a white body would be especially valued. They replied, "It may be spoiled." "Surely none here would do so?" "No, perhaps not just here, nor to-day; but other people, and after awhile". I kept their secret from all but Paul's mother. And, while we kept up the fiction of visiting the original grave-spot, she consented to a removal to the flower-garden, where the loosened earth and our

frequent visits would not arouse suspicion. I dug the new grave alone one dark night; and she and I made the removal. [A year later, when the tomb-stone arrived from America, for erection in a third spot (a chosen cemetery) I again, at night alone, made the removal back to the original spot, in order that the natives might see by the day-light, the final transfer.] It was dreadful; but, it was the only way by which we could sleep quietly, and feel sure that our little one's form was safe from heathen desecration.

1868

A new surf-boat, larger than the "Manji" (the one belonging to Corisco) some 26 ft long, 6 ft beam, sharp at both ends for meeting waves either way, and capable of being either rowed or sailed, was sent to us at Berita, by personal orders of mine in Lawrenceville, N.J. and of Mr. Paul's in Suva, Pa., and other places. The money for it had been given in 1865; but, transport from New York was not found until 1868. We called it the "Berita". Mr. Tassan went in it in Feb'y 1868 to Corisco, to assist Mr. and Mrs. Clark and their family in the preparations for their final departure to America,

on the 12th of the following March.

And, five days later, on Tuesday, Mar. 17th, ¹⁸⁶⁸ their vacant places were taken by the arrival from America of Rev. J. and Mrs. Menaul, and Miss I. A. Vassar.

My father had finally allowed my sister to follow me to Africa. But, knowing that most passengers on the African steamers had (at that time) a bad reputation that made it undesirable for an unmarried lady to travel alone, he had written to Liverpool, inquiring as to the character of the several captains. Capt. John Davis was favorably mentioned to him. Capt. Davis was a typical seaman in appearance, but possessed of a most honorable heart. Invalid English ladies, going on a tour to the Canary islands, preferred to go in ^{his} care. My sister had been consigned to his special care. He took paternal possession of her, and gave her many special privileges. She was thus protected from the ridicule and even insults to which missionaries were often subjected by the other passengers. How far that ridicule would be carried depended largely on the personality of the missionary. Unfortunately, Mr. and Mrs. Menaul revealed by their manner the fact that their early life

had grown up under humble conditions. The ship's officers gave them all the rights and privileges due to ordinary travelers. But, Mrs. Menaul resented that the Captain gave his protegee more than he did her. My sister was in no way responsible for the ridicule which others gave to the Menauls; but, somehow, Mrs. M. included her in her resentment. That was the state of affairs in which the party landed at Louisco. Mr. Tassan at once observed it, and wrote to me, advising that my sister should not be located on the island. Her advice was good, but, I failed to appreciate it. My sister also, having no unkind feelings toward the Menauls, decided to remain with them and assist in the proposed re-establishment of the Maluke School. Before doing this however, she came with Mr. Tassan to visit me at Benita.

The work on the mainland had grown. I had increased the number of out-stations, making one at Bolondo. Many had been added to the number of Christians. And, I had built a large bamboo church. But, shortly after my sister's arrival, an event occurred which

showed how we were yet in the wilderness, and how thin were the lines of the civilization we were cultivating.

An extensive conspiracy, after the manner of a "strike", was made by a portion of the community in the Upwari's villages near the Mbâdî house, who took advantage of some discontent about the prices paid for native provisions. This discontent, fomented by some young men, renegade christians, if I had been aware of it, could have been amicably settled by conference.

Invoking the power of Ukuku (the same oracle that had once assailed the Malukie School) they suddenly assembled, on a certain Friday afternoon at the Mbâdî house, offensively demanded their terms; and, without giving time for deliberation, threatened, in failure of immediate assent, the issue of a law, that (1) no more food should be sold to me. (2) no native should work for me. nor (3), should I be permitted to drink from my spring on the mission premises. Such tyranny, after the manner of Trades-Unions, was often practiced on their own incorrigible offenders, but, especially on foreign traders, to the point of forbidding the

lighting of a fire for cooking. The traders always
 conquered by bribes of rum.) Of course, I
 declined the threat. Heathen servants at once
 deserted the premises. The christians awaited
 my call. I considered: (1) Failure of native
 provisions was not important. I had a-
 bundant foreign supply in my store room.
 Their vegetables were their own, to sell as they
 pleased. (2) Cessation of work wrought no
 trouble; the men would miss their pay.
 Their labor was their own, to render as they
 pleased. (3) Water-supply I could obtain from
 the eaves of the roof of the house, by the daily
 rains. But, the spring was mine. To be
 ordered was galling. And, Mr. Tassan agreed
 with me that refraining from going to the
 spring would seem to be bowing to a power
 against which I had preached, which was
 based on a lie, and which stood in the eyes
 of the African as an idol in other heathen
 countries.

The next morning,
 Saturday, she assented that a public demonstration
 against Ukuku law should be made by my
 taking a bucket of water from the spring. Though
 she knew that the penalty ~~of~~ for ~~the~~ violation of its
 decrees, by a native, was instant death, and

that, at Louisco, threats against missionary
lives had been made by it, she bravely
took my good bye that morning.

The spring was several hundred yards from the
house, through a winding jungle-path. A spy
there, failing to dash the bucket from me, and
failed in his thrusts of a spear at my back,
left the water to be carried in triumph to
Mbândé, while he ran off to raise a mob in
the villages. My unexpected demonstration
made the younger heathen see that they had
gone too far. They rallied with the christians
to the protection of the Mission; warned me
that the mob was coming in the afternoon;
and applied for powder to assist in the
defence. While I was fastening the doors and
windows of the bamboo-house, Mrs. Vassar was
doing the same in her frame-house; and,
before I could join her, the mob was firing
on the premises. Rapid shots were exchanged
by the two parties; during which, as I crossed the
space between the two houses, Mr. Vassar
opened the door of his house as I knocked at it.
He and my sister, with Mrs. Sneed and two
native girls, were sitting on the floor in the
utér, calm and though pale, self-possessed,

their anxiety having been for me (as mine for them) lest the doors and windows had failed to be barred before the assailants came. It was a short, angry, ~~fast~~ bloodless fight of less than twenty minutes; and Ukukue was defeated.

My sister returned to her place at Loriso.

I had many helpful and affectionate christian assistants during my Benita years. But, the best of all, one who never failed me, was Itongolo. His history was a rare one. I had gone alone, to inspect the Hanje out-station. To go alone, in Africa, is not wise. There might be wild beasts; there might be sun-stroke. But, in those days, I was reveling in vigor. Crossing the wide river's mouth in a boat, I then started down the beach on a ten-mile walk to Hanje. The beach is cut by many creeks and one river. At the smaller streams, I either leaped them on a running jump; or, taking off my shoes and socks, waded. At the river, divesting myself of all clothing, and tying them in a bundle on top of my head, I swam the stream; and then dressed again. At Hanje, I examined the little school, encouraged the evangelist, held prayer, and started back on

the ten miles. Coming to the river which I had seen, I saw a shark in it, and hesitated to wendress. Hoping that some chance canoe would come, I crouched from the river under the shadow of the bushes at the top of the beach. Out on the ocean, I saw a canoe with two men fishing. Presently, they turned shoreward. Their motions were unusual and suspicious. I wondered why fishermen had guns. As their canoe landed just opposite to where I was lying, the younger of the two, as he sprang from it, broke into a laugh. They came to me, asking what I was doing there. I told them that I had been waiting for them to come and ferry me across the stream. They did so. And then, sitting on the gunwale, I preached to them Jesus. I had never before met them; and they knew of me only by reputation. Two weeks later, that younger one came to Mbâdë, saying that he wished to be a christian. I gave him employment, in order that I might have opportunity to watch and test him. Out of work-hours, when others were resting, he came to be taught to read. In evenings, when others were at the village dances, he was asking about the Bible. In

succession, I made him foreman of the work-
 men, and captain of the boat's crew; he
 became a church-member, an evangelist, a
 Ruling Elder, a candidate for the Ministry,
 was licensed; and, after years of test,
 was ordained. [After I had removed my
 ordaining hand, and welcomed him, he
 smiled and said, "Do you remember the
 first time we met?" "Yes; and I remember
 your laugh. You had guns. At what were
 you laughing?" "We had guns; for, the clan
 at that part of the coast was not friendly
 to our family. I laughed, not at the danger
 you were in (for, he and I were coming
 ashore to shoot an animal we saw lying
 under some bushes) but, but at the thought
 of how my eyes had deceived me, in finding
 that the animal was you."] He was the one
 native christian whom I never had to
 rebuke. He was my protegee into the Ministry;
 and I thought him the most spiritual of
 the native members of Presbytery.

On my journey to the quarterly ^{early} mission meeting
 on Conisco, in July, I found a distressing condition
 of affairs. When Mr. and Mrs. Clark left the Mission,
 their child's nurse, Charity Sneed, remained, and

became my sister's personal assistant. Sister
 took her as her friend and companion; taught
 her refinement of manner, and the value
 of books. Charity was bright and quick to
 acquire; and, having a commendable self-
 respect, set for herself some high goals in
 ambition; among others, that she would
 marry only a white man. Living in Mr.
 Menaul's house, she came in contact with
 his protegee, a Benga^{young} man, Sukarnjo, who
 also had some high opinions of himself.
 He sought Charity in marriage. She refused
 him, in an unnecessarily insulting words.
 From his native point of view of women, he
 felt indignant that the favor (?) he was
 offering her should be despised. Unfortunately,
 also, Charity, observing in Mr and Mrs Menaul
 the traits that had brought ridicule upon them
 on the steamer, had herself failed in courtesy
 to them. All these things had aroused Sukarnjo's
 wrath; and one day, entering the house with
 a whip, he threatened Charity. She fled to my
 sister's room, and sought refuge behind her.
 He pursued, and swinging the whip at Charity,
 the blow fell on my sister. This story almost
 swept me from my moorings, particularly as

nothing had been done to furnish my sister's assailant. And, worse still, when I heard of an action which the church session had taken against Charity. From its beginning, that church had allowed an unpresbyterian policy of permitting the clerical members of the Mission to sit and vote as part of the church-session. Charity was not a member of the Corisco church. She held her membership in Mouroud. It is true that a Pastor may privately advise an unworthy member of some other church not to come to the Table. But, the Corisco session (including the three Corisco clergymen) had formally, in session, judged her, in her absence, and without notification; and had decided that publicly on Sunday she should be forbidden the Table. Whatever wrong there was in Charity's conduct, it was lawless that she should be treated in this manner. I went to Mr. Reutlinger, and requested that he would notify her in advance. He admitted that that was the proper mode; and did so. So, on Sunday, Charity was publicly debarred from the Table. And, shortly afterward, Sukunjo was appointed as an evangelist! It was with difficulty that I controlled myself. But, I told my sister that she must prepare

to leave Corisco, when I should again come in October.

I had some troubles, on my return to my Berita home: - The cow Wana, which I had brought from Gaboon, for the possibility of need of its milk, calved; but, the calf died. Under such circumstances, the native cows immediately go dry: - Tethering my cow and bull was trying to the animals; and, as I had no fences, the two often damaged the native gardens. I had a compact with the Komba chiefs, in which I agreed to pay for all damages; and the people were satisfied. But, that compact had not been extended to the next-interior tribe; and, one of its men had shot the bull. I recovered its body for meat; but, could obtain no other satisfaction: - I had observed loss of goods from my store-room; but could not imagine how there could be stealing from a locked room. I saw a woman wearing a special cloth, which I recognised; she told me that a certain man, Beram, had given it to her. He confessed; he had entered the store by a duplicate key. I summoned the chiefs. They ordered him to pay back the list of articles I reported as lost. He promised to do so. But, as he was slow in keeping his

promise, I was exceedingly gratified at a demonstration by a crowd of young men. They went to his Upewango village, where (with my goods) he was building an unusually large and comfortable bamboo house. They dug all around it, to loosen the hold of the saplings in the ground; and then, lifting it bodily, carried it on their shoulders to my premises, where at once, it made convenient addition to my out-houses.

The isolation of the Benita life was relieved by my bringing Mr. Leiden to visit Mr. Nassau on return from quarterly meeting in the first week of Oct. 1868, and, by the formal transfer of Miss Nassau and charity Sneed from Corisco to Kombe, a week later.

As my sister had no other duties at the Station, she gave her whole time and interest to Teaching. The little day-school, under Mr. Nassau's hands, with her household cares and maternal duties, had necessarily been irregular. My sister made it very regular and more formal. Boys and girls, young men and young women, flocked daily to the "reception-room" of the bamboo-house, as the "school-room". They came, some of them, with very little clothing, I remember one

half-dad had. He is now the senior member
 of the Coisico Presbytery, the Rev. Frank S. Myongo,

On November 12th, 1868, my son
 Charles Francis was born. I took much satis-
 faction that this confinement (the third at which
 I had presided) so successfully sustained me in
 my contention that white maternity in Africa
 was not necessarily fatal.

Two Portuguese slaves, Louis and his wife
 Joan, fleeing from the adjacent island of
 Principe, fell on the Bataiza coast, more than
 seventy miles north of Benita, and ran
 many hair-breadth escapes, hiding by day in
 the forest, and at night gathering shell-fish on
 the beach and plantains from the gardens,
 which they cooked in their only utensil, a small
 iron pot, with fire from flint and steel. Thus
 they had wandered aimlessly down the coast,
 until one day in December, they were discovered
 by some young men of Hayi village. Fleeing
 along the beach, they observed the boat-shed
 and dwelling-house; and, assuming that the
 owner of so much wealth was necessarily a
 white man, and preferring service with him
 rather than capture by their own color, came
 rushing up the bluff, into the room where Miss

Nassau was surrounded by her afternoon school, and, on their knees implored protection, in the name of the Virgin Mary (of whom they had heard from the Portuguese priests). The Hayè pursuers quickly followed, armed with spears, guns, and cutlasses, and dared to enter the room (where the excitement had put an end to the lessons). But, they respected the right of sanctuary, and did no violence.

To withdraw the noise and confusion, which would necessarily follow for several days until my right as protector should be established, and to give quiet to Mrs. Nassau still confined to her room, I committed Louis and Joan to the temporary care of Isanga, a church-member, living in the adjacent village of Upwanjo. For several days there was intense excitement. Hayè people made demand for the fugitives, on the ground of discovery. But, not being able to say that they had had actual possession, their claim failed:— Then, the fact of the fugitives being in Upwanjo was mis-constructed by Hayè that they were a secret gift to a family of which Hayè was jealous:— Then, an altercation between the two families in the street of Upwanjo:— Then,

Isanga's weak heart, daring to face the church and community, and retain as slaves those who had been entrusted as boarders, and, after various subterfuges, refusing to give them up:— Then, a most affecting meeting of the church-members, to plead with their erring brother:— Then, a secret embassy at night, from the community, to inquire (strange fatuity of native duplicity!) whether I really wished the freedom of those slaves, or whether I was not actually playing into Isanga's hands:— Then, the escape of the fugitives, by the assistance of Hage slaves and the connivance of one of my servants, a Mpougwe:— Then, Isanga's violent attack on my premises and servants:— Finally, the assemblage of the elders of the villages, to condemn Ufwanjo, to establish my right, and to receive from me the publication of the freedom of Louis and Joan, and their reception into my paid service.

1869

Experience in previous cases had taught me to have on hand, for the mother and babe, food for all possible emergencies. Just before I started to Louis, for the January quarterly meeting, I weighed ^{babe} Charles. He lay naked in the scales, and lifted $13\frac{1}{4}$ lbs.

That I thought very good, for six weeks' age. He was using only goat's milk. At first, his mother had plenty of milk; but, it failed, and dried away. Indeed Charley weaned himself; for, even while his mother had the natural supply, he had turned from it; it looked and tasted badly. We did not much regret. He would be saved from inhibiting Fever, his eating was regular; he had plenty of it; his digestion was admirable; and he was growing fat. The presence and aid of Mrs. Sneed was a perfect blessing.

Rev. and Mrs. S. Rautlinger were transferred from Corisco to Benita, at the quarterly ^{January} 1869 meeting. They came in February; and, we felt as if the wilderness was blossoming.

My sister was not only an excellent teacher, but she possessed also efficient administrative abilities. She had no opportunity of gratifying them at Mbade, where her only duty was in the day-school. She wished for a station of her own, where, with Charity Sneed, she could have a boarding-school, that would be under her control. To gratify her, I enlarged the Bolondo out-station, and spent a hard month, going there every morning in a canoe, to superintend.

the building of a comfortable bamboo house on posts, returning home in the evening; my noon meal being sent to me by Mrs. Nassau.

During the building of that house, our household was, in the month of Feb'y, comparatively large; and, the refreshment of society was reviving to Mrs. Nassau. At no time before were there so many civilised friends near us; Miss Nassau awaiting the completion of her house; Rev. and Mrs. Reutlinger planning an advance up the river; and Rev. and Mrs. Walker, visiting from Gaboon, having come on invitation to baptise baby Charley.

Mr. Reutlinger sympathised with me in my hope for the establishment of an Industrial School. We talked about the possibility of a saw-mill at Yovi Falls. While he was up the Bonito, on an exploration of a practicable route across the ridges of the Sierra del Crystal, he was seized with erysipelas in the face. A swift messenger was sent to me. With extra attendants, I hastened on a two days' journey, scarcely sleeping day or night, to meet him on his slow return. In a hammock and by boat, he was brought safely to Mbâdè. But, lingering, he died, in July.

The man Njumba, after a long course of hypochondria,

in which he succeeded in deceiving both the Mission and church, and had been trusted as evangelist and church Elder, had finally been degraded and excommunicated, for his repeated adulteries. Unable to get work with us, and having by thefts exhausted all credit at the traders' houses, he employed his wife as a decoy to my refugee Louis. And, when the latter fell into the trap, set up an outcry as an injured husband; and, one day, about July, made an attack on Louis on the Mbâde premises, seizing all his goods, and threatening to take him as slave. In my indignation

at Louis, for bringing himself into disgrace, I failed to see the duty of resenting his persecutor's outrage against my premises, and sat still in the waiting-room of the old bamboo house, while a great hubbub was going on in the out-houses. Several young men, in the lead of a young friend, Bedeka, presently interfered, and prevented Louis being enslaved, the latter consenting to pay, from his wages, a fine. To that agreement I was no party, as I declined to treat with the assailant. But, I did promise Bedeka that, until he should consider sufficient fine to have been paid, I would not assist Louis to

run away. Poor Joan, in the attack, had been fleeced of all her own hard earnings (even of clothing that Mrs. Vassau had given her, except a duck, which she brought to Mrs. Vassau and deposited under her protection in our house. The prosecutor, emboldened by my neglect to interfere for Louis, came ^{alone} to the door of the room where my wife and I were sitting, and daringly said, "I am going through your house, to search for and take that duck". Mrs. Vassau exclaimed, "You slave of adultery, go out of this house!" Drawing a butcher-knife, with a flourish, he said, "I'll kill you both to-day!"

A few weeks later, ^{in August} when we were going on a journey to Libreville, Beduka was induced to say that the fine had been sufficient. Joan and her husband were taken into the boat just as it pushed off from the shore, too late for interference; and were finally delivered to the protection of the French at Gaboon. It was a dangerous boat-journey, made for baby Charley's sake; for, our goats had some disease, of which they died. He gained rapidly during a two months stay with his mother at the Gaboon Baraka home. On his return to Benita, were brought a cow and calf and a Mpongwe had to take care of them. To

prevent damages on the native gardens, I tethered the cow, changing the spot from day to day, where she fed on the prairie-grass.

On my return from Gaboon, that Louis' affair cost me a vast amount of vexation [It was not finally settled, until long after, and when Mrs. Nassau was in her grave, in self-defence, I, for the first time in my African years, took up a weapon of offence. I summoned the chiefs of the villages, and laying before them on a table, my Winchester rifle (a gift from my wife) and ammunition, I calmly told them that they were the Law to which I appealed, and, that, if they failed me, I would myself execute Law on the offender who had threatened the life of myself and wife, if he again came on my premises. My calmness impressed them. They told me that he should not come again. How they accomplished it, I never knew. Nor, do I know what became of him. Before that, they had done nothing to stop him. In all his mis-deeds, not more than half-a-dozen heathen had actively sympathised with him.

In October, we were alone again at Mbâdê, Mr. Rentlinger having transferred himself to the Gaboon Mission, to assist Mr. Walker

in the Bereka School.

Miss Nassau's failing health, and her departure, in Dec., 1869 (attended by Chas. Sneed) on a three months vacation, to visit the Scotch U. P. Mission at Old Calabar, required the closing of Bolondo.

1870

When, in January 1870, I went on the quarterly journey to Boniso, Mrs. Nassau and our babe would have been entirely alone, like as in the early days of Bereka pioneering, had it not been for the presence of a welcome visitor, Capt. W. R. Browne, ^{a Christian gentleman} trade-agent at Libreville for the only American firm there, and the only trader who did not permit liquor to be used in his business with the natives. Mr. Sneed went with me to Boniso, lent in Mrs. Nassau's womanly sympathy to be with Mrs. Menaul in her expected confinement. Mr. Menaul had found no native woman on the island who could be helpful at that line; nor had the Bonga people been ^{as} friendly to him as they had been to his predecessors.

Mrs. Nassau's own health was not vigorous. It was time, after more than five years of pioneering work, that she should leave with me a furlough after my nine years. We wrote

for relief. Mrs. Vassan closed a letter to one of her
 agents, saying, "May the Lord spare us all to meet
 again on earth. Such meeting seems a long
 way off." The wished-for "meeting"
 that seemed "a long way off", became, by the
 decisions of that January mission-session, farther
 off, even hopeless. The announcements, at that
 time, of the intended American furloughs of
 Rev. Messrs Menard and DeKee and their wives,
 in respectively four and six months, and the
 transfer of the Evangelicalia store-house
 and Mission head-quarters, from Louisa to
 Benite, would leave us, the last family in the
 mission-field, and the responsibility of its
 entire work on our utterly-wearied hands.
 It was cruel that the Church, which we had
 endeavored so faithfully to serve, had allowed
 us thus to stand alone in the fight with
 heathenism and ill-health.

My wife, on being informed of the arrangements
 that tied me to Benite, refused to leave me;
 and immediately wrote to America a long list
 of garments for a two years supply to her
 wardrobe, both of us having permitted our stock
 of every thing, even of clothing, to diminish to a
 minimum, in expectation of our post being

relieved.

In the middle of February, ¹⁸⁷⁰ on a Sunday morning, the mission-boat was seen approaching our beach. At once there came the thought that there must be some unusual reason; for that boat did not travel on Sunday. It had started on Saturday evening, and brought a letter from Mr. Menaul begging me to come to him, as his wife was dangerously ill. Her babe, a little girl, was nine days old, and Mr. Menaul had been taken suddenly worse on the Sat. afternoon. I started with the men that Sunday evening, carrying to Mr. Menaul Mr. Nassau's generous offer to care for the babe (if it was motherless) the while he yet would be staying in Africa. Mr. Menaul was still living when I reached Bonisco; but, the next day she died. The Benga people had not been kind to Mr. Menaul, and he did not wish his wife to be buried among them. So, the next day I started back to Benita, with the remains carefully placed in a coffin in the boat, and the distressed father, and Mr. Sneed in care of Mr. his little Bessie. The interment was made in our Benita cemetery.

Mr. Nassau's sympathy for Mr. Menaul and ^{her} care for his babe (as our Chauncy monopolised Mr. Sneed)

revived him from disheartenment; and, as our own time was taken up with superintending the building of the church (voluntarily begun by the people) he vigorously occupied himself with the re-erection of the iron store-house that had been brought from Evangelosimba, (which thence was abandoned as a white station.)

In March, my sister and Charity Sneed were back from their three months visit at Lalaba.

In April, Mr. Maxwell left with his babe, in a small sailing vessel, north to Fernando Po, and thence by steamer to Ireland and America. [He did not return to Africa.]

In June, Rev. and Mrs. Betters left Elongo, for their furlough in the United States. By their departure, there remained on the field only my three, Mrs. Vassar, my sister, and myself; just as, at Gaboon, there remained only Mr. and Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Rentschler. The Gaboon Mission had not then been transferred from the A. B. C. F. M.; but, the reciprocal loneliness of the two Missions bridged over the narrow separating line in Africa before that line had been removed in America.

Occasionally, there came a gleam of hope of reinforcement that left the shadow darker, when

it failed. Expected food and other supplies from America did not come; and, as our own store-house was exhausted, we would have had to rely on native provisions, except for the occasional gifts of trading-vessels.

Because of tribal quarrels between the Kombe of Benita, the Benga of Corisco, and the Mpongwe of Gaboon, we were dependant for the sending and reception of letters on irregular, transient trading-vessels. While their run-traffic and the disolute lives of some of those connected with it distressed us in our work, their personal kindness to ourselves constantly merited our thanks.

Our own eyes had seen the danger of a too-long continuance at the Benita post. Anxious relatives had written, "do not longer stay; come back to America and recruit". But, they had not intimated that there would be no dishonor in leaving our post. So, we three stood.

And, still we planned for the future.

So, I did not think strangely of Mr Nassau's lying long on the lounge, as, hopeless of receiving any thing from New York, I sat, Tuesday Aug. 30, writing out a large order to Glasgow for supplies. The next morning, I was called from the

daily market, he found her in a severe chill. On Sunday, Sept. 4th, the chill returned with more frightful power. The congestive Remittent was no longer mistakeable; and its violence caused a miscarriage of an incipient maternity.

There was one hope. The vitality that had lasted a week, where others had sunk in three days, if transferred to a steamer for England, might survive. I could close Abâde, and leave my sister at Bolondo with ^{charity} ~~them~~ I need. Fernando Po, with a chance for a steamer, was 160 miles north over a route I was not acquainted with. Libreville, with a chance for a steamer was 90 miles south over a route I knew. Tribal quarrels made it impossible for me to go with my own boat and Koube crew. For, at Cape St John, a Benga Chief had made threats, on false suspicion, that I had prejudiced a white trader against him. But, across the river, was a Sierra Leone colored trader, Hamilton, who was willing to loan me his boat and crew, whom he could control by his personal presence, to the limit of the next tide, the Bafucku, at Aje.

So, very early on Friday, Sept. 9th, a mattress having been placed on a frame in the bottom of the open

boat, Mrs. Tassau was laid on it, and Mr. Sneed and Charley and baggage for a possible journey to England. That night we anchored off of Age; and Mr. Hamilton went ashore, to get a new crew, and he would go back to his trading-house with his own crew and a borrowed canoe.

I resumed the journey by 3 A.M., of Sat'y¹⁸⁷⁰, facing opposing winds all day. Mrs. Tassau was growing weaker, though she kept a conscious knowledge of the journey, inquiring from time to time what progress was being made. At night, I rounded Cape St John, and she spoke of the hope of resting, by 9 P.M., over the coming Sabbath, at Elobi island. Wind and tide finally were favorable, and we would have been there by mid-night.

I had not eaten or slept for forty hours. Sitting by the helmsman, at the stern, I fell asleep. Suddenly waking, I stooped under the curtain that covered Mrs. Tassau's mattraes, to inquire as to her wishes. She had passed away! But, so recently that her body was yet warm.

I turned the boat back toward Cape St John, and reached Mbädë early in the afternoon of Sunday the 11th. The natives

were most kind and sympathetic. A funeral company gathered on Monday; my Siena Leone friend; three white men from the ships and trading-houses on the other side of the river; my sister and Chaif Sneed; Mrs Sneed and Chaifley; all the prominent chiefs of the region; educated Christians; heathen men and women who had been recipients of Mr. Vassar's gentle kindness; representations from more than twenty miles distant. And, the burial was made in the Benita Cemetery where our little Paul had been laid.

Because of the continued tribal quarrels, my Kombes could not take me to Corisco, where I was to conduct the quarterly Commerce. But, on Sept. 28th, I obtained passage on a transient trading schooner.

Here, I engaged a boat and Benga crew who would take me to Cape St John, where I said I intended to stop and see that Benga man who had made threats against me. Scores of friendly Bengas came to express regret that their only remaining missionary should be slandered by one of their own tribe. They feared for me; and four of them got another boat in which to escort and (if need were) protect me.

In the chiefs village on Cape St John, my truth was so ^{obvious} ~~apparent~~ that the enemy became again a friend.

Apparently deserted by my Church of America, in service for which I had sacrificed everything, I still remained with my sister and my little boy at my lonely post. I was a soldier. I was to "hold the fort", even if I died. I expected to die. For that, some, in my going to Africa ten years before, had called me a fool. I did not care for myself. But, I was anxious about my child. He was in good health, and in Mrs. Sneed's admirable care. But, if I should die, what would become of him?

1871

One of the weaknesses for foreigners, under the African climate, is that, after too long a stay, ~~invalide~~ lose somewhat their memory. (On return to their own country, they recover it.) Mrs. Walker wrote to me early in 1871, from Libreville, "I fear that Mr. Walker is losing his mind. We ought to leave Africa, but he won't leave Baraka. Can you do anything for him?" I do not know what she meant. Perhaps, only an appeal to my medical knowledge. But, I, anxious for my child, answered her that, I would

save her husband if she would save my child.

Mr. Walker was waiting for Rev. Dr. Bushnell's return. The Dr. had a habit of using the word "expect" in the sense of "intend". He had written that he "expected" to be back at Baraka with recruits, in the beginning of April. He was a Presbyterian. The A. B. C. F. M., had transferred their Gaboon Mission to our Presbyterian Board. Mr. Walker was a Congregationalist, and he would leave on a vessel that was to sail from Gaboon for America, on April 1st. He asked me to come and occupy Baraka during only the few days which he had been led to believe would elapse between his departure and Dr. Bushnell's arrival. This was necessary in order to prevent our enemies, the French R. C. priests seizing the Baraka premises as "abandoned" property. So, I assented. I could die, as well at Baraka as at Mbâdë; only, my Charley would be safe with Mr. Walker, on his way to America. In order that he should not feel the pain of parting, under the charge of an entire stranger, I sent him, with Mr. Sneed, by a passing sailing vessel, a month in advance, to Libreville. He would not be unhappy under her devoted care. And, during the month's time, he would become acquainted and feel at home.

with Mr. and Mrs. Walker, Mr. Rautlinger, and Mr. Walker's Juanita, an educated Liberian mulatto young lady.

Then, I closed the Mbade and Bolondo houses, leaving them and the premises in the care of reliable Krombe Christians. And, in my boat, the "Benita", with my sister and Charity Sneed, was at Libreville by April 11, 1871. Charity was happy. He had been most kindly cared for, in the Baraka Girls' School.

And, a few days later, he started for America, nominally in Mr. Walker's charge; but, she being in very weak health, the actual care was given by kind Mr. Rautlinger, relieved frequently by Juanita.

My sister and I took charge of the Baraka Schools, church and premises. It was a severe task. Expecting that, at most, it would be for not more than two weeks, we had brought little food with us. Mr. Walker, on the same basis, had sold away not only his food-supplies but some of his furniture. (The native purchasers allowed us the temporary use of it.) I had to send Charity Sneed in the boat back to Benita, for some of my own provisions there.

Sister and I were strangers to the Mpongwe; and did not know their language. Like all school-children,

some of the boys and girls took unkind advantage of this. We had come from Komba, a tribe despised by the proud Mpongwe, and some of that contempt was (perhaps unconsciously) reflected on us. We were only substitutes; "Father" Bushnell was waited for. There were very few of the adults who sustained us. Some of the older school-girls did "stand by" us, in ways that made me ever gratefully remember them. Among others, the two Dorsey daughters, Sarah and Belia; and the two Harrington girls, my little friends of eight years before, Ajiva and Angentywa. I was suffering with eczema on my thighs, which I had had at frequent intervals for several years. It would have been easy, and would have saved some vexation, as a matter of discipline, to have dismissed pupils for disobedience or disrespect. But, I braced myself, in facing all those difficulties, with a commendable pride that the School should not deteriorate under my control, and that I should hand over to Dr. Bushnell all the number of pupils that Mr. Walker had handed over to me.

The "expected" arrival of Dr. Bushnell was a failure. April passed. May passed. He did not come until June 11th. Kind Mr. Bushnell came ashore that very

night, to relieve my sister's cares. And, the next day, followed Dr. Bushnell, Rev. S. H. and Mrs. Murphy, Rev. and Mrs. De Bruyn Kops, Rev. S. L. Gillespie, and Miss Boughton (a cousin of Mrs. Bushnell.)

After a proper delay, for welcomes and new arrangements, I returned with my sister and Charity Smed to Benita.

Later, Mr. and Mrs. Murphy came and took my place at Mbâdè; and Mr. and Mrs. Kops my sister's at Bolondo. Mr. Gillespie was disappointed that he had not been chosen as my successor. His disappointment was deepened, when, then, he was refused permission to pioneer some new Station. (This, on our Mission rule, not to send a new man alone to a new Station.)

While they had been still in the United States, Messrs. Bushnell and Decker, in telling the tragedy of Mrs. Nassau's death in that little sail boat, impressed on the Board the duty of giving the Mission better means of travel. They were authorised to buy some yacht, on their way back, to England. On a hasty survey, Dr. B. found nothing there, to suit. But, on his arrival at Libreville, there was lying there, for sale, a 40-ton yacht, that had been a German merchant's, for his family use. Desiring something new, he had sent this one,

the "Elfe", out to Africa, for trading purposes. But, its spacious cabin and other conveniences, were not valued, where was needed only a hold's space for barrels and boxes. So, in a few days, it was ours, for \$2500., except that she had to fulfill a ~~contract~~^{month's} trade contract. And, then, another month for re-fitting. And, in August, she made her first missionary trip. It was to Benita, with the new missionaries. The white captain, unacquainted with the river-bar, anchored outside. I went off in a canoe with two native pilots; and the captain temporarily gave me command, as we safely went over the bar to a quiet anchorage near the cove. A proud

half-hour of captaincy! To give the little vessel its first introduction to the crowd of natives that lined the shore to greet the new missionaries. But, a sad hour for memory. That comfortable vessel, safe in storm, protective against the sun's fierce rays; the ~~first~~^{new} and hopeful reinforcement; the deck covered with hundreds of dollars worth of goods, provisions and delicacies, long-before ordered, strangely delayed, just then freshly arrived; in the hold, the monument stones for my wife's grave. Had this

vessel, or those supplies, or that reinforcement
been sent a year sooner, infancy and sickness
would not have been rationed, and those stones
need not have been carved.

Leaving Mbádè in Mr. Murphy's hands, on Oct. 2', in
company with Mr. Gillespie, on the "Elfe", I went
to Borisco as guest of Mr. Ibiya, into whose hands
Evangasimba had been placed. I wished to have
his aid completing my translation of the
Psalms. Traveling at sea always caused me
constipation; and, on the "Elfe", it became
extreme, resulting in piles, and a most
painful anal fissure.

After spending four weeks on Borisco, I returned
to Benita, and handed over the entire control
of Mbádè to Mr. Murphy. And then spent several
weeks, during November, in packing baggage,
and boxes of curios. While there, Mr. George
Thomson, of the Glasgow family, was visitor.
My sister and I, with Mr. Thomson, went on the
"Elfe" in the last of Nov. to Libreville, to await
for the days of uncomfortable sailing vessels were past.
a steamer for England; (Cherity Fred had
returned temporarily to Monrovia; her mother
remained in the Mission.)

After awaiting a week at Baraka, there came
the British steamer "Benin"; and, on Friday, Dec. 1',
sister and I boarded that vessel, for England.

Chapter XII
On Furlough
Dec. 1871 - April 1874

In the evening of that 1st of Dec, 1871, passing Corisco, I took a long look at the island that had been my home more than ten years before. As we passed Benite at night, I sang "Hear, my God, to Thee", and "There is no home so sweet on earth", in Benga. There were stoppages

at Fernando Po, on the 2^d. At Bonny, on the 3^d.

At Lagos, ~~on the~~ ^{the Niger mouth}, on the 4th.

At Lagos, on the ~~4th~~ ^{5th}; at Whydah, on the 6th.

At Jellah Coffe, on the 7th; out at sea, on the 8th and 9th.

At Cape Palmas, on the 10th.

Out at sea, on the 11th and 12th.

At Sierra Leone, on the 13th; where, in leaving, I was to lose sight of the African coast.

On the 14th - 19th, out at sea. I suffered excessively from the piles and fissure.

On the 20th, a magnificent sun-set view of the Teneriffe Peak, distant sixty miles.

On the 21st, at Teneriffe.

At Madeira, on the 22nd. Went ashore with sister.

There saw the fish little white gut I had seen for

ten years. At sea, on the 23^d; the most sea-sick day of the voyage. At sea, on Sunday 24th; I was too weak to comply with the captain's request for an Address at the religious Services.

At Lisbon Harbor, on the 25th.

Out at sea over the Bay of Biscay, on the 26th and 27th.

At sea, on the 28th and 29th.

In the Mersey river, on the 30th; and ashore at Liverpool in a hotel; but, left it, for private lodgings; and shopping.

Sunday 31st, at Services, with Mission-agent, Mr. Christie, in the church of Rev. Mr. Graham.

On January 1st, 1872, for a week's visiting, and receiving of visits; and making arrangements for the voyage to America.

And, on January 8th, left Liverpool for New York, on the steamer "City of New York."

The transatlantic voyage was a stormy one. While in the ice-berg region, there were masses of floating ice, one of which damaged the rudder, and broke the chain, by which, from the bridge, the rudder was guided. Until that chain could be repaired, the vessel lay at the mercy of the waves, the heavy blocks of ice banging in an alarming manner against the steamer's sides. That it

to preach the sermon in the evening. He rose, and
 excusing himself, remarked on my presence as
 providential
 a relief, and named me in his place. I shrank
 in my seat; I was weak, sick, and suffering;
 I felt myself a stranger in the civilization, from
 which I had so long been absent; was over-
 whelmed at the thought of speaking to the
 most difficult Presbyterian audience in America,
 before all those Professors and students. My
 brother-in-law, the Rev. Dr. Gasman, sitting behind
 me, saw my distress. He leaned over and said,
 "You need not, if you cannot; but, I wish
 that you would". That was enough. I have always
 done what was laid as a duty by any one whom
 I loved. But, I said, "I have no time in which
 to write an erudite essay on Mission Principles."
 He said, "Don't attempt it. Just tell us of it
 day's work". That gave me my cue, which I
 followed on scores of subsequent occasions.
 I left the church, and was taken, to rest and to
 prepare my thoughts, at the home of Rev. Prof.
 Dr. Casper Winter Hodge. The present Dr. Hodge of the
 University was then a little toddler in his mother's
 arms. She told him to "salute the gentleman".
 The child tried to say "gem'man". In the evening,
 I went to the church. I still was terrified. I

was night was all the more terrifying. Some of the ladies in the saloon asked Sister and myself for prayer.

Arriving at

New York on Feb'y 2^d, I hastened to Lawrenceville, to see my two sons. William, whom I had not seen for eight years, was in charge of his aunt, Miss Elizabeth Nassau; and Charles, temporarily, under care of my mother. My brother Joseph, of Warsaw, N.Y., who had buried his own little Charles, asked that he might have charge of him. I was quite willing; but, the latter relatives objected to the children being separated by such a distance. In the meantime, until Providence should open a door, he remained in Lawrenceville.

On Feb'y 19th, there was a Family Re-union; my parents, and all of us ten children. (It was the last.)

One of my first public experiences, after reaching my Lawrenceville home, occurred in Princeton. The Presbytery of New Brunswick was meeting there; and I went with my clerical relatives. Was most cordially greeted, especially by the Pastor of the 1st church, Rev. Dr. McDonald, and was seated as a corresponding member. The Committee of arrangements, in reporting, named the Rev. Dr. John Hall of Trenton,

declined to ascend the pulpit. I stood on the platform below. I was so confused by the new environments, that, not having worn gloves for ten years, I forgot to remove those which I had been told to wear in the United States.

I told my story of a Day's Mission-work. My heart was full. When I sat down, it was a rare honor that my beloved Professor, Rev. Dr. William Henry Green, came with others to take my hand, and told me that it was the most interesting missionary address to which he had ever listened. (He had heard many addresses, from some distinguished men.) Other men might have used those words as a passing compliment. Any one who knew Dr. Green would be sure that, with him, that was impossible.

During the following two years, I was called upon, in different parts of the country, while visiting my relatives and friends, for addresses on Missions. I carried with me, for several months, my local pain, trying to cure it ^{myself} by small local treatments; failing to recognise that something radical was needed.

Space will not allow me to mention the names of the hundreds of ladies and gentlemen whose acquaintance it became my privilege to make.

during the itinerations of those two years: distinguished men and women; Pastors of churches; Instructors in Institutions; officers in W. F. M. S. and other Societies, with some of whom I retain acquaintance to the present time. On these pages, I shall record only the localities and names of churches visited, and the families with whom I was guest. All these journeys and visits were made by request and appointment.

Some verses I had addressed to Mrs. Vassar in America in 1863, elicited from her a request for the composition of an extended article on "Africa". Occasion for compliance with her wish was not presented until my return in 1872, by a formal invitation for an Address at the Lawrenceville High School Literary Societies, in March of that year. I wrote it in verse. A few years later, I printed privately one hundred copies of the poem, distributing them to libraries, ministers, and friends.)

As Commissioner from the Presbytery of Lorisco, to the General Assembly, I went to Detroit, in May. The Committee of Arrangements located me in the home of a Mrs ^{Warner} ~~Walker~~, she having asked for me, as she had acquaintance with the Rev. Wm. Walker, of our Synod. At her table, I was kept constantly

talking about Africa.

Warner
Mrs. Warton had

an invalid daughter. The young lady, at school, had accidentally plunged headlong down a stairway, so severely injuring her spine that she lay helpless in bed, her nerves pained at any loud street noises or sharp conversation. Her mother told her of my African stories; and she wished to hear of them directly from me. I was invited to her bed-side. I carefully trod lightly, and spoke in a gentle voice. Her nerves were not pained; and, my visits to her room became a daily pleasure.

In the Assembly, I was on the Committee for Freedmen. The Fisk University Jubilee Singers had just then begun their first tour of the United States. Their white agent applied to the Committee for permission to be given a few minutes in which to sing some of their songs in the presence of the Assembly. We recognised the pure character of these songs, and the commendable effort of the Singers to obtain an education; and we reported to the Assembly a request that it interrupt its program for ten minutes, as an endorsement. Men who did not know of the worthy character of the Singers protested against the time of the Assembly being used for listening to

"negro minstrels;" and the request was refused. But, some of those same men, when they went to the public concert in the evening, and felt the sacredness of, "Swing low, sweet chariot," and listened to the agonised appeal of

"O! Lord, O! my Lord, O! my good Lord,

Keep me from sinking down,"

acknowledged that the jubilee singers were not a mere set of commercial minstrels.

The invalid Miss ^{Waller} ~~Waller~~ wished she could hear those singers. Recognising my interest in them, their agent assented to my request, and gave me a quartette, whom I brought to the lady's room, first having warned them to moderate their voices to the walls and the invalid's delicate nerves. She appreciated; and she was delighted.

In the W. F. M. S. meetings, I was introduced to Mrs J. W. Tillman (afterward Mrs Genl. Williams); to whose hospitable home I was invited, there meeting her charming young daughter Louise and many of her friends. Association with Mrs Williams friendship I maintained to the end of her life.

I had a prejudice against female physicians. I am ashamed now to confess that I thought their study of Anatomy a detraction

of their modesty and refinement. ^{Warner} Mrs. ~~Warner~~ had a daughter attending a Medical College. She was expected home on her vacation. I dreaded meeting her. But, on her arrival, when I met her in the parlor, she (without knowing my sentiments) disarmed me; and I was converted.

On my return from General Assembly, though I was still suffering with my local pain, that sometimes was torture, I began a two years series of missionary addresses among the churches and Societies.

Sunday, June 9th, at Bristol, Pa.; with Mr. and Mrs. Boileau and Elder Sweeney.

For the third Sunday of June, I went out from W. Philadelphia to the Maple church at Broomall, on invitation of the pastor, Rev. Dr. Hotalen, ^{on} the preceding Saturday. It was an eventful day. ~~I alighted from the stage coach, Dr. H. on the porch introduced~~ I alighted from the stage-coach, Dr. H. on the porch introduced to me an entire stranger, a visitor, Mr. Wm. Patton. Passing on into the parlor, I was introduced to a beautiful lady, Mrs. Patton. I was agreeably surprised at her cordiality, though I respectfully had seated myself on a sofa on the opposite side of the room. Presently, she arose, and seated herself by me, saying, "Tell me about Charley!" I was

pleased to talk about my child, though I had no idea of the basis of her interest in him. She asked me as to my summer plans; she told me of hers. And then, she requested that in the Fall I should bring the boy to visit her, which I was pleased to promise to do. I did not then know or think how much it was to mean in my son's life!

The fourth Sunday of June was at Stockton, N.J., the home of my sister Emma, wife of the pastor, the Rev. Wm. Swan. [From that church, later, went Mrs S. Hendricks to Africa, and Miss Kase to Japan.]

On Aug. 5th, I left Lawrenceville, for a week's tour of Chester Co. Pa., with my two children, to show them the localities of their mother's childhood, and to meet her relatives and girlhood acquaintances. With her aunt, Miss M. H. Latta, to Norristown Pa, and on the Chester Valley road to Lee's Station:— To the "Academy", on a carriage ride:— To the former home of Mrs. Vassar's father, James F. Latta, M.D.:— To the grave-yard and the church:— To Downingtown, and thence to Honeybrook, where Mrs. Vassar's uncle, Rev. W. W. Latta had been pastor:— To the Buchanan and Sampson families:— To the Prayer-meeting:— To the picnic ground, and Sabbath School

celebration, meeting scores of Mrs. Nassau's former friends:- Rev. and Mrs. W. P. White, and Rev. J. Thompson and family:- To Morestown, Rev. Mr. Hallifield; family of Dr. McCalure:- Sunday Aug. 11th, at the Fairview church, a touching Presentation of a Communion service for the Bernita church:- Back to Philadelphia with the two children and aunt Letta.

My local distress had become so great, after nine months of suffering, that I had finally to go to a physician. I was recommended to a Dr. McBaudles, on Arch st. He was a christian gentleman, and a competent doctor. But, the regular profession had barred him, because of his keeping secret the chemical constituents of two liquids which he used in his treatment of diseases of the anus. His advertisement said that it was painless, without knife, and not interfering with travel. True, there was no knife, and there was only the hour's delay, in his office. But, the application of the chemicals was not painless. And the frequent repetitions, over a course of several weeks, were in the end more painful than one day of a surgeon's knife with a week in a hospital. But, after a number of weeks I was cured. Back again to Lawrenceville, with Charley, on Aug. 13th.

On Aug. 15th, with sister Isabella, to Philadelphia; and thence to Warrior's mark, Pa., to my sister Matilda, wife of J. R. Lowrie, Esq. A delightful home, with park-like surroundings. Rev. Dr. S. J. Wilson, Pastor of the adjacent Birmingham church. Addressed several times. The ride to Birmingham a grand mountain sight; clear view across the Valley; Jersey mountain; two mountains; the gaps of the P. R. R., and of the canal; the Juniata river:— a ride past Huntingdon Furnace to Calverton and the Stewart family; along the creek, with its pines and spruces:— To Tyrone, the Rev. Mr. Moore, Pastor. Some of the days seemed almost "idle", with only reading and playing croquet. I wanted to talk to audiences. But, doubtless, the rest was good for me. Mr. Calhoun Stewart; Rev. and Mrs. Kelly; Mr. and Mrs. Smith of the Birmingham Female Seminary.

On Aug. 28th, went to visit my uncle, the Rev. Dr. Robert Hamill, at Lamont, Beruter Co.; on the way stopping at Pennsylvania Furnace, to see Mr. and Mrs. George Lyon; and also at Rev. Mr. Kelly's. My Hamill cousins; cousin Anna How: music with them. Carried my guitar with me to most places. Lamont; the church; the Thompson family; the Farm College, and its

President, Rev. Dr. Calder. The old Spring Creek church, and cemetery. Sunday at Farmout. On Sept. 2^d, back to Pennsylvania Furnace and Warrior's mark.

On Sept. 3^d, with sister Isabella, to Pittsburg, went to East Liberty, to call on the Rev. Dr. Black of the Female Seminary. The next day, to Greenbay, to visit the Paull family, Rev. and Mrs Stoneroad. On Sept. 6^d, back to Pittsburg, to Dr. Black's; and thence to Wooster, Ohio. Rev. Dr. Lord; and Mrs Murphy and Mrs Kofs (just arrived from Africa) Rev. Mr. Miller, Pastor of the Presbyterian church. Rev. Drs. Halliday and Gregory and their wives. Sunday at Wooster; W. F. M. S. meeting at Mrs. Smith's. Reception at Prof. Gregory's.

On Sept. 11^d, to Chicago and Burlington, Iowa, the home of my noble brother, Wm W. Nassau. M.D. Sister and I welcomed by his family. Rev. Dr. McBlintock, Pastor of the Presbyterian church; R. M. Green, Esq. Sunday the 13^d at church and Sunday School. On the 16^d, Mr. Heizer, of Kassau, called to engage me for the next Sunday. rode around the town. Fine view of bridges, river, islands, cars, boats, rafts, and vineyards. Entertainments and Receptions.

Rev. Dr. Walter, Pastor of the Congregational church. On Saty 21^d, to Kassau, for the Service on Sunday.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Scott. After service in the morning, Mr. Heizer took me in a carriage to Burlington, for a service in Rev. Dr. Satter's church. More Receptions.

Went to Mr. Pleasant, Rev. Mr. Tappan, on Sat'y 28th, and, on Sunday, at his church; Mr. Whiting, Sab. Sch. Supt. On Sept. 30th, back to Burlington. Good-bye to Mrs. Bascom, and to the Green and Schenk families. Left sister Seabell sick. At night, started for Chicago.

Next day, Oct. 1st, at Mr. Thos. Lord's, of Lord, Smith and Co. To the Theol. Sem'y.; addressed the students; Rev. Dr. Blackburn. Rode through the city - sights, along the Lake; Lincoln Park, water-works, &c. Walked the streets. At night, left for Detroit.

On Oct. 3rd, at Detroit, called at Mrs. Warner's, and at Mrs. Tillman's. Mr. and Mrs. Bonant; Rev. Dr. Hogarth; Miss Louise Tillman; Mr. Fred. Wetmore. In evening of 4th, left for Rochester, N.Y.

Sat'y, Oct. 5th, at Rochester. Rev. Mr. Morey. Elwanger and Barry's fine Nursery; beautiful trees and flowers. Rev. Dr. Campbell.

On Sunday 6th, assisted at the Communion. The Cook Family (whose daughter Jane, was preparing for Africa). To the Brick church, Rev. Dr. Shaw. In evening, at Rev. Mr. Morey's.

On Oct. 7th, to Canandaigua; Miss Reese; Rev. W. M. Stone;

Judge Comstock (formerly of Warsaw, N.Y.). On 8th, returned to Rochester. The sights of the city; the Tower, Mt Hope Cemetery, Erie Canal, Genesee Falls and river gorge, Lake Ontario. Mrs. Hling. At Prayer meeting, addressed the church of Rev. Dr. Campbell. Evening of 9th, lectured at Rev. Dr. Shaw's church.

On Oct. 10th, left Rochester, for Warsaw, N.Y., the home of my eldest brother, Rev. Dr. J. E. Vassar, Pastor of the Presbyterian church. His wife and family; Mrs. Silliman; Mr. Burston. On 11th, rode around the town; to cemetery. Plucked a piece of rose bush from brother's little Charley's grave, to plant on my little Paul's, on my return to Africa. (I had then no idea that I would be long delayed in the U.S.) The Frank family; the Pattersons; the Millers; the Fishers. Receptions. On Sunday, 13th, preached twice, and at Sab. Sch. Visiting; and conversations on Africa.

Oct. 15th, left Warsaw for Rochester, and next day to Canandaigua, for meeting of Synod of Geneva. Rev. Drs. H. R. Wilson, J. A. Henry, A. M. Stowe, Boardman and Hickok. At Judge Comstock's. In evening, made address, with five other speakers. Next morning, enjoyed Sab. Sch. singing with the ladies in the parlor. In afternoon, back to Warsaw. More Receptions. The Dudley family; Rev and Mrs. A. B. Morse,

of Wyoming, N.Y. Went with them there. On Sunday, Oct. 20, in the Wyoming church and Sab. Sch. Tended memories of the Skinner family, of fifteen years before. Returned to Warsaw, for services in the evening in brother's church. On Monday,

Oct. 21, rode with Mr. Fisher in his carriage twenty miles to Leroy, to Presbytery, Mr. Prentiss. On Tuesday evening, addresses by myself, the Sec'y for Freedmen, Rev. S. Jessup of Ayer, and Rev. Dr. Kendall of Home Mission Board. On the Wed'y, to the Ingham University. Dined at Rev. Dr. Taylor's. Alarming accounts of the "Horse-distemper". Returned to Warsaw.

Again at Warsaw, I visited at Mr. Chauncy Buxton's; saw his little grand-daughters Helen Comstock; and remembered her lovely mother.

On Sat'y 26, to Medina, N.Y., Rev. Mr. Merrill, Pastor. The next day was cold and rainy; this, and the horse-distemper prevented some from coming to church. A small audience; the most uninterested of any I addressed during my two years' series. Mr. and Mrs. Merrill were very cordial. Had the pleasure of meeting Kennan, the Siberian traveler.

On the Monday, returned to Rochester. Mrs. Alling, and a W.F.M.S. meeting. On to Spencerport, Rev. A. M. A. Thorburn, Pastor. A crowded and most interesting meeting in the evening.

On the 29th, back to Rochester, and thence to Albany,
Welcomed in the evening, at Greenbush, in the
home of Elder James H. Pratt. The next day to the
Medical College, and made an appointment for
the afternoon; at which time I asked the students
for volunteers to Africa. At night, left
for New York, the next day, at the Mission House;
and at the Rev. Mr. Ruliffson's Training School,
where I met Miss Lusk. In the afternoon

on to Philadelphia, where I had an appointment
for the evening, at Rev. Dr. Withrow's, Arch St church,
by 8.30. P.M. Too late; as others were on the program
in my place. Was introduced to Mrs. Grier. She
was a rare W.F.M.S. President. I was often in
her office. I did not have to tell her anything
about the geography of our Mission, or the
location of the Stations. She always wished to
be informed about the natives and my
associates.

The next day, Nov. 1st, at
Trenton, I found my boxes from Africa, that had
been detained in the New York Custom House.
And, I returned to Lawrenceville, to my parents
and my children. Sister Isabella also was
there. Several days were occupied in the opening
of my boxes and of Mrs. Nassau's relics.

On Nov. 5th, my uncle, the Rev. Dr. S. M. Hamill sent his

carriage to take me to the polls. There was an interesting demonstration of legal equality; his son Hugh's and the negro coachman's first presidential vote, and my first for more than ten years. We all three voted for Grant.

Distressing news on the 9th; that my brother William, in walking a short cut on a dark night across some open lots, on his way from a patient, fell into a quarry, permanently injuring his spine.

To Philadelphia, to the office of Dr. McBundles. On my return, the horse-distemper had so increased that I expected I would have to walk the five miles from Trenton, but, fortunately was met by a carriage from Lawrenceville.

I spent time working on a revision of the Benga Grammar. When snow came on the 16th; it was a joy to look at Charley's new delight in it.

On the 18th, there was a call to New York to the Mission House, to the W. F. M. S. meeting at the Rev. Dr. Booth's University Place church. To Rev. Mr. Ruliffson's Training School, to meet Misses Lusk, Andrews, and Harlow. There were many other errands. Next day I returned to Lawrenceville.

For several days with my children;

and working on the Benga Grammar, until the 26th, when I went to Philadelphia, with my two boys, to make some calls, but especially to fulfill my promise to Mrs Patten, made six months before. Then, back to

Lawrenceville, on the 28th, for an Address on Sunday Dec. 1st. The next day, I addressed the Theological Seminary students at Princeton, and back to Lawrenceville, to go on the 4th with Charley to Mrs Patten's; and for an Address in the evening at Rev. Dr. Wisewell's.

At Mrs Patten's, my boy wandered around the parlor, as if he felt at home; and, going to her, climbed on to her lap. With her arms around him, I saw tears on her face. "Dr. Nassau! this is what I wanted." Then, she told me of her disappointed longing for motherhood:—how she had gone to Orphan Asylums to select a child, and had almost, at the last, hesitated about the child's blood:—how she had read of the tragedy in the open boat on Antonio Bay, and the little boy by his dead mother's side, and had said, "I want that boy!"—how, on her inquiring, she had been told that the Nassau family was not one to give up a child:—how she had prayed and hoped;—and, of

our unexpected meeting at Dr. Hatchkins. Then, she said, "Will you listen to a proposition?" "What, Mrs. Patten, if it involves loss of my legal right over my child?" "I do not ask for that; I wish only to do for and care for him." I gratefully thanked her; but, suggested that Mr. Patten ought to be consulted. So, she asked me to come and be her guest, so that Mr. Patten's wishes might be known.

Back again in Lawrenceville on the 6th; was occupied with work on the Benga Hymns.

Again to Philadelphia, on the 13th; for my errands to doctors and relations. Next day, to my friend Mr. Wright at Tacony. And home again, where son William and I were sick for several days.

On Dec. 28th, a very cold ride in a crowded sleigh to Trenton, with Charley, to go to Mr. Patten's; and, on Sunday 29th, attended three churches. In consultation with Mr. Patten, he was most cordial, saying that he was willing to gratify Mrs. P. in her wish for Charley, but that, for himself, he was indifferent to children. This perturbed me somewhat; but, for a test, I left my little boy with him. [He has not, he fully equaled his wife in his devotion to my child.]

1873.

On January 1st 1873, leaving Charley with Mrs Patten, I went for a day back to Lawrenceville, to attend a Donation Party at the Parsonage. On return to Mrs Patten's, I found my child well and happy.

On Sunday, Jan. 5th; at church of Rev. Dr. Cunningham, so loving had been Mrs Patten's care, that my child already felt at home, and was not distressed when, on the 10th; I told him that I was going to Lawrenceville without him. There, I found Mrs Hendricks, of Stockton, N.J., visiting my sister Isabella, and planning to join us in Africa.

On the next day, returning to Philadelphia to a meeting of the W. F. M. S. at the Publication Rooms, I brought to Charley his as a notification that his home was definitely to be with Mr and Mrs Patten.

In the afternoon of Sunday, Jan. 12th, I addressed the Sab. Sch. Anniversary of Rev. Dr. Wyllie's church; and was taken by Mr George H. Stuart to his home for tea. Mr Stuart was then in the prime of his influence as a Christian leader in Philadelphia. In the evening, addressed the church of Rev. Dr. Cunningham.

The making of addresses and visits was

varied by going, on the 14th, with my sister Elizabeth, who had come from Lawrenceville, to the Academy of Music to hear Rubenstein on the piano and Weimianski on the violin. Next day, with Mrs Patten, to Manayunk, to Rev. Mr. McMonigle; and addressed the prayer meeting.

On the 16th, gave Mr. Patten a document, which, while I reserved all legal rights, placed my son Charles under his care as guardian. I gratefully place on record that these two dear friends, thenceforward, in their love for my child, never were jealous of me. In their giving a home to him, its door was equally open for me, in my comings and goings.

On the 18th, went to Lincoln University; Prof. Bowers, Dr. Sickey, and the Rendall family. Addressed the students next day, Sunday, morning, afternoon, and evening. It was the first of many subsequent visits to that Institution, all of whose Professors, in successive years, have been my friends.

On the 20th, left Lincoln, to attend the meeting of the American Colonization Society, at Washington, D.C. The train being obstructed about a mile from Port Deposit, I had much difficulty (the conductor having abandoned me

there, in getting, at my own expense, a carriage to take me to Perryville, there to resume a train for Baltimore and Washington. Next day, at the office of Sec'y Coppinger, I was taken to the meeting; was made a corresponding member; and met distinguished men; Rev. Drs. J. Orcutt, B. J. Haight, S. D. Alexander, McLean, Humphrey, Dr. Peter Parker of China, Hon. D. S. Gregory, Col. Smith of Newark, N. J., and President Latrobe. I was called on to tell what I knew of Liberia. And, in the evening, at the 4th Presbyterian church, was on the platform program for an Address. I was more alarmed than I had been eleven months before, in the church at Princeton, N. J., on the program, my name followed that of the distinguished southern orator, Congressman Maynard. The occasion realised one of my boyhood visions, when I had seen myself as an orator swaying an audience in Congress. After the first sentence, my stage-fright left me. And, when I left the platform, and was passing down the aisle to my seat, Justice J. H. Bradley and Dr. Parker seized my hand, and were most complimentary in their praise.

Invitation was given by Rev. Dr. Smith, for me to remain, and address his church on the

the following Sunday; but, I had to decline, being engaged for Philadelphia. Went to several public places; Botanic Gardens; to Treasury Building; to Army Department, with letter of introduction from uncle Sam^l Hamill to Secy Belknap. Wrote, and left at the Navy Dept., a request that a vessel from the Mediterranean Squadron should occasionally be sent to inspect the Americans in the warboon region of Africa. Had to call three times at the Navy Dept. before I could get an appointment made. During the days that I was waiting, I went over to the Capitol, and was admitted to the floor of the House, and saw Messrs Blaine, Farnsworth, Banks, Garfield, and others; and was given a page to show me all the Rooms and great objects of interest of the Capitol.

On the 24th, I went again to the Navy Dept., and sat with others for two hours, as one after another was admitted. I watched the clock; for, at 12 noon, admission would cease. I had been warned to have my words prepared, with no stumbling, hesitation, or elongation. Finally, at 11.55, I was admitted. The Secy had had my petition reported to him by his clerk. As the Secy pointed to a seat near himself, the country maid, "What do you

war,? Do you wish me to send a vessel to burn the villages of those natives?" "No Sir; but, for the sake of the moral impression that would be made, if those people saw that there was a flag that would protect me, if there should be need." [My request was granted. Subsequently, at intervals of two or three years, an American man of war visited our African region.]

On the 25th, I was again in Philadelphia, and on Sunday 26th, I addressed a large audience at Rev. Dr. Allen's "Old Pine" st church, in the evening.

On the 27th, I went to the University of Penna, to ask Prof. Rogers of the Medical Dept. for permission to meet the students, in an effort to obtain a medical missionary for Africa. Promise was made for a later day.

As I was to go to Pittsburg to address the students of the Western Theol. Sem'y, in going to the rail-road ticket office, I thought of the possible dangers in crossing the winter Alleghenies, and bought an insurance ticket.

The only one I ever bought. A very cold ride that night; and a cold street-car ride next day to East Liberty, to the home of Rev. Dr. and Mrs. James Black. The thermometer 11° below zero.

The following day, met the Rev. Dr. Gillespie (subsequently

a Sec'y of the For. Miss. Board.), Dr. Black took me to the Seminary, to Rev. Dr. Wilson; and arrangements were made for the next day. In the evening, addressed Dr. Gillespie's church. Jan'y 30'

Being the day of Prayer for Colleges, Dr. Black extended his morning prayer-service, and I addressed the ladies of his Female College. In the afternoon he took me to the Allegheny Theat. Sem'y Chapel, for an Address to the students. There, I had the memory of my friend George Paul's student-life. After the meeting, four of the Middle Class came for special conversation with me. (One of them, Dunlap, afterwards went to Sioux.) Rev. Dr. Hornblower took me to tea. And, at night I was on the cars returning to Philadelphia.

The next day, in Philad^a, I went to the Univ. of Pa., to see Prof. Rogers: who made an appointment for me with the students for noon of the following day. But, when I went next day (Saturday), no announcement had been made. The promise was repeated for the next Monday, Feby 3'. So, I went to Chestnut Hill, to spend Sunday the 2' with Rev. Dr. Owen of the 1st Presb. Church, and to meet those who had known Mrs. Cassan when she was a teacher there; and to make an evening Address.

On the Monday, back to the University, and was very much disappointed that no announcement had been made for me. Was told that there was hesitation on the part of some members of the Faculty to officially announce a "religious" meeting. The janitor suggested that I might myself, on my own responsibility, place a notice on the bulletin-board for a meeting at any hour not conflicting with the regular lectures. I did so, putting up an advertisement "Medical Missionary Wanted". (As a result of my short lack to a few students in one of the lecture-rooms, a young man, a Mr Taylor, from Camden, N.J., offered himself. Later, he was sent to Gaboon.)

Returning to Lawrenceville I wrote, at the request of Sec'y Irving of the Foreign Board, a description of "The Plateau at Gaboon". On Sunday, Feb'y 9th, addressed the Sab. School. On Feb'y 18th, to New York; at the Mission House; at a printing office. And, in the evening, out to Orange, to the home of Sec'y Louie; and, with his family, to the church of Rev. Dr. Alfred Zeonans. In New York, the next day, met a young man, Peter Menkel, who was preparing to join our Mission, as a mechanic. Returned to Lawrenceville. On Mar. 1st went to Philadelphia.

There, on Sunday 2^d, at Rev. Dr. Lounninghouse's, was on the program for an address to the McDowell Auxiliary W. F. M. S.

On the 3^d, went to Washington, D. C., where I was to meet my cousin Mr. Hugh H. Hamill, to witness the Inauguration of President Grant, on the 4th; and returned to Philad^a on the 5th.

The next day, in Trenton, to a Missionary Meeting at Rev. Dr. Hall's church, where Mrs. Hendricks and Miss White were received as volunteers for Africa. Then, to Lawrenceville, to gather together the last of son Charles belongings; and took them to Irvin the next day.

In the afternoon of Monday Mar. 10th, drove with Mrs. Patton and family to visit Rev. Dr. Hatchkin of the Marple church, Broomall; returning the next day.

On Sunday Mar. 16th, Address at church of Rev. J. A. Orr.

At Lawrenceville on the 22nd, the African young mulatto, Juanita, who had helped take care of son Charles on his voyage to America, was there waiting for some returning missionary to escort her back to Africa. On Sunday 23rd, in the afternoon addressed the High School pupils; and, in the evening the church.

On March 26th, to Stockton, N. J., to my brother in law, Rev. Wm. Swan,

for a W. F. M. S. meeting in the morning, a public Address in the afternoon, and a Parlor-Talk in the evening.

Next day, back to Lawrenceville, for a Reception at the High School.

My father, having been in Philadelphia, returned, bringing with him Charley; whom I took back, on Mar. 31, in company with Juanito. A Farewell meeting for Miss White was to be held in the evening at Rev. Dr. Wyllie's.

The next day, April 1st, quite a company from Philadelphia, Trenton, ^{and} Lawrenceville, went to New York, for the embarking on the 2^d, of Miss White and Mrs. Hendricks. And, on the 3^d, back to Lawrenceville.

On April 5th, to Princeton, Rev. Dr. McCosh; and addressed the Philadelphiaan Society of the University. On Sunday 6th, in the morning, addressed the Sab. Sch. of the Witherspoon st colored Presb. church; in the afternoon, the Sab. Sch. of the 1st Presb. church; and the For. Missy Prayer Meeting of the Theol. Sem. students; and in the evening at the 1st church, Rev. Dr. Macdonald.

On Monday, back to Philadelphia. And, on Tuesday 8th, in Trenton, at meeting of Presbytery of New Brunswick.

On April 10th, to New York; Mission House; Bible House. And, on to Peekskill, to my sister Hannah, wife of Edward

Wells, Eng. And, thence to Lelipton Springs, where I hoped to rest and gather some strength. On Sunday, April 13th, attended the Methodist church, but was not well enough to take any part in the Service. I occupied myself, at the request of Secy Irving of the Foreign Board, in writing a short Sketch of the Gaboon and Conisco Mission. And, I began the preparation of the Memorial ~~to~~ to Mrs. Nassau, which I entitled "Crowned in Palm-land."

Sunday, April 20th, in the evening, I made an Address on Africa. I complied with all the rules of the Sanitarium, being anxious to gather strength, going to baths, gymnasium, &c. But, I ceased to attend the gymnasium, as the instructor discourteously held my movements up to ridicule.

Made a visit to the Comstock family at Canandaigua, on April 24th.

In May, with my sister Leabella, I was in Baltimore, as a Commissioner to the General Assembly; guest of Mrs. Kelso.

And, in June, spent a Sunday at Exton, Pa. ^{and 367 1/2} [Insert 367 1/2] As Lelipton Springs had not benefited me as much as I had hoped, my friend, Mr. Wright of Tacoma, generously offered to send me to another sanitarium, at Danville, N.Y., where strict vegetarian rules were enforced.

~~Chapter XIV.~~~~Entering the Ogowe~~~~June - Sept. 1874~~

On one of my errands to the Mission House in New York before leaving the U.S. for return to Africa, Sec'y Elliswood, of the Foreign Board, had held a serious conversation with me in regard to the duty of the Mission to push into the Interior. I recognised the duty, & mentioned the efforts on that line that had been made by Rev. Mr. Adams on the Gaboon, Rev. Messrs. Mackey & Clemens on the Senegal, and Rev. S. Keethley on the Benue; and explained that at all points along the Coast the coast tribes, in their support of their Trade Monopoly, had prevented any white men from entering as residents. Mr. Elliswood acknowledged the difficulties in the case, but nevertheless asserted the necessity of our advance, saying that the Church would no longer cordially support us in simply hanging on to the Coast. The little soldier in me was aroused, & enthused with a spirit of adventure, & said that I would be willing to attempt an entrance into the nearest river, as yet untouched by us, the Ogowe, if the Board would authorize me, feeling sure that a protest against my to the Mission would be refused. He did say that he would see that the Board should give me the commission. He did. And, I ~~had~~ ^{soon} started from the U.S. with the definite intention of

once written to Africa, ~~concerning the Ogowe~~, to Mr. R. B. St. Walker, Genl. agent, at Elabi Island, of the ^{English} Gaboon Trading firm of Hutton and Cookson, making some inquiries.

On June 23, I received from him, under date of April 25, a very helpful reply, as follows:-
 "Mr. Bushnell informs me that you may soon be expected back here, and that it is your wish and intention to establish your station at some distance in the Interior, so as to combine exploration with your other work. I know of no place more suitable for you than the River Ogowe, which is the most direct and most easy highway into Equatorial Africa. I have recently ascended that river to a distance of nearly 300^[250] miles, and am therefore able to speak. A good base of operations would be the confluence of the Okanda [Ogowe] and the Ngounye, some 150 [140] miles from the sea, where there are now several "factories" and where communication with ^{Libreville} ~~Gaboon~~ and the coast would be easy; and beyond which, you would have an almost unlimited field. About 60 miles above that confluence, and on the Okanda (or Ogowe proper) is located the Okota tribe, whose language is closely allied ~~with~~ to

you that I should be most happy to use the
same in assisting you; in fact, I have
already given the natives to understand
that you were likely to visit them, and your
skill as a medical man would be of immense
advantage to you in exploring, &c. I had
numbers of patients, many of whom I was
unable to treat properly, for want of proper
remedies."

the Benga and Kroube dialects, your knowledge of which would soon enable you to communicate personally with the Okota, instead of employing interpreters. My own knowledge of Benga is limited; but my impressions, formed in 1866, of the affinity existing between that language and Okota was confirmed, during my recent trip, by a Corisco man who went with me as servant and who could understand a great deal of the Okota conversation going on around us.

The Ogowe is a most important stream, whose source is utterly unknown at 300 miles from its mouth; the natives are mild and peaceable; and I think explorers would not experience much difficulty in penetrating inland, especially since I have broken the ice; for, previously there was a strong objection to white men going beyond that confluence, which caused me to fail in 1866. Now, I could go a great distance; but I can not absent myself from business long enough to do so. Last January, I turned back for want of time, when the natives were quite anxious for me to proceed farther. I have considerable influence with the chiefs, and need not assure

I went. I found a most earnest christian spirit (some of it too "liberal" for me). And, for two weeks, I complied with the vegetarian rules. Unable to endure them, I went back to Clifton Springs, in August. And, in Sept.,

I was again in Lawrenceville, addressing a L. S. Sch. Anniversary. On Oct. 11th, I was in New

York, for the sailing of my sister Isabella, on her return to Africa. And, to Peekskill,

Later, I attended the Meeting of the Synod of New Jersey, at Washington, N. J. Returned to Peekskill; where I devoted myself to the completion of my "Lionel in Palmyra". On Nov. 1st, I was

in East Albany, at the home of my excellent friends, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Pratt, spending Sunday there. And, back to Peekskill. Leaving

Peekskill on Sat. 8th, I went to Jersey City, to my ^{college} ~~University~~ class-mate, Saml. Forman, M.D., Ruling Elder in the church of Rev. Dr. E. W. French; where I addressed on Sunday 9th. Then, to Dunbar,

Pa., to re-visit the Paull family; at Mr. Barnetts.

To Warrior's mark, visiting my sister Louie. And, on the last Sunday, at Coleraine, in the pulpit of Rev. J. C. Kelly; where again I visited the shut-in Miss S. F. Campbell.

In Dec., in the pulpit of my uncle Rev. Robt. Hamill, D.D.,

at Lamont, Pa.

Came back to Philadelphia and Lawrenceville, for Christmas with my two sons.

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For New Year's of 1874, in Philadelphia, at Mrs Patten's, also with my sons. Thence, to

Freehold, N.J., for Sunday, Jan'y 4th, in the pulpit of my college class-mate, Rev. F. Chaudler, D.D., and, on to New York, for errands at the Mission House.

Thence, to Warsaw, N.Y., to my brother Joseph's. My lovely Warsaw friends entertained me with Receptions. A specially gracious one was at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fisher. [Insert 369 1/2]

Preaching at Wadsworth on Sunday, Feb'y 1st. I left for Montreal, Canada, passing through Attica, Batavia, Rochester, Ogdensburg; in Montreal being entertained at Mrs. Browne's, a sister of Mr. Joseph Nassau. I was shown all the public buildings of the city.

On Feb'y 6th, I left, coming to East Albany, to my friend Mr. Pratt; and to Yassau, the home of Mr. Bushnell's brother, Mr. Baughman. There, I addressed the Sab. Sch., on Sunday the 8th.

Coming down to New York, and Trenton, and Stockton, I remained at the latter place until the 21st, with my brother in law Rev. Wm. Swan, where I assisted him in the pulpit, and was aided in completing my

The interest in my own plans for entering the Interior, on my return to Africa was sharpened by seeing in the New York "Daily Tribune" of Jan'y 14, a full report of the Address of Judge Daly, President of the American Geographical Society, at its Annual Meeting. In summing up the explorations for 1873, those of Africa were represented to be less fruitful than those of previous years. In Equatorial Africa the following point was noted:—"M. M. Compiègne and Marche have undertaken to penetrate equatorial Africa in the vicinity of the Gaboon. Their object was to trace the course of the Ogowe and the lakes to which it is supposed to lead, one of which is reported to be a very large one."

During February, I was occupied at intervals on the printing of "Benga Customs", a little book by the Congolese minister, Rev. M. Ibiya, the funds for which were kindly furnished by the Savell family; and the "Benga Primer"; and my translation of the "Psalms".

"Crown of Palm-land"; for, when I went away, I left with him the task of correcting the publisher's proof-sheets.

On Sunday 22nd, twice in the pulpit and at two Sab. Sch. in La Grangeville.

And then, on errands to New York and Peekskill. Back again in New York on the 25th, and to Jersey City, to Dr. Fournier's, attending to the completion of a boat, the funds for which had been given for my sister Isabella, at the preceding Baltimore Assembly, by a colored lady, Mrs Charlotte Draper.

On evening of the 26th, was present in New York, at a Meeting of the Am. Geog. Society, of which I was made a corresponding member.

By Saty, 28th, I was in Frenchtown, N.J., guest of Mr Joseph H. Reading, who, with his wife and infant child, was to meet me in Africa. In the pulpit of the Pastor the Rev. J. Randolph.

On Monday, Mar. 2nd, in Lawrenceville, packing for my expected return to Africa.

Making a good-bye visit, on Sunday Mar. 8th, at Deerfield, N.J., in the pulpit of my cousin, Rev. R. H. Davis, Ph.D. And thence, to relatives in Newark, Del. and St Georges.

Back to Lawrenceville by Mar. 16th, to resume my packing; where, on the 21st, Mr. Patton brought Chauley to visit me. On Sunday 22nd, I preached, there was also the tender

ceremony of my Baptism of my sister Asma's infant, Mary Latta, named in memory of my wife.

On the 25th, errands in New

York; and, a hasty run to Longmeadow, Mass., to visit my former house-associate, Mrs. McQueen.

Back to Philadelphia on the 28th.

And, on Sunday 29th, in Camden, at St. Taylor's (father of the young medical recruit); in the evening, in pulpit of Rev. Dr. Reed.

On Wed. April 1st, in W. Philadelphia; Rev. Dr. J. A. Henry.

On April 3rd, a Good-bye Tea-Party, at the Lawrenceville Parsonage, and, on Sunday, the 5th, said good-bye at Monthly Concert in the church.

On April 6th, to Philadelphia

and Broomall, to say good-bye to Rev. Dr. Hatchkin.

On Wed. 8th, a Farewell at church of Rev. Dr. Agnew. For, I was to sail on the next day.

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Chapter XIII

Return to Africa.

April, May, 1874

Crossing the Atlantic.

In the afternoon of Thursday, April 9th, when I boarded the Philad. & Africa steamer, "Pennsylvania", there were present, to wave me farewell, my children, sister Elizabeth, cousins, uncles, aunts, and other relatives, and clerical and lay friends, to the number of forty; to whose tears, the clouds added their moisture.

The following days were marked by cold, snow, storm and sea-sickness. One day, there was a burial at sea. No religious services on the Sunday. On the Monday, the storm was worse. It increased, until, on the 15th, a great wave broke a life-boat from its davits, and surged over the captain's bridge.

After that, the weather became favorable; and, I got out my guitar. In the smoking room one evening, there was a religious (or, rather, irreligious) discussion.

By the 18th, I was so well and the weather so fair, that I joined with the other passengers in a musical concert, in which, with my guitar, I accompanied

Capt. Harris on his flute. On Sunday, 19th, I was so well that I conducted religious services in the morning. And, in the evening, we all took part in a Sacred Concert, with the piano accompaniment.

The next day, I was appointed to write the usual resolution of passengers thanks to the Captain. Then, soon, we were off the south coast of Ireland; Head of Kinsale; in Queenstown harbor; and arranging for the end of the voyage.

2. In England and Scotland.

On Wednesday, April 22nd, by 10. A.M., I was ashore at Liverpool. Passing the Liverpool Customs officers was, usually with me, not a difficult or unpleasant task. Of the three liable articles (tobacco, liquor, and solid silice-ware) I had none. But, just as the officer was about to pass my pile of trunks and boxes, he laid his hand on one box, saying, "For form, what is this?" "Current wine." (Mrs Patten had given me a dozen bottles of her home-made). "What! Didn't you tell me you had no Liquor?" "I did. You may open it, and prove it." He broke open the box, took out one of the bottles, removed the cork, poured a mouth-ful, and spat

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it out, saying, "There's nothing in that!" "I told you so, officer." He was disgusted, and I was amused.

A waiting clerk, M^r. Anderson of the Board's agent M^r. Christie, handed me a letter from my sister of Africa, and took me to a very comfortable private lodging of a M^{rs}. Vickers, 99 Grove st. Then, remembering the streets as I had walked them more than two years before, I went to M^r. Christie's office, heard the news from Africa, and was told that the steamer - Thithen would not be sailing until three weeks later. (The dates at that time were very irregular).

Went shopping, and bought a large supply of clothing; also, a double-barreled shot-gun and ammunition (the money for which was a gift from M^r. Charles Phillips, the husband of a Philadelphia cousin.)

During the days of waiting, I sent back to America a box each which I had brought from relatives of D. Taylor and M^{rs}. Hendricks (two of the recruits who had gone to the Mission during my two years in the United States.) M^r. Christie informed me that they had already left Africa.

Liverpool evidently did not indulge in ice-cream. I walked a long way to find a shop where it was sold; it was

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poor ice-cream. Wrote letters.

In

Philadelphia, I had employed an engraver to make a plate of a photograph of Mr. Cassan, as a frontispiece to "Crowned in Palm Land". I sent to my father a long list of names of persons, to whom copies of the engraving should be sent. Having time, I visited some of Liverpool's public buildings; to the Botanic Gardens, where I met Director Richardson, who engaged me to send him specimens of Natural History when I should reach Africa; to an Organ Concert, in the evening, at St George's Hall.

On Sunday 26th morning and evening, with Mr. Christie, to church of his Pastor, the Rev. Mr. Graham. On the 27th it was suggested that I visit and inspect the Potteries in Staffordshire. On the route, crossed the Mersey on a \$2,000,000. bridge; admired the beautiful English fields and hedges, the cowslips and daisies, the gorse and broom. I had letters of introduction to Dr. J. Barnard Davis at Hanley, where were visiting Counsel and Mrs Hutchinson of Callao, Peru. With Mrs Davis and Mrs Hutchinson, I visited a pottery. And, after lunch, went on to Stoke-on-Trent, to the celebrated pottery of

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Minton and Co, being there shown all the entire processes, from the mixture of the clay to the final painting and gilding.

On my return, in the evening, passing near near Hope Chapel in Liverpool, I stopped into the building, and found there a foreign missionary meeting of the Episcopal church. At my lodgings, I found letters awaiting me; among them, from my father, Mr. Patten, the Board, and native friends in Africa. How many friends I had!

Another day, I went to Birkdale, Southport, to call on a lady, Mrs Captain Cary. Returning to Mrs Vickers, I set out into pots the violets, lilies, and horse radish which I had brought from America for propagation in Africa. Another day, went to "Fernleigh", to call on Capt. John Davis and family. And, in the evening, called on the Misses Hickson, in W. Derby St, friends of Mr Christie.

On April 30, went to Glasgow, to visit the Thomson family. Was met by Dr. Thomson, and entertained most courteously by the entire family. Visited also the Frame family. And, at the Botanic Garden, the Curator, Mr. Bullen, promised me some flowers for Africa. I was shown two new plants, the

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Chlorodendron Thomsonae and *Eriobotrya japonica*.

Went to hear Moody and Sankey, who were on their tour of Scotland. (It was the first time I had heard them.)

On another day, met the nephew, Rev. J. E. H. Thomson, who took me to the Cathedral. On the Sunday, to church; on the way, a view of the Kelvin-water and Park.

Next day, with Dr. Thomson, a trip down the Clyde to Helensburgh; Dumbarton Rock; and a distant view of Ben Lomond; Loch Gaie; and to the home of the Frame family.

The next day, to the Medical Faculty building; to Queen's Park; and a view of Langside, Queen Mary of Scots last battlefield.

On the 6th of May, I made a most interesting tour of the Scottish Lakes, by railway, stage-coach, and steamer; passing Ben Lodi; Sanson's Putting-stone; the ford and battle-ground of Fitz-James and Rhoderick O'Hur; Loch Venachan, and intensely blue Loch Achray; pheasants, rabbits, plovers, ducks, geese, huts, cuckoo, sheep, and larks. The Trossachs. Loch Katrine; Ben Venue; Ben A'an; Scott's Linn's Lake. The "Silver beach". Climbed a hill, and gathered some heather. At Stronachlachan; thence, by coach to Invernaid.

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Bogs, peat. The descent to Loch Lomond. Down the Loch. Ben Lomond. The many islands. At Ballach; and thence by train to Glasgow; and to Mr. Frame's after 9. P.M. The next day, with visits and shopping; closing, in the evening, with a concert in the Botanic Garden.

With minute directions from Mr. Thomson, for the journey, and a letter of introduction to the naturalist, Mr. Andrew Murray, of London, I traveled a cold night of May 8th. The next day, at London, in the Waverley Hotel, 37 King St, Cheepside. In the afternoon, went to Kensington Museum, to meet Mr. Murray, the monument Memorial of the Great Fire; London Bridge; Blackfriars; Westminster bridge. And, finally, a very kind reception at Mr. Murray's home, 67 Bedford Garden, Campden Hill. Walked with him and his daughter Miss Jane, to Kingston Park; Palace of the Duchess of Teck; King William's trees; Hyde Park; Rotten Row; the Serpentine; Sir Isaac Newton's house, and Macaulay's house.

On Sunday 10th, again went to Mr. Murray's, and with him and a scientist, Miss Ormerod, went to Spurgeon's church. On the way, a view of Westminster bridge, the Houses of Parliament,

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and Westminster Abbey. The church was so crowded that I had to stand in an aisle during the entire Service. Spurgeon's sermon was on, Heb. 5. 9: its heads were. (1) "perfect". (2) "being made". (3) "author". (4) "eternal salvation". (5) "obey" (believe).

The next day, again to Mr Murray's, and with him, through Regent St, Piccadilly, to the Rooms of the Royal Geographical Society. Had a conversation with the Secy H. W. Bates. What a view he gave me of Africa's Future! In the map-room were Livingstone's sextant, chronometer, hat, &c! (In leaving Philadelphia, I had hoped to reach London in time for his funeral; but, the storm on the Atlantic had delayed my steamer.) To the Geological Museum; to the Zoological Gardens. And, in the evening, to a Meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, where I met Sir Bartle Frere, Sir Henry Rawlinson, Sir Gannet Wolseley, Sir John Glover, and others. On the Tuesday, again to the Murray family; and, with M^r M., his daughter Miss Mary, and Miss Ormerod, walked to the Zoo Gardens; on the way, passing the Holland house. The flowers and plants of Kew were wonderful. M^r Murray's kind gift of jam.

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Good-bye. And, back to Liverpool the next day, for a pleasant evening with the Hickson family.

On the 16th, busy with Mr. Christie; and went to see the vessel "Hudson", which was being built to take the place of the Mission's wrecked "Elfe".

3. Voyage to Gaboon.

On Friday, May 15th, on board the African steamer "Biafra", with a young captain, Capt. Bell, and only four other 1st class passengers besides myself. Out toward sea, Tusker light-house and other parts of the coast were successively in sight. Though the sea was not rough, and the weather clear and cold, I had my usual nausea. And, there were no religious services on Sunday. Out to sea, and into the Bay of Biscay.

On the 22nd, passed Porto Santo; and, coming along the eastern side of Madeira, anchored in Funchal Bay after dark at night. Next day, went ashore with two of my fellow-passengers, to see Mr. Reid of the English Hotel, in an unsuccessful effort to buy a donkey for my sister. Portuguese beggars and unfortunate guides. At the hotel ate a hearty breakfast of veal cutlets, ham and eggs, bread and butter, strawberries, oranges, bananas, &c., for seventy cents. At the door of a Roman Catholic church, watched

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the blessing of the "holy" water. Market day; donkeys and mules; priests, beggars, fruits and vegetables, flowers in the gardens. Steamer started again late in the afternoon.

Though very little work was being done on Sunday 24th, there were no religious services. I sang a great deal by myself; and felt sad, in remembering how I had first come over the sea in 1861; how I had gone back in 1871; and how alone I was now. Teneriffe became visible about 5 P.M., until 9 P.M. I watched the magnificent panorama of the isles of Palma, Teneriffe, and Gomera. The air was becoming Africa-like, and an awning was spread over the poop-deck. The vegetables, salads, cherries, strawberries, logeats and other fruits improved my digestion. In ~~the~~ an evening, under a half-full moon, for an hour, I sang with my guitar to the steamer's company the ballads I had used in my Princeton seamen's days.

The captain gave me a book on Navigation, and thrice daily taught me some lessons. On the chart, he located my Berita Station as being ninety miles north of Libreville, and in Lat. $1^{\circ} 35' 30''$ N. and Long. $9^{\circ} 39' 00''$ E. In the ^{misty} morning of

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May 28, by a mistake in the vessel's reckoning, it was running dangerously close ashore into a cove north of Cape Verde. Round the Cape, meeting porpoises, quantities of nautilus, sharks, and aquatic birds. The Senegal river, the Gambia.

On the 29, a slight unpleasantness (the first that had arisen during the voyage, between the Purser and the two English passengers, because of the latter making use, without permission, of the officers' Maderia deck-chairs. Under the moon light, I stayed on deck a long while, and told the Purser the story of my Benita life. The unpleasantness continued at the table.

On the 30, Sierra Leone was sighted. Freetown. Kru-men boarding the vessel, seeking employment. What a Babel! Went ashore, in afternoon, with the captain, and visited Rev. and Mrs. Walmsley and Rev. Mr. McKelthwaite, of the English Free Methodist Mission, singing with them and with the Rev. Mr. Ashe of the English Church Missionary Socy. They told me much of Sierra Leone characteristics. Returned at night to the steamer, with Capt. Bell. On Sunday 31, en route; no religious services; the officers busy marshaling the Kru crew at their tasks. Plenty of fruits and vegetables; new variety of the tucado pear, and mango-plums.

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On June 1st, passing Cape Mount and Mesurado of Liberia; Monrovia; and anchored at ~~Grand~~ Bassa, to land cargo. Liberian passengers came on board. Unkind criticisms of them. Began to feel sick and feverish with the heat. Slow work at landing goods. On June 2nd, at

Cape Palmas; landed mail and goods; and proceeded at night. Keeping along the coast of the Gulf of Guinea, eastward. Next day, at Grand Bassam, landing goods in a bad surf; and, on to Assinee, the boundary of the French territory, and the beginning of the Ivory Coast. Next day, off again. Some severe flogging of the Kru-men, for their slowness.

Great Cape Three Points; its aspect more diversified than the previous coast. Past Dix Cove. At 11 P.M., anchored at Cape Coast Castle, to land mails. Could not see Elmina. And, on at night.

On Saturday 6th, Winneba was reached. It looked like the coast of Ireland, hills with bushes, not low and wooded, as the other parts of the Guinea Coast. Passing the Gold Coast.

Sunday 7th, at Adaffie, on the Slave Coast. The day was not a Sabbath. Very bad surf for the discharging of cargo. In the smoking-room, Mr Rogers'

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atrocious sentiments about Sunday. To Little Popo. To Whydah. Saw the north star, for the last time. My last American apple had rotted.

On the 8th, out into the Gulf, going S.E. Every body becoming restless at the steamer's slow progress. Passing the mouth of the Niger. On the 9th, sighted the Island of Fernando Po, with its Clarence Peak 10,000 feet high, and, on the mainland, Kamerun Peak, 14,000 feet high, the two being considered by some as "the Gales" mentioned by the Carthaginian Admiral Hanno.

Went ashore at Fernando Po, to the English Primitive Methodist Mission, and met Rev. Messrs Griffiths and Luddington.

On the 10th, a quarrel of passenger Merseman with the captain, because the latter would not allow him to smoke in the saloon. Passed Annabas Bay, to mouth of the Kamerun river. Anchoring there, a boat was sent twenty miles up river, to bring a native pilot.

On the 11th, up river, to the town of Duala. The Rev. Mr. Fuller, a negro clergyman, of the English Baptist Mission, came aboard, and took me ashore for the night. His wife was a white lady, daughter of a former English missionary.

The next

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day, on board; and, the steamer, started southward to Prince's Island. Which it reached on the 13th. And, on Sunday 14th, at the island of St Thome. By morning of June 15th, in the Gaboon Estuary, and ashore at Libreville; to the Baraka mission-house, where were Rev. Dr. and Mrs Bushnell, and two recruits, Misses Jane Lusk and Lydia Jones.

Of the six recruits, who had joined the Mission in June 1871, all had left; and, of the seven, who had come during my two years in the United States, three had left,

Chapter XIV

Benita Re-visited

June, July 1874

I had scarcely landed my luggage, and settled myself in my room at Baraka, when I began to look around at routes and ways and means for entering the Ogowe river.

But, whatever my preference, I could do nothing definite until after the quarterly Mission-meeting (soon to be held at Louisa, at which formal authority was to be given for my attempt at a new Station).

In the meanwhile, there was yet an additional voyage of about 100 miles to Benita, where had passed six of the ten years of my African life, and whose church, on the Mbade premises, I was told, was distressed by the departure to the U.S. of my friend (and successor in 1871) Rev. S. H. Murphy. I might have sat quietly at Baraka, until my new location would be formally decided by the Mission. I had no call to visit Benita. For, though it had been my happy home, the mission necessity that itinerated us (somewhat as in Methodism) left me no claim,

or night, or duty there, except to the two graves marking the path, and to my sister whose extreme isolation looked beyond the kindly intentions of her devoted natives, to me, for the special sympathy because of the absence of which she was suffering.

Barring a little sea sickness, the 90 miles to Benila might have been a pleasure on a proper vessel, had there been no delay in supplying the place of our ill-fated mission-yacht, the "Elfe". Until that should be done, we were glad to obtain, from the trading-houses at Libreville, the use of their little vessels (though they had no accommodations for passengers) and whose freight, such as palm-oil and india-rubber, added nothing to cleanliness.

In my own case, on June 18th, in company of Mrs. Bushnell and two of her school-girls (who were to be landed, on the way, at Elongo on Coiseo island, the favor of a deck-passage on the little sloop "Brunette" of two young traders, without chart or compass or star, carried me by mistake at night beyond the Bonito river. They were going on their own errands ~~to~~ beyond to Bata and Utândi.

On the third day, Saturday,

wearied with the little vessel's vain efforts to get
 back against the Dry Season opposing south
 wind, leaving my baggage on board, I requested
 to be put ashore five miles north of Mbâde, at
 Meduma, the village of a former native friend.
 Obtaining from him two carriers for my little
 packages, I walked, in the rapidly falling
 tropic twilight to Mbâde. Weakness of sea-sickness
 was forgotten, under the beauty of the soft
 moon; and one's nostrils were saluted,
 sometimes to almost exceed, with the heavy
 luscious perfumes of the flowers of woody vines
 and the very numerous leguminous trees.
 Limbs, stiff by the three days confinement
 on the "Brunette", forgot their weariness as I
 stepped off lightly over the hard level beach.
 The exhilaration was too much! Here, I was
 back again in my Africa! Over those very
 sand, how often I had toiled in weariness,
 or rejoiced in itineration, or recruited in
 hunting or other exercise! How all the dense
 past came back with its mistakes, efforts,
 success, failures, happiness, friends, trials,
 adventures. The air became almost vocal
 and tangible with forms and scenes that
 could not be again. As I crossed the

prairie in the rear of the Mbâde dwelling, and the collection of houses that had grown up under Mr. Murphy's hand like a little village, and the lights, and native voices that were as familiar as any thing American, the exhilaration passed away, and, in my weakness, I stole by in the shadows, as would a guilty thing, afraid to meet an uproarious native welcome.

The Rev. W. Schorsch, the newly-arrived missionary occupant of that Mbâde dwelling, had retired for the night; and there was no one to respond to my knock, except two lads cooking their late supper in the adjacent kitchen, which (as in all equatorial African homes) is built separate from the dwelling-house. One of them I recognised as the namesake of the Rev. Samuel J. Lewis, a former Pastor of the Bethany church, Philadelphia, whose Infant ~~Class~~ Sabbath School there were annual contributors to the Berida School. Hungry and thirsty, I stood in the kitchen doorway, and said (in Benga), "My children! Here am I! Give me water!" They sprang to my arms in native salutation, with a cry of joy, and rushed out of the hut into the yard, where the school-children and their visitors were chatting around their fire. A native who had

seen me at Bata on the "Brunette", had brought the news of my near presence, a few hours before. They all had been on the qui vive of expectation. Instantly, as I sat on a low stool in that kitchen, I was overwhelmed by an excited crowd of young men and women and children, who were giving to my head, hands, arms, feet, and shoulders the varieties of native welcomes that include hugs and every demonstration of affection short of kisses. They came faster than I could call their names, which, notwithstanding a good memory and a cultivated habit of locating countenances, I could not, in the dim fire-light, at once recall, after my two-and-a-half years' absence. There were young men whom I had left as lads, and lads whom I had left as children, and young mothers with their infants in arms whom I had left as school-girls; so rapid were the changes and development in African communities!

Willing messengers carried the mails I had brought for my sister, along the beach to her at Bolondo, two miles distant. And, as I was transferred to the now opened dwelling-house, the native friends, with true courtesy, left me tired, to rest and eat.

While so occupied, Mr and Mrs Mentel came by boat from Bolondo, unaware of my actual arrival (not having seen the messengers on the beach); but acting on native reports, and commissioned by my anxious sister to search for me even as far as Meduma. (Mr Mentel was one of the new recruits, and his wife was Charity Sneed. At that time, in the Mission, there was, apparently, no objection to miscegenation.)

To have gone to Bolondo at that late hour of Saturday, and to meet the welcomes awaiting me there, would have delayed sleep for the entire night. So, the boat and its crew were sent back, as it would be needed to bring the Bolondo company to church on the following ^{day} morning.

The light of Sunday morning, June 21st, was shining late when I awoke from the short troubled ^{dreamy} sleep that had mixed strangely with the changes of the present the memories of the former home, under whose roof I lay a stranger. It was a light unusually bright for the dry season, whose sun is generally obscured with dull leaden rainless clouds.

Soon came the boat with its missionary company from ~~the~~ Bolondo ~~At the~~, the young men of the School at the oars with their christian songs. And, streaming along

the beach from the villages were the well-clad natives gathering to the Mbâde premises, at the call of the first bell for church (the gift of the 1st Presbyterian church of Peekskill, N. Y.)

If there is anything holy in affection and friendship, it was fitting that the Sabbath home should furnish the time for meeting and being welcomed by my sister, and by M^r Mandel (whom I had first seen in America, in the study of his Pastor, our Mission's staunch friend, Rev. J. D. Walls, D.D., of Brooklyn, when I was seeking laymen as recruits for the Mission, and by M^r Sneed, my faithful friend and nurse of the babes that had been given to bless the Berister home.

The bamboo church, built entirely of native materials (except the nails and hinges) was filled to its greatest capacity, by (on actual count) 300 people. The exercises of the day did not differ, in the order of their service, from similar ones in the United States. A visitor from civilization could find the newness, that would attract his eye, to lie in the people themselves, the language, and the surroundings of an equatorial country. When, at M^r Schorsch's request, I rose to take part in the "long prayer", I hesitated for a moment, to trust myself with

the Bonga language, but its disuse during the absence in America should have impaired my fluency. But, when I looked at the waiting people, to the mass of whom English would be only a tinkling cymbal, I trusted; and the words all came back as needed. I was again an African in grammar of thought.

After the morning Service, there was an intermission for lunch. Then, the company ~~had~~ assembled for the celebration of the Lord's Supper, and of Baptism, the ordinances being administered without ~~any~~ other extended exercise. After another interval, spent by the church-members in two Prayer-meetings (a male and a female) conducted by themselves, they re-assembled for Quarterly Missionary Conference and Concert. This was attended mostly by church-members, only a few heathen being present, and was confined to an hour of short addresses, prayers, and hymns, from the native evangelists and teachers, on the single topic of work done already, or proposed for future church extension.

During all the Services of the day, as I sat on the low platform-pulpit, surveying the audience before me, I had constantly to exclaim to myself, "What hath God wrought! What growth! I could

not imagine where was the basis for discouragement that, in America, I had heard, disheartened some of the brethren. Doubtless, in every place, there are difficulties; but, I could not see that there should weigh against such encouragement as I saw on that happy day. Here was a people emancipated from Ukuku-power (yes, and church-members emancipated); for, that power had intimidated and paralysed even the church. Its Secret Society, composed of all the men of the country, had for its object the government of women, and applied its decrees also to foreigners, and to its own members, when they were unable to settle quarrels among themselves. The ~~Rev~~ Presbytery had always required all new converts to abandon their membership and refuse further obedience, because of the Society's whole structure being based on the lie that a great Spirit, Ukuku, authorised the decrees that were spoken from dark recesses of the forest or under cover of night, by some appointed man with frightfully disguised voice. If a woman even accidentally saw the public procession of the Society, she was heavily punished. And, if any one mocked Ukuku's voice, or said that it was a man's and

not a spirit's, death was instant. A Papal major excommunication, in the worst days of the Inquisition, did not make its victim more helpless than did an Ulster Law. A modern Trades-Union is not more arbitrary. Against that tyranny, the church, grown daring by numbers, had rebelled and had conquered. For, the Society that would not have hesitated to cut off a few, quailed when almost every member had his own family represented among the rebels. One can understand the relief that the people felt from the incubus, if one imagines one's self suddenly released from government by an Inter-national Commune.

There were women with dresses. The reader may smile; but dress is an index of Civilization, Virtue, and Religion. Three years before, there were only a few who would wear dresses, unless they were made for and given to them. That day, a large minority were clad in dresses bought by their own labor and made by their own hands. There were young men, whose civilised dress and manners, whose use of tools, and desire to obtain by honest labor the (to them) luxuries of the mission-dwellings, made me ask, are these the half-naked

ignorant people to whom the beloved Paul came nine years before? Is not this enough to pay for nine years' labor, even in more favored lands?

There was the spirit, beginning as a leaven to pervade the educated young men both christian and heathen, of willingness to aid, efficiently and with personal responsibility, the foreigners, on whose presence they had become finally convinced that they should not forever depend. They were beginning to acknowledge that, if the Mission were to be permanent, their shoulders must help bear the burden. To the cultivation and almost compulsion of that belief, my Monthly Concert addresses had, for eight years of my African life, been directly pointed, until I had driven some to weariness by the repetition. But, the stalk planted had evolved the bud, which, like the thirty year Agave, was some day to burst in abundant blossom.

In developing these results from the seed sown by his predecessor, I saw distinctly the strong lines of Bro. Murphy's hand, and wished that he could share my joy in comparing with the small beginnings of others the point already reached by himself. How to sow and the reaper both rejoice together! As I sat by the Communion

Table, and again administered to the Benita church the Sacred Elements, the same spiritual children, who now spoke so affectionately of Mr. Murphy, did not forget the devotion of George Paul. I could scarcely contain myself when Mwangatye-Tom, his earliest friend and inquirer, (but who had since for a while been a wanderer) fulfilled the trust I had unwaveringly entertained for him that the wanderer would return, by being that day restored. I personally know that Mr. Paul's devotedly pious parents never had regretted permitting one of their four sons to go to Africa, even if it was to die there after one short year. They would have exulted if they could have been with me at Benita that day.

Two infants were baptized, the father's quite young men who had suffered (one of them) almost "unto blood", for the church's and Mission's sake. The Baptismal ordinance, always to me a tenderly and peacefully solemn ceremony, in Africa was peculiarly so; for, the dividing line that separates their church-membership from the Tribe of the World is so distinct, and yet constantly infringed on by associations with heathen relatives. The new

Benga Hymn-book was in constant use, and so prized that, instead of being given away (as all our books formerly had been), it was bought. The bill for it, of \$450. for its printing in America, that rather startled our careful Treasurer in the New York Mission House, when I handed it to him, would have looked smaller if he could have seen and heard its value on that Sunday, and in the daily use of it by others than Christians. There were those in Heaven who had borne a chief part in the translation of these Hymns; their song there, I mean, is sweeter for having labored in the service of song so opportunely on earth.

What a full day! The shadows that creep ever along Life's Day, and sometimes involve it in darkness, had lost their density, under the light of the joy of the "songs in the night" that my God had given me. I joined with grateful heart the company that went back in the boat to Bolondo, for an evening Service there.

On the Monday, the "Brunette" arrived with my baggage; and there was a happy time in delivering to my sister messages and letters and boxes from America; among them a grand

printing-press, from friends in Warsaw, &c.

Her vacation closed, and pupils came back for her School, and, I visited many villages on both sides of the river.

There also, I first met with a new pest, the chigoe (mis-called "jigger") a trading- vessel from Central America, going with sand-ballast, in 1872, to St Paul de Loanda, had cast the ballast ashore. And, in two years, the pest had gone all over Africa. It was a very small red flea that bit into any part of the human body, but especially in the foot, and particularly into the toes, under the nails. If not extracted, it remained there, & depositing a ^{large} ~~small~~ ^{of} an enormous quantity of eggs, and causing an ulcer, which, if not promptly treated, resulted in the loss of the toe.

During those days, I was studying the condition of our work through the entire field. There seemed to be a spirit of expectancy on the part of the people. A look of anxious waiting, even among those who were not Christians, but who had been educated in our schools. I could scarcely tell just how this was indicated. It was indeed expressed in words by a few; but, it was rather seen in action, and almost

felt by a close observer. I took it as the premonition of a development of the seed long sown. I felt it to be one of the crises of our Mission's history. There had been crises before. At each Station, first, a prompt apparent growth; then a period of withering, with occasional reviving showers; but, at all times, the care of the garden lying solidly on the hands of only the foreign teacher. Now, I saw that there was a sudden recognition by the native of his duty to take up and carry with labor and its expense, the Torch of Truth, which the labor and expense of foreigners had brought to him.

I thought this a most critical period in the Mission's history. All transition periods are dangerous ones for health, whether physical, mental, or moral.

An index of this new feeling, I saw in the beginning of a cessation of opposition to the Mission's carrying the Gospel to the Interior tribes. The selfish fear of each coast-tribe that an advance by the Mission would, with the Gospel, carry away too large a share of pecuniary gain, had been shown even by the native churches. But, on my visit to Berita, when the young men found that I had not come to take charge of

my home that had passed from Mr. Murphy's hands, but was intending to enter the Interior from some coast-point, they offered to be my escort and did, if I would choose Benito as that starting-point. In that one consent of theirs was fulfilled the entire object of the original location of Benito Station by Mr. Paul and myself. I had lived there six years, whose success was gratifying, but it was subordinate to the object of out-living the native selfishness; so that, when a convenient day should come, and the Board could give me a relief, I might say, without opposition, "Now! I am going up the Bonito, to build and live there!" I felt now that I had attained what I had labored for, and that my wish was to be fulfilled. But, in the meantime of years, another river had been opened, offering a better path interior-ward.

Another index of growth was a spirit of self-reliance, amounting, with a few, almost to independence of the Mission. In one aspect, this was gratifying. We had even known sadly, that most who had sought mission-employment did so because it gave them the best means (outside of Trade) of subsistence.

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Now, some by their industry at tools, or by raising stock, or by agriculture, were able to support themselves comfortably, independent of the trader or the missionary. When such remained in our service, it showed a sincere desire to help in our work. Of that work, there was a variety, each Station, Benita, Corisco, and Baraka, having its specialty.

The specialty at Benita was the work for women, in the boarding-School that was about to be opened by my sister. It was a necessity for native women, north of the Corisco parish. While boys could go from any part of our field to any other part (if there should happen to be but one male school in the entire mission) females could not, Mpongwe girls had to be taught at Gaboon; Bengas at Corisco, and the mainland at Benita. The cases were few where either of those tribes would permit their women to go to school in the limits of another. This was not commendable; but, we had to accommodate ourselves to what we could not compel otherwise.

On the 10th of July, the "Brunette" came to carry me with my sister and M^r. Schorch, to Corisco, for quarterly Mission-Meeting. With the

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little vessel's rotten sails, the voyage was a dangerous one. We reached Elougo Station on the evening of the next day, Sunday 11th. Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Bushnell, of Baraka, were awaiting us.

There also I found that the natives were making progress. The only male missionary on the island was the Rev. L. De Heer, who, with Mrs. De Heer and Mrs. Rentschler, had charge of a Boys and Girls School. They were able to attend to the work on the island's limited field. But, a fear, on the part of some of the Benga people, that they might be left helpless if time or sickness should deprive them of their last missionary, impelled them to offer to take charge of and partly support a school (or two schools, as they preferred the sexes being taught separately) in the event of their being left destitute, if the Mission would supply the teacher's salary. This was a good proposition, and showed commendable energy. But, at the same time caused some friction, and made us anxious that the new energy might be directed in proper channels. There was need to ask for "wisdom that is profitable to direct," and also for grace to yield to the native the

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precedence of Honor, even if we still, for a while, had to bear the precedence of work. And thus, at last, the Corisco missionaries might reap (with his own) the labors of his former associates the Rev. Messrs Mackay, Charnes, McQueen and Ogden.

At the Presbytery meeting of Monday, July 13th, four young Konde men were examined on their motives for seeking the Christian Ministry, and were added to the list of two candidates already on our roll.

The two difficulties, viz of Corisco supply, and of my sister's isolation, being relieved by Mr DeHear's willingness to take the entire charge of Corisco, and by Miss Lydia Jones' offer to be transferred from Baraka to Bolondo, I was free to be sent to scout the land for our first Interior Station, up the Ogoe river; my request for which was cordially granted by the Mission, as being directly in the line of the Board's wishes.

Leaving my sister to visit at Elongo, I started on July 14th to Liberville in a little boat "Mbade", with M^r Menkel, and was at Baraka the next day.

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Chapter ~~XIV~~ XV
Preparations
July, Aug. 1874

At Baraka, I was still uncertain whether my route into the Interior should be overland, or by the sea and the river. If the latter, it would not be possible in the Dry Season, because the water was too low for even the small river steamers. Attempt by myself with a boat and crew would simply be impracticable.

While waiting, I looked up the history of the river.

Long before, in the prosperous days of the old Gaboon Mission, before its weakness had made it (in 1871) seek strength by union with the equally weak Loosco Mission, the Rev. Messrs Walker and Preston had visited the Oyoue river. The tribe at the mouth, the Orungu, had not seriously objected to their entering; for, it saw that their boat contained no goods. The two missionaries found the usual mangroves lining the marshy shores for the first twenty miles, where is scarcely enough of solid land on which to build even

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native huts. Then, for the next forty miles, they found only a scattering Kâmi-tribe population. But, so much opposition was made by those Kâmi to their going any farther, even as visitors to the next tribe (the Galwa, where probably could be found healthful high ground for a mission station) that the party returned. And the Gaboon Mission made no farther efforts, though either of those two gentlemen was willing to make the difficult attempt, if the other members of the Mission had relieved them from their posts in Libreville.

The same Kâmi opposition would probably be made to me, in a boat. But, fortunately, in 1866, an English gentleman engaged in trade and exploration, my friend, R. B. N. Walker, F.R.G.S., found his way, with much danger and loss, more than ~~two~~ ^{two hundred} miles up the river. And, in 1872, he established a trading-post about 130 miles from the mouth, among the Galwa tribe, passing through the Ouengas and Kâmi, by means of a small steamer, and explored the river, by canoe, for more than a hundred miles further. Other traders and explorers had conceived themselves of the success of his

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daring. And now, our Mission, though reduced by the final return of several of its members, felt called on, like Hideo with only his 300, to go into this African Interior.

I planned to go overland, with a chosen few of the mission employees as porters, and a minimum of baggage. But, there were various hindrances; by the season of the year; by mission necessity; and even by native traders and others who did not sympathize with the idea of enlightening the interior tribes among whom they traveled. (In this respect, the Mpongwe were not as enlightened as the Benita people.)

The Orungu coast-tribe opposition to entrance into the Ogowe had so far, been overcome by two trading-firms (an English, Hatton and Cookson, known as H. & C., a German, Wöerman) that those firms, by the aid of their little river-steamers, had run by the Orungu at the mouth. And, giving a shop to herbers, by each building in the limits of the half-way tribe, the Nkâmi, a shop (that, however, furnished very little actual business) had established themselves at the head of the Delta, 130 miles up river, among the Galwa tribe, and in near proximity to the Inengae,

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Ajumba, Akile, and Fanne tribes.

The French Government also had sent a gun-boat to survey the river channels. (A gun-boat could protect itself; and, it aroused no opposition, for, it did no Trading.)

I was informed also that two Frenchmen, M.M. Compeigne and Marche, carried by that gun-boat past the Orungu, had started, on Jan'y 11th 1874, from the Delta head, for an exploration of the Interior, taking with them some fifty natives as carriers and crews of their canoes. Akombe, the King of the Galwas, who had allowed them to plan for their journey, under promise that they would return in one month, had died in Dec. 1873. Then, the guidance of the expedition fell into the hands of astute Ra-toki, King of the Inenga, who, though blind, held a superstitious power over his people. The explorers met much difficulty from thefts and opposition by the Akile tribe. Nevertheless, they succeeded in going beyond Mr Bruce Walker's 300 mile limit, to the town of Lope of the Okanda tribe; and on to the Oshoba. Two more days would have carried them to a more peaceful tribe. But, the Oshoba (who are Fanne) fired on them

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during three days. Two Akanda were killed. M. Marche, protesting to a Faneve not to shoot, was himself wounded. That ended their journey. Ra-toki had played a game of duplicity between the French and the Akanda. They had returned on March 31, to the H. & C. trading-house, in two canoes, with only Akanda boatmen, in a destitute condition, M. Marche wearing only a native cloth, and both he and M. Compeigne sick. They reported that the Rapids of the Ogowe begin at Sangaladi in the Okota tribe, with a succession of cataracts, but, that where the current is too swift, canoes could be dragged along the bank and around the cataracts.

A young German explorer, Dr. Lenz, was at Libreville, planning to enter the river.

So, I saw that there were two routes (1) By sea, ^{more than} 70 miles south ^{to} the Ogowe mouth, and past the hostile Orungu by some trading-steamer that would carry me, my baggage, and a few employees. (2). Overland (on a route that had been opened by a Frenchman and also by my trader-friend Mr. Bruce Walker). It would be expensive, because of the number of carriers required for my luggage, provisions, &c.

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but, I thought I would prefer it to the inevitable sea-sickness on the seventy miles of the ocean.

On July 16th, I went to the Wöerman trading-house of agent Wölber, to ask passage on their steam-launch, which, I heard was going up the Ogowe a week later. The clerk, Mr. Schultze, said that they would have no room. I did not believe that that was his real reason; he evidently did not wish to encourage my missionary work. He also said that the Cape Lopez people at the coast would oppose me. The young German traveler, Dr. Lenz, was going for his expedition, on that steam-launch. For a while I was somewhat depressed at this unexpected opposition.

Though the days seemed to be long, I had accomplished nothing in the way of preparation for my journey. I knew none of the Mpongwe well enough to confide in them, or to trust them to give me good advice. Nor did I believe that the traders were so willing to have the natives enlightened, as that they would give me advice that would prosper me. And the two new recruits, Misses Jones and Lusk, were not yet familiar with native problems. So, I was alone; for, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Bushnell

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were still absent at Corisco, I could not even prepare medicines or necessary provisions; for, I did not know by what route I should go, whether up the Rémboe (an affluent of the Gaboon) by canoe and across the intervening country on foot, and then the rest of the way by canoe; or, in some little steamer by sea to Cape Lopez. I was musing hourly on these pros and cons, but could settle nothing. I had thought that my real difficulties would begin in the Interior. These things did not discourage me; they only made me keep my own counsel, and wait for Dr. Bushnell's return.

One native ^{Njâku} offered to go with me if I went by sea, but refused the overland route. He said that the sea-route would be the most judicious, for success of the enterprise in the eyes of the natives, who would not be able to stop me at Cape Lopez, even if they wished to (I being on a steamer); and, who, he said, would accept it as an accomplished fact, if I actually got up the river; but, who might stop me on the Rémboe, on a canoe ride, but who would not hereafter, if my goods went up another way, and the location be already made. I said to myself

that if I did get up the river, I certainly would not in future, take the long sick sea-route, but would make friends along the overland route (which was two days of foot and three days of canoe), the water being in two sections, i. e. at the beginning and at the end of the journey. (Really, finally, I had to submit to the pains of the long sea-sick route.)

Though a week of "doing nothing" seemed long, I really was doing a good deal of thinking, and getting my mind into a receptive state for the proper appreciation of advice when it should come. And, I was feeling around the study of the geography of the country, by the use of charts, and learning the names of places.

These delays distressed me, and I became sick. In the continued absence of Dr. and Mrs. Bushnell, my Ibo friends, Akjira and Akera, the Komohe young man Petige, and the Liberian young woman Juanita, attended to my needs.

On July 24, I continued my preparations for the voyage; and, accompanied by Dr. Bushnell, went again to Mr. Schultze. He assented. But, the next day, he sent me a letter, refusing.

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At once, I decided to go overland by the Römberg. I went to the Plateau, to the French Governor, to inform him of my intention. And, Kjéky refused to go with me. He thought I should ^{with old friends} stay, and a new man go. (He was not aware of our Mission rule, of no new man going alone to a new place.)

Another interest that delayed me, was the question of the erection of a new house for my Sister's School. Not all the members of the Mission were in favor of it; and, M^r Menkel, the missionary-mechanic, was already developing the irascible temper in dealing with natives (which eventually destroyed his usefulness in the Mission) that made it difficult to obtain laborers who would work under his direction. I began to think that if I was to wait until September, for the Ogowe to leave its annual rise (as I was informed by Capt. Johns, of M^r Bruce Walker's steamer, the "Pioneer") I better put in my waiting months in helping to build my sister's house.

While in this uncertain state of mind, there arrived on July 28th, the "Thos. Pope" from America, with luggage for me, and my sister's new boat, "Evangeline". (Of my goods,

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a stone was broken; so, I decided to go to Benito.

On July 31st, I obtained passage on a trading vessel, the "Ruby Queen", going to Ellobi; escorting Miss Jones (who had been appointed assistant at Bolondo) with my sister's boat and other goods brought from New York by the "Thos. Pope". The next day, Saturday, the "Ruby Queen" moved toward the Muni river mouth, where Mr. Walker's anchored home, the "Princess Royal", lay near the town of UKÂKÂ. He gave us most hospitable welcome, sending us ashore to the comfortable house of one of his employes, a Mr. Scott, where we remained over Sunday. The next day, Mr. Walker confirmed Capt. Johns' statement that it would be impossible to ascend the Oyowe in a steamer during the dry season; offered to take me to Benito; and promised me transportation for self and belongings, on the "Pioneer", early in September.

So, on Aug. 3rd, Miss Jones and I, the boat, and all our baggage, were transferred to the "Pioneer". And, by the evening we anchored outside the Benito mouth. Mr. Walker fired a salute of three guns, and sent us ashore, to my sister's delighted surprise. Next day, I was

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going back and forth to the "Pioneer" (which, in the meanwhile had crossed the bar, and anchored in the river, firing another salute to Bolondo). There was landing of my sister's goods; and a sale to Mr. Walker of one of the Mbâde cattle. Sister was glad I had decided to remain and help build her new house. Among the pleasures was the opening of the newly-arrived boxes containing "Bengue Customs" and the "Primer", which I had had printed in the United States, and which were at once put into use:—A box of fireworks gave a thrilling evening to the Bolondo boys:—There were lags to be brought from the forest, for the hills and steepens of the house:—I was of service at the Bolondo prayer-meetings; and, on Sundays, assisting Mr. Schorsch in the church at Mbâde, in company with my sister, Miss Jones, and Mrs. Sneed:—Rev. Mr. Ibiya was also a visitor from Corisco, for a few days:—Mrs. Menkel came from Mbâde with Korube women for a Sewing Class at Bolondo:—My translation of the psalms was put into use on Sunday Aug. 16:—On the 23^d, we of Bolondo were invited to a Reception at Mbâde, by Mr.

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and Mrs Menkel:- By the 24th, the frame of the house was begun to be raised:- On the 26th, sister made a return Reception for M^r and Mrs Menkel and M^r Schoroch:- It was time for me to get ready for a return to Elobi, to keep my engagement with M^r B. Walker and the "Pioneer":- M^r. Menkel dropped work on the house, to put the native boat "Mbâde" in its condition, and to engage a crew. He had difficulty; for, with his unfortunate temperament, they were unwilling to go, until assured that the journey was sure and that I would be in control. I kindly as a friend urged him to change his rough manner with the natives:- Two Komba young men volunteered to go with me into the Ogowe, Iargumu, as carpenter, and Mediko as general assistant. It was a demonstration that pleased me, that, when Beniges had not offered, and Mpougwes had objected, Kombe (even while they felt that I was "deserting" them), were willing to help me carry the Gospel elsewhere.

Starting in the "Mbâde", on Sat., Aug. 29th, I stopped at night and over Sunday at Hanje, finding plenty of food where I had feared a

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scarcity. Medikob's father was afraid to let him go with me, but finally yielded. There was a drizzling menyēngē (Dry Season) rain as we started again at night. The next day, Monday, stopping on the way at Ulāba and Italamanga among the Bapukos; and around Cape St John, into a quiet cove to await the turn of the tide, we were on our way again to Elobi, and thence to the "Princess Royal", by 8. P.M. There a warm reception from Mr. B. Walker, who sent me ashore for the night at Mr. Scott's. The next day, Sept. 1st, the "Mbāde" was sent on an errand to Mr. Better at Borisco, and thence back to Benita; while I waited several days as Mr. B. Walker's guest; on the "Princess Royal"; and as now at Mr. Arnwell's garden; a steamer "Batangue" came in; and I wrote letters.

On Saturday Sept. 5th, Mr. B. Walker's boat was sent for me and my belongings, to board the "Pioneer", where, with his Libreville agent, Mr. Jobet, there was firing of salutes and drinking of healths, for the success of my voyage. Mr. Walker sent directions to his Sydney employees to give me every possible attention and assistance. He asserted that, in

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his observation of several years, the Ogowe, from interior rivers in a different latitude, always rose in advance of its own local rains. And, that, therefore, though the river was known to be very low at that very day, he believed that we would find it rising as we advanced, even though our local rains were not due until the latter part of September.

Finally starting, the "Pioneer" went slowly out of Loirico Bay, anchoring for the night near Mbange island; and the next day, Sunday, into the Gaboon Estuary, and at anchor at Libreville. I went ashore for a quiet afternoon, and to address the evening Monthly Concert, as a good-bye, and a farewell and good wishes for my Ogowe plans. And, the next day, was busy hurrying my last packings and loading them and a few household goods on to the "Pioneer", for a proposed three months absence.

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Chapter XVI

Entering the Ogowe

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It was an inspiration, at the very inception of my Ogowe life, as, on the 10th of September, 1874, we entered the Kazaule (one of the five mouths of the river), to know that I was standing on the deck of a vessel that once had been Livingstone's!

When he made his second trans-African journey, back from Angola by the Atlantic, through the canyons of the Zambezi, and out to its mouth on the Indian Ocean, the British Government rewarded him with a consulship of East Africa, assigning to him, for the support of consular dignity, one of its damaged gun-boats, the "Pioneer". When, finally, it was condemned, it was bought at public sale, by Hatton and Cookson, a Liverpool firm of African merchants, and (still retaining two little cannon on the forward deck) ... sent by them to their trading-house in the Gaboon. And, now, I was trading where Livingstone had trod; and was

resting in the little cabin where his brave Mary Moffat had yielded up her life for Africa!

The two little cannons on the bows were loaded and shotted. A dozen rifles were conveniently arranged on the quarter-deck. The captain revealed that, in any encounter with the Orungu, I would not be allowed to be a neutral. "Dr. Kassar, fill up that sixteen repeater of yours! I'll call on you, if we are attacked!"

The Orungu probably knew of the "Pioneer's" armament. Whatever they may have felt or thought, we saw no signs of any demonstration against us. We drew a sigh of relief, as the vessel, slowly passing through the tortuous channel at the mouth, safely glided into the deep though narrow stream of the river itself.

At its mouth, the river was lined, on each side, by a growth of mangrove. How wonderful that mangrove forest! For miles and miles, no other tree or plant! Standing in water and an ooze of mud, with no firm ground; and yet, by their mesh of roots, defending a continent's ragged edges from the ocean's abrasion. Without a tap-root, the trees stand on their, mired feet; as Mary Kingsley wittily wrote, "Dame Nature up-gathering her skirts from

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the ambient mud." The mangrove, loving only brackish water, monopolises the first ten miles. For the next ten, it shares the interest of the traveler's eye with impenetrable thickets of the Pandanus (screw-pine). At another ten miles was marked by a decrease of both the mangrove and Pandanus, and the growth of varieties of the palm, and of other trees.

Sunset of the first day brought the "Pioneer", at the end of thirty miles, to the town of Angâla, the first place where land stood sufficiently high and solidly above the river's edge, for human habitation. It was Orungu, on the boundary between that tribe and the Khâmi. Its old King, Esongi, was a wise man. He had hastened to bow to the new power that was breaking the old-time monopoly, in order to make gain by a demonstration of friendship of friendship. He included me in his welcome. This began a friendliness that lasted to the end of his life. In subsequent years, his conversations on religion, were most intelligent; though he always retained his superstitions.

As the stretches of the river widened, its depth decreased. The channels were numerous and

~~tortuous~~ ~~runways~~. Progress became slower; groundings and backings off became more frequent. Two days after leaving Angâla, and at the end of fifty five or sixty miles from the mouth, by the evening of Sept. 12, the impassable sand-bars definitely blocked our further progress, near the villages, on the left bank, of two old chiefs, Njâgu and Oñwa-onabe. The river was still running with a swift current, and less than a thousand yards wide. The "Pioneer" lay, not aground, but in a cut-de-sac, close by the right bank. We had to lie there twelve days! Mr. B. Walker's statement that we would find the river rising as we advanced was generally true. But, in this particular year, the season was late.

I occupied myself by a few visits to the villages, a little hunting, a great deal of reading and writing, and collecting information about the location and peoples of the beyond.

Mutterings of distant thunder made us hopeless of a ride in the river. Other mutterings, that kept the captain in daily anxiety, of the possibility of native demands on his goods, materialised one day. Some twelve or fifteen miles further up river, at the town Ngumbe, lived another

Nkâmi chief, Isâgi. Unlike Esongi and Njâger and C-ûwa-ombe, he had not fully accepted that the Monopoly should be broken, although Mr. B. Walker, to satisfy him, had built at his town a trading-house and located there an intelligent American mulatto, John Ermy. Capt. Johns, hopeless of getting up the river, had sent a canoe-messenger to H. and C's head-trader, Mr. Sinclair, eighty miles farther up river, asking him to come with boats and crews, to which the freight might be transferred.

On the night of Sept. 18, Ermy arrived with news of native reports that Isâgi intended to come and rob the vessel. ~~Mr. Ermy~~ ^{Mr. Ermy} assured me

that Isâgi's threats had no reference to myself (as I was not "trading") and offered, if I was tired waiting, to send me by canoe, on to Mr. Sinclair's (my destination, as mentioned by Mr. Walker.)

The next day, Mr. Sinclair arrived. I handed to him Mr. Walker's letter of introduction. Thus began an agreeable acquaintance that extended over a dozen years. Presently, came Isâgi, with five large war-canoes and flags and drums and chants and songs of more than one hundred men. I have never known what was his real intention. Certainly, intimidation was

part of his scheme. But, he was pacified; and he left, in apparent good will, with the understanding that the steamer was to go on as soon as the rains came. ^{Mr. Sinclair also left.} We had made

a mark of the water's level on the face of the clay bank at our side. On Sept. 23, we saw that that mark was submerged. The river was rising! Not that the rains had fallen with us, but, they had begun to fall at the far Ogoe sources, in a different latitude; and, in their downward flow, the rising flood had reached us.

The next day, Sept. 24, the "Pioneer" backed out of its cul-de-sac, and slowly and carefully advanced, passing places that, in subsequent years, became familiar stopping-places for us, Agumbe, Ashuka, and (in the Galwa district) Inenga, Oranga, Agome, and Wombâlya; and finally reached Mr. Sinclair's "Agurna" trading-house at the Galwa town of Adâli-nâ-nângâ, on Thursday, Oct. 1. This town was on the right bank, opposite to an island (the head of the Delta) that divided the river into two branches; one, the "main ^{stream} branch" keeping on down by the left bank; the other, the "Agumba branch", running on down the right bank, past a hill Kângwe (that took a prominent

place in my life later, and beyond dividing and subdividing, until it reached the sea 130 miles distant.

Mr. Sinclair with his clerk Mr. Woodward, and a German house with its clerk and assistant, Mr. Percy a new H. & C. clerk and myself, a company of six, were the only white residents in the river.

Mr. Sinclair was most kind and hospitable. But, his only room being already occupied, he made me a bed on the counter of his shop. He sympathised with my plans; and offered to escort me, after he should have paid off and dismissed several hundred of his native traders and their boat-crews, who had been waiting several weeks for the arrival of the "Pioneer" and its trade-goods.

In the meanwhile, I avoided making acquaintance in the Galwa villages, lest their tribal jealousy should be aroused by my plans to go to tribes beyond them. Mr. B. Walker had told me of a place, Mbomi, where lived the Okota tribe, whose language resembled the Benga. Thus I hoped to communicate at once with them; for, I had the Benga fluently.

The numerous crowd in Mr. Sinclair's hut, was

living in very unsanitary conditions. Because of this, and the unusually long dry season, the chigoe pests had propagated in frightful hordes. During previous years, in my Benita journeys, affiliating with the natives and sleeping on their bed-frames (but, with my own pillow) I had, with care, escaped most of the prevalent vermin. But here, no amount of care, sanitation, or cleanliness was able to save me from these horrible little monsters. I shuddered with disgust, not at the itching bite, but at the very thought of a persistent parasite on my body. Every hour of the day, I removed my shoes and socks to pick off the frightful invaders. And, at night, I awoke almost every hour to on kerosene as a slight deterrent. I had met with fever, with danger from poison, drowning, wild beasts, affliction, sorrow, trial, malice daggers, and human treachery. None of these things had moved me from my devotion to Africa and missionary duty. But, after all these years, I confess that, for the first and only time in my entire African life, the thought did come to me, "I can not endure this! I will give up

the work, and go back to the United States!" But, relief came. The blessed Rain came! The pests were destroyed, only enough surviving, for reproduction in the next dry season.

For the first time in my life, I felt what it was to be on the last verge of civilization. At dinner, for a welcome to the "Pioneer", Mr. Sinclair invited his few white neighbors and their guests, making a company of seven. Besides these, there were three, left in charge of the vessel, and somewhere in the river two others. In all, only twelve white men in the entire course of the river, of whom, only six were actual residents!

Chapter XVII

Prospecting

Oct. 1874 -- Sept 1875

Mr. Sinclair informed me that the Bakola had left Mbomi, and had gone to Isanga-ladi about fifty miles back toward the Interior. I therefore decided to locate among the adjacent Akéle tribe, whose language, though unlike the Benga, was cognate with it. As his business prevented him from carrying out his offer to escort me, he placed me under the special guidance of Agaié, one of his Akâmi traders, who could speak English, and whose place was near Mbomi. And he assisted me in purchasing a canoe and hiring three balwas, Këndagingé, Braniga, and Aveya. (I mention their names; for they remained in my service several years.) These with my two Kombes made a sufficient crew.

Balwa canoes were very "cranky"; flat-bottomed, sides perpendicularly straight like a box, the pointed bow and stern not much elevated above the level of the gunwales,

In smooth water they were safe; but, before waves raised by a wind, they had no buoyancy; they simply cut through the waves.

Finally, on the afternoon of Monday, Oct. 12, the first day of the 40th year of my life, with my own canoe, my five crew, and a portion of my supply of provisions, escorted by Agaiia and his five large canoes laden with trade goods and with his sixty-beloved men, their guns firing, flags flying, and shouts of songs, I started on the second stretch of my Ogowe journey. I had no direction of the route, though I made careful notes of islands, villages, creeks, &c, for my own future travels. Nor had I any authority, I allowed my crew lazily to follow Agaiia's people in the vigor of their hilarity, that left little strength to be applied to their paddles.

We had gone only a few miles when the sun set; and we stopped for the night on a sand-bank. During the night, rain fell heavily. I kept most of it off by crouching under my enormous umbrella, where also I gathered my perishable treasures and bedding. I slept somewhat, with no chigoes, but with rain, thunder, lightning, and with the snorting and bellowing hippopotami in the adjacent shallows, which

were angry at our invasion of their sleeping grounds.

The next morning an early start was made, and the mouth of the Ngounye on the left bank, only ten miles from the Aguma "factory", was passed. (This word "factory" was the common one used in trade all along the entire coast. It meant the house of the trader or "factor". Lest it be misunderstood for a manufactory, I shall, in this history, use, instead of it, "trading-house".) Much of the day was wasted by Agua's men in their slow paddling, smoking, animated discussions, and long narratives.

In my subsequent government of my own crews, while I encouraged them to sing, and did not forbid conversation, I required that the tongue's motion should not be a substitute for that of the paddle.

By sunset, we had made only about twelve miles. Heavy ^{and wind} rain, ~~was~~ coming. To escape the rough waves, we ran into a little creek, where there was neither time nor place to build a fire.

By the third day, the crews awoke to the necessity of work. Many stops were made. At a certain headman's, Ayake, where he presented me with a chicken; and, at King Odeñe's, where

I was accorded quite a reception. He gave me a chicken, which I cooked at once. He was very curious and inquisitive. He wanted to see my toes, wondering that chigoes could invade shoes. Resuming the journey, I observed attractive mission-sites. With all these delays, our flotilla did not make more than eight miles that day. Azaia reached his village adjoining that of the Akile Chief Kasa, at sun-set, in a drenching rain.

The next day, Oct. 15, was also rainy. Kasa came to see me. I specifically acknowledged his jurisdiction, and put myself and my people under his care. I told him that I intended to build in his vicinity, if I could find conditions satisfactory. I at once took with him the position of telling him what I wanted, and of objecting to what I disliked, as I would to a friend. He was very intelligent, with some civilized ideas that agreeably surprised me, though his heathenism was deep and his superstitions amazingly strong.

He took me from Azaia's, and established me and my belongings in a large room of his own bamboo hut, in his town of 300 people. In the evening he paraded before me his twenty-six

women, and placed one under the special care of his chief one, or "queen", Twanajā, who was to see that provisions were to be regularly supplied to me (of course, I would pray for them). She was a lady-like woman, of unusual strength and amiability of character. Our friendship continued for years.

Kasa wanted to see all my curiosities, my dressing-gown, flute, accordion, and Winchester sixteen-repeater rifle. It was a wonder that a gun could "talk ten times" without stopping to reload. Then he showed me some of his treasures, among them, a heavy string of fetich-charms in a gazell horn, with shells, a genet skin, &c. With these around his shoulders, he said that he was invulnerable to any gun, spear, or other weapon of man or beast. He offered to allow me to fire my Winchester at him; and did not quail when I cocked the trigger and aimed at him. He felt that he had won in the test. [But, two years later, when he died, gored by the tusks of a wounded elephant, I reminded his people of the useless fetichs.]

In conversation and Sunday Services, I spoke in Benga to Mediko, who, with his knowledge of Mpongwe, repeated to me of the

Galwes, who was able to speak in Likile. But, I felt that, if I remained among the Bakile, I would soon learn to speak Likile myself, as it somewhat resembled Benga.

Kasa promised to take me to examine what he thought desirable building sites at various points, within a mile up and down the river from his town. To the villages, I daily went without him, making attempts at preaching (through the two interpreters), and in reading to them the printed Word, of which I had parts in Benga, Mpongwe and Likile.

Some little children attached themselves to me in these villages; they were useful links in my efforts to influence the adults.

Kasa was variable in his "friendship"; was times very liberal, and then, occasionally, exacting. And, he was slow in carrying out his promise to show me building-sites. Evidently he did not wish me to leave his town. He wished me to live there, for the sake of the dignity my presence gave him in the eyes of his tribe, and for the goods I was daily spending in the feeding of my crew. I told him positively that I would not build in the narrow limits of his town, with my memory

of the mistake made in the location of Mbade at Benita; I decided that my Station should require (1) a tract of not less than twenty acres. (2) not in proximity to a native village. (3) a boat-landing under my sole control. (4) a spring of water not used by other parties.

I did not confine myself to Kasas town; but spent a week or so each at other towns of other chiefs; at Mbomi, and at Ondōnes, and Toyakis. Also, I thought it desirable to acquaint myself with the overland route to Gaboon, so that I might know the way if there should ever be an important call to the Coast the while that passage by the river was blocked by the Dry Season or other causes.

So, I went down to Mr. Sinclair's; and, on Friday, Nov. 13th, I started down the smaller or Ajumba branch of the Ogowe, a two days trip to Lake Azingo. (From that Lake, the overland two days journey for Gaboon would begin, to a town, Agoujo, on the Rémbeve; and thence, two days canoeing down to Libreville.) My visit at Azingo was satisfactory. I made friends with the Ajumba Chief Anzege. I held meetings with a very mixed crowd of

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people, Galwa, Mpougwe, Kâmi, Ajumba, and
Fânme. As I sat on the beach, there was beautiful
moonlight streaming over the wavelets of the
lake. And, by day, I thought of One who long
ago had sat by near the shore of Genesareth
speaking the Word of Life to a mixed multitude
on the beach. I was entertained hospitably
by Anege. He gave me the fresh meat of the
manatee (dugong); ~~I killed~~ ^{killed} by one of his
young hunters; I know of none more delicious.

I returned to Mr. Sinclair's,
stopping one night on the way at Chief
Fanga-mângâ's in Ajumba; and reached
the Aquina house late at night of Thursday
Nov. 19th, just in time to escape a heavy rain.
I found that the "Pioneer" had arrived on the
preceding Sunday from Libreville, and had
come up the river with Mr. Sinclair. On inquiring,
I also discovered that a mail had come for
me. A blessed mail, with a dozen letters
and other documents from America. But, I was
troubled to know, by my sister's letter from
Isolondo, that the mission mechanic, Mr. Menkel,
had not kept his distinct promise to me that
he would promptly complete her house. On that
promise, I had left that house unfinished. I

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decided to haste to her, and do the building myself, even if I should therefore go back to the Coast sooner than I had planned, i.e., for the annual Mission meeting. The "Pioneer" returned on Tuesday, and hurried away on Wedy 25th.

On Sunday 29th, I saw a pitiful incident in Slavery. I had recovered my usual health, after a bit of intermittent fever. I had finished all packing for my overland journey, and was ready for Monday. I had enjoyed a quiet reading on Mr Snelair's veranda, looking off across the wide Ogowe and beyond to the blue hills of its affluent the Ngouye. He looked up and saw a collection of canoes on a beach several hundred yards distant. Thinking that they might be some of his own sub-traders, he rose to go and inspect them. I followed. The canoes were of Orange slave-traders. The slaves looked thin and sad. Among them was a comely-looking woman, who, attracted by his kind looks, pleaded with him to buy her, so as to save herself from a possibly cruel native master. One of his Nkâmi traders was standing by with his own little slave boy. The child said that, in the tribe

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from which he had been stolen when very young, he had left his mother, whom that woman so resembled that he believed she was his mother.

[This incident, I developed in my novelette,

"Mawedo", published by the American Tract Society, 1880.]

Starting on Monday, Nov. 30, by my own canoe and crew, but also with four of Mr. Sinclair's Galwas (who were to bring the canoe back to Ajuma), I made the run down the Ajumba branch to Lake Azingo in one day.

Chief Anzege was expecting me, and was helpful.

While waiting to engage some Fariwe as porters on the overland, I had a rare opportunity to see the superstitious ceremonies connected with the butchering of a Hippopotamus that had been shot by the same young hunter who, on my previous visit, had caught the manatee.

On Thursday Dec. 3, I was ready to start, having seven packages, each of 35 lbs weight. (East African porters carry burdens of double that weight.) Chief Anzege started with me and my five crew, to the village where I was to pick up my four engaged Fariwe. He remained with me till we had crossed the Lake and had landed me on its northern side. Then he made the Fariwe

a formal address, committing me to their care, and demanding a faithful fulfillment of their contract. It was very diplomatic. This scene of conflict with cupidity was one that was repeated many a time in my African pioneer life.

The journey was not difficult. There were swamps crossed by logs, and many streams, across which I either waded or swam. There were dark ravines, and steep ascents, until the top of the watershed between the Ogowe and the Kômbou was reached; and then there was a level plateau. The path was narrow, but well-trdden. We met companies of Fânwe and Bakêlê. Two nights were spent on the way. The first, we slept in the open forest; the next was in an Akêlê hamlet.

On the morning of the third day, the villagers said that they had heard that, at Agonjo, the town to which we were going, on the Kômbou bank, was lying a little cutter, "Lizette", belonging to the firm of J. Holt & Co, and about to sail for Libreville. My plan of the journey included the hiring of a canoe at Agonjo. But, hearing of this "Lizette", I and my nine men hastened, almost to the

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point of running. Just as we reached the water-side, and pushed my packages and my five men into canoes lying at the bank, the crew of the "Lizette" were hauling up their anchor, ready to start. When I reached its deck, its Mpongwe captain, who knew me, congratulated me. He said that they had been working at that anchor for an hour; and that it had yielded only just when I came in sight. Further down

the Rémouwe, the "Lizette" transferred us to a larger boat of M^r Holts, the "Brunette". Two days and nights were passed on that cutter, while it sailed, or rowed, or stopped to trade. Finally, we reached Libreville ~~at~~ by 9. A.M. ~~of~~ Monday, Dec. 7th; and thence to Bakaka Station, for a welcome there.

Then there was a sharp disappointment, in that, Dr. Bushnell, unaware that I was coming so soon, had sent my mail, supposing that I was still in the Ogowe:- There were accounts to be settled with the Mission Treasurer:- There were anxious inquiries for a boat to take me to my sister:- There was an official call at the French Government House at the Plateau. The Commandant was pleased with my report of the

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overland - Azinge route. Only two white men had preceded me on it; and they each had made their start from Libreville.

On the morning of Thursday, Dec. 17th, I got passage for myself and my five crew, on a small trading cutter going to Elabi; whence I hoped to be able to hire a boat to Benita. My plan was successful. At Elabi, a Kombe man, Jati, who knew me, was there with his boat. On my urgency, he hastened his departure; and, we started on the Saturday, reaching Bolondo, under a heavy rain, about 4. A.M. of Sunday, Dec. 20th. My sister needed me; and had hoped for my coming. After attending church at Mbande that Sunday, on Monday I at once began at the completing of the new house for her. Mr. Menckel was away at Libreville, in his capacity as captain of the Mission's new schooner, "Hudson"; which returned to Benita the next Thursday, bringing my missing mail, which had been returned from the Ogawe. My stay at Benita was a series of confusions; in efforts to hasten the Bolondo house-building; defense of my sister against Mr. Schorsch's oppressions; quarrels of Mr. Schorsch with Mr. Menckel; an out-break of

the people against me, because of my movements against Mr. Schorsch; and goings back and forth on the Red.

One day, at Mbâde, while putting in order my two graves in the cemetery, I tried to establish some peace between the two men. I thought both worthy of blame; Mr. Mankel for his irascibility; and Mr. Schorsch for his autocracy.

On Wed. Jan'y 6, 1875, in the "Hudson", with Mr. Schorsch, my sister and Miss Jones, I went to Libreville, for the Annual Meetings, arriving there on the 9th.

When the meetings ended, I should have returned to my Ogowe work. But, it was not safe to leave my sister at Bolondo, until some settlement was made of Mr. Schorsch's doings. In his autocracy, he resented that she, with her excellent administrative ability, did not subordinate her School-work to his direction.

So, on Sat'y, Jan'y 16th, our company returned to Benita. And, on Tuesday, 19th, I was again at work on the house.

Before he came to Africa, Mr. Schorsch had been known, in the Chicago Theological Seminary, as "eccentric". Accompanying his application to the Board to be accepted as a foreign missionary, the recommendation of one of his Professors said,

"He is a singular fellow; but, I guess that he will do for Africa." Think of it! Anything good enough "for Africa"! (He was not the only one sent, to the Mission's injury. In those days, no one was ordered to Africa; only those were sent who requested it.) Equatorial Africa, with its climate, its Fever, and its isolation, intensifies any prominent part of a foreigner's character, to an offensive degree. His eccentricity became a monomania. On all other points, he was sane; his mania was that he was in supreme authority in the Mission. He ruined the Benita church. The spirituality and Christian zeal, which I had found only six months before, was wrecked. Mr. Murphy had admitted to baptism, only after careful examination and a year's test. Any one who came to Mr. Schorsch, with expressed desire to be "a Christian", was at once placed on the mission employ-roll (even if no work was done), and was coddled with food, clothing, plates, knives and forks, &c., &c. A wretched company of "rice Christians" (The only case, before or since, in our entire Mission.) With this degradation of the Christian name, the heathen were associated. They valued Mr. Schorsch for the financial good they

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could get out of him by their flattery. The store-house (for both Mbâde and Bolondo) at Mbâde, was under his control. All goods brought by the "Hudson" were landed there. He refused to yield to my sister a certain package, because, in the note she sent him, she signed herself "Isabella A. Passani". Because I familiarly called her "Bella", he insisted that her name was not "Isabella", requiring her to re-sign her note as "Bella", its treasurer for Benita, it was his daily duty to pay orders given to natives. He sent me word on Feb'y 9th that he would open the store for such payments only twice a week. He objected to my sister's teaching Theology, saying that in Germany his sisters worked out in the fields. He became so outrageous that I asked him to go with me, for a called-meeting of Mission, to decide on his claims. He refused to recognize the Mission, only Anabaptism.

Knowing him that I would go without him, and that action might be taken against him, I went in the "Hudson", on Feb'y 25th, stopping at Comasco for Mr. DeHeer, and reaching Libreville on March 3rd. The Mission decided to remove M^r. S. from all his offices.

I started back, Mar. 5th, reaching Benita on the 6th. On the 8th, I sent to M^r. S. the

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Mission's official notification. He declined to yield. He played on the cupidity of the people. He seized and refused to deliver to my sister some goods for her brought on the "Hudson". He incited a mob, led by three heathen chiefs (which most of the church-members joined) and threatened me with violence if I attempted to enforce the Mission's order. Even some of my best former friends, while they protected me from assault, ordered me to leave and "go back to Ogowe with your badness." (That outrage of the Benila mob has remained in my memory during all the subsequent years.) Only my sisters young men and the Ministry-candidates were faithful to me.

After some days, the mob feeling subsided. Mr. S. yielded. And, on Wedy, Mar. 17th, with him, in the "Hudson", I started again for Libreville (stopping on the way at Conisco, for Mr. De Heer) for the quarterly meetings, arriving ⁱⁿ near the Gaboon river, Saty the 20th. Mr. S. made a great deal of excitement and trouble in the meetings, and, it was decided to report to the Board in New York. He would obey no ~~etc~~ ^{orders}, nor comply with any requests. There was no place for him in the Mission. Neither Mr. De Heer nor Dr. Bushnell would receive him. To save my sister,

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I offered to accept him as an associate in the Ogowe. He assented; and, after having threatened us all with punishment by his Emperor of Germany, he boarded the "Pioneer" with me and my three balwas and two (new) Kombes, for the Ogowe, on Tuesday Mar. 30th.

Livingstone, in the diaries of his journeys with that same "Pioneer", on the Zambezi and Shire rivers, speaks of the wearying stoppages of its engines. History repeated itself on that journey of mine back to the Ogowe. Progress was so slow, and I was so anxious to get again at my work, that, when the vessel stopped at Chief Nâzi's town, Agoumba, I sent ahead by a passing canoe, one of my balwas, for him to report at Agoumba the state of affairs on the "Pioneer". And, hopeless of the vessel's getting any farther, with its unskilled engineer, I hired a very large canoe and Akâmi young men and two boys (making with my remaining four, a crew of fifteen); and, with all my and Mr. Demeré's belongings, we left the vessel, and went on up the river, on Friday, April 9th.

Stopping at a number of villages, especially Ashuka, and Nâmpo (the town of a new friend, Azâze) and in the forest, where, one day, as I sat sitting in the shade, a snake passed between my legs,

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without attempting to strike me; and after some unpleasant experiences, we finally reached Mr Sinclair's, in the dark of the morning of Tuesday April 15th.

Mr Sinclair was absent; but, his new assistant, Mr Travis, was hospitable. But, no engagements could be made until Mr Sinclair's return. In the meanwhile, I looked over my goods stored there. They were sadly infested by weevils and ants.

By Sat. evening, Mr Sinclair returned. And, on Sunday 18th, the "Pioneer" arrived. Its engines had been repaired; and Mr Sinclair decided to take it, on a visit of inspection of his trading-house at Osam-ukita (usually mis-written, Sam-kita) some 25 miles up the river. I really think that he did this out of kindness to me, to give me passage to Kasa's town. It certainly was more comfortable than two days paddling in a canoe, open to rain, sun, &c.

We were at Kasa's by 10. P.M., the vessel being able to travel, even through the Ogowe's tortuous channels at night, by the Season's deep water and under the bright moonlight.

The next day, I was welcomed by all the people, especially by Kasa's head-wife, *Nwamaja*, his little nephew *Mutyi*, and a little girl, *Awethe*.

Kasa had been anxiously expecting me, and had begun almost to believe that I had deceived him; because, on leaving him in the preceding Nov. 1874, I had told him that I would be back again in less than three months. And, now, it was six months! (I had had no idea of what lay before me in the Benita troubles.)

I took Mr. Schorsch a walk, to show him a site, near the village of a man Ibanyi, which (at that time) I thought I would choose for the Station; and where, I assumed, that he would associate with me. But, the next day, he was violently excited with the idea that the room in Kasa's house, in which we were sleeping, was not good. He went off and established himself in an adjacent village of a man Ktambi. After that, we had very little communication.

While I still was inspecting other sites suggested for the location of the Station, and was gathering material for building, I could do nothing positive during the absence of Kasa, who was away on a trade-journey. My dealings, for the purchase of any ground, had to be with him as the Chief of that district.

The days of delay were becoming

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May

trying. I went preaching in the villages by day; and, at night, had friendly conversations in Kasa's "reception-room"; with men and women, about their customs, foods, amusements, &c. &c.

When he returned, I told him that I would not build on any of the sites he had shown me; that I wanted a place not near a noisy town, not because I wished to avoid people, but that I needed a spot where I could sleep quietly at night. He still urged that he and I should choose a new place, and build together!

By May 8th, I decided on a site called Belambula, near Mbilye creek, about a mile down river from Kasa, and at least half a mile from any other village. He went with me, for me to indicate the outlines of the ground, probably some thirty acres. I did not need them all; but, I felt sure that I would be followed by him or some other native; in which case, I desired some slight distance between us.

He still said that he intended to build alongside of me! This I could not prevent; but, I could put a good distance between my center and his outline.

On May 11th, Kasa and I again went to decide on the outlines I should mark. He begged

that we might actually build together! Our difference of opinion became so unpleasant that I lost my patience. Finally, he seemed to yield; but I declined to have further dealings with him, until he should actually mark on trees the outlines I desired.

In the meanwhile, I went to King Andōne's town. An initiation into the great Ukuku or Yasi Society was in progress. I soon became conscious that my presence was not desired; and I left, being given a parting present of three pitifully small chickens. A few days

later Kasa and I went again to my chosen ground. But, as he resumed his demand that we should build together, I angrily left him. Later, on the path, I met Nwanajā. She said that her own family had decided that I should have all the ground as I desired.

In Kasa's town, there was scarcely a day but what was marked by quarrels, a fight, or other excitement. One night, a barrel of trade-rum was brought to the adjacent village of a man Ivinēnē. In the drunken revelry that followed, one of Kasa's men died. Another day, there was a witch-"palaver" at Ivinēnē's, over the cause of the death of a woman who had died there. A woman had been seized and charged as "witch".

death was almost invariably the penalty for such a charge. At that time, ^{among} the African heathen, for every one who died a natural death, there was put to death (as the witchcraft cause) at least one victim, often more; in case of a King, even a hundred. One of my Konde men, Mwangatye, told me that the woman was begging for her life. On Monday 17th, I had a decided talk with Kasa about the "witches" whom he had threatened to kill.

I had sent my men to begin to clear away the bushes and trees from the exact spot which I had chosen for the site of my house. And, on May 20th, Nwanaja, deputed by Kasa, went with me, to complete the actual marking of the boundaries.

On Friday 21st, Kasa had been in one of his ugly changes of "friendship," and had demanded an exorbitant price for plantains. His women therefore hesitated to sell to my employees (though Nwanaja saw to it that I obtained enough for myself.) So, with four of my people, in a small canoe, I went to Mbomi, and bought a dozen bunches. After a pleasant talk there, I saw a storm coming, and hastened to leave. (I better had waited.) As I pushed off, a strong wind was blowing up-

stream, against the river's rapid current. In the small canoe, myself and four crew were too many; and the plantains sank the gunwales to the level of smooth water. In the rough water of that day, the canoe began to fill. Passing still rougher water opposite the mouth of Big Bangs creek, we swamped. A paddle and the plantain went floating away; my cooking utensils, box of medicines, and umbrella sank. We clung to the canoe; and a passing canoe helped us to right it, bailed it, and started again. But, the storm of wind and rain piled higher waves as we passed a point of land, and the canoe again upset. One of the four struck out for shore. The other three stayed by me, as we clung to the canoe. Kwanyatye saw that I was becoming numbed with the cold, and that with difficulty I could maintain my grasp on the revolving canoe. He wished me to let go, promising that he would swim with me to the shore. Though I can swim, I did not believe that I could do so in my heavy clothing. For myself, I felt that, in a little while I would be at the bottom of the Ogowe, I was not in pain, nor afraid. A strange coolness came over me. But, the other canoe

Had seen our disaster, returned, rescued us, and landed us at the mouth of another creek, Little Spango. With two of the crew, I walked on to Kasa's. Then Twanaji brought me a pile of plantains, bidding me never again to go elsewhere for them. During my fourteen previous years, I had been in danger, but never in as great danger of loss of life, as that day. I learned therefore, when traveling in a canoe, in sight of a coming storm, to run ashore, and wait until the wind was past. In a boat, there was less danger.

Though living in adjacent villages, M. Schorsh and I had almost nothing to do with each other. As he had announced his entire independence of me, I made no offers, lest, in his excessively suspicious nature, I should be charged with interfering. On May 25, he suddenly decided to go away, and left on the 28.

The long delay, in beginning the building of my hut was becoming very trying. That was part of Kasa's native diplomacy. Time had no value with the natives. As time, for the white man, was, sometimes, life, there was probability that the restive white would yield. (I had not the powerful rem-batte, by some aid traders

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usually carried their side of a dispute.)
Finally, on May 29th, having collected, during all these delays, a quantity of poles, thatch, and other building material, I went to my cleared spot at Belambla, and actually cut the mbingo (saplings) for the frame of the clay-floored hut, which was to be my step to a more permanent dwelling.

On June 3rd, some of my halwas, who had been absent, were back again on work; and the day was successfully spent at my hut-building. It was proceeding well. The ground was mine, though not actually paid for. Kasa had gotten over his displeasure, and in a most cordial manner gave me the entire tract! But, I remembered the story of Abraham and the lease of Machpelah. Africa is oriental, so, I told Kasa to name anything he would like to have, in return. He said that he would not name anything, but would take whatever I chose to give. I gave him \$20. of trade-goods (actual cash value only \$10.) for the Mission's twenty acres of ground. The next day, in the presence of King Ondène and other witnesses, he made his "mark", signing the deed for the Belambla Station mission-premises.

On June 12th, Kasa decided to remove his town, so

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that he might be near me. Of course, I could not prevent that, as long as he kept outside of my lines.

I succeeded in getting some Bakile, in addition to my Galwas and Kombe, to work for me at the hut. By June 17th, most of the thatch for the roof was in position. I had grown to feel that the place was my home. I felt sadly at leaving it, even temporarily, to go on the long (but supposedly necessary) journey to the coast, for the semi-annual meetings of Pamytery and Mission. (That supposed duty cost me much time from my Ogawe work, and inflicted on me excessive pain when the journey was by sea.) But, I had to go, as stated last, (an office I held for thirty years;)

I started down river on Friday June 18th, stopping at villages on the way; and reaching Mr. Sinclair's next day. He was absent. There was no prospect of any steamer in the dry season. I made arrangement with clerk Woodward to send me and my three men (two Kombe and one Galwa, down the Ajemba branch, on the route I had gone, in Dec. 1874.

Starting on Tuesday June 22nd, and spending the night at Fanga-nanga in Ajemba, I was with Chief Auege, at Lake Azingo, on the 23rd. I hired four Bakile porters, for the two

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June.

days overland. As on the previous occasion, Anze escorted me across the Lake, to see me actually start. My porters took me a different route from that of December. The path was good. I did not tire. I carried my Winchester myself: ^{two} ~~seven~~ ~~six~~ men had enough of burdens in my luggage. At night, we camped in the open forest. The next day, the 25th, we were all up before sun-rise, on our way. I recognised the path. Met many Bakile, who were migrating, for fear of a war with the Fawwe. This so alarmed my Bakile, that when we stopped for the noon lunch, two of them deserted. The bundles, which they honestly left, ~~behind~~ had to be re-adjusted on my other five. Later on, nearing a Fawwe village, a third Akile deserted. The remaining four men were now heavily laden. We reached Agongo town on the Rémboe ~~Sept.~~ sun-set, and were welcomed by Mpongwe traders. A white man, Mr. McFarland, of Libreville, had just arrived from up-river, on his way to Gaboon. The next day, Saturday, he offered me passage for Sunday 27th: but, in consideration of my disapproval of Sabbath-touring, he kindly delayed until Monday. We reached Libreville by 2 A.M. of Tuesday 29th. And, I was at the Baraka mission-house before

morning prayers, and welcomed by my newly-arrived missionary friends from the United States, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Reading with their infant baby-boy Arthur.

The next day, I went to the French Government office at the Plateau, to have the deed of the Belambila Property recorded. Several days were spent at Baraka. Mr. Schorsch was there. The Meetings were to be held at Benita.

On July 2^d, the "Hudson" came. And, on Monday, July 5th, with the Baraka members, I started for Benita (stopping on the way at Bourico for Rev. C. De Heer) and reached the Bolondo house before 5 A.M. of the next day. There were busy days, of welcomes; opening of boxes recently arrived from the United States; reading of mail; sessions of Presbytery and Mission; examination of three candidates for the Ministry. Mr. Schorsch resigned (?) the offices, of which he had been deprived at the previous quarterly meeting. On July 7th, meetings adjourned; the other members left on the "Hudson". I remained for a visit.

The "Hudson" returned on the 14th. The next day, I went early in a large Kombe canoe I had bought, with three new Kombe Ekomba, Manga and Ikunduker, recruits, to the Mbade house of Mr. and Mrs. Menkel. There, I baptised their little Katy. Then,

boarding the "Hudson", with my sister and Miss Jones, we started for Corisco, stopping there on the 17th, to leave my sister for a visit. On the 22nd, with Miss Jones, resumed the voyage to Libreville, arriving there just before sunset of the 23rd. There was a newly-arrived missionary lady, Miss Susan Devenap. I found Mrs Bushnell and little Arthur Reading seriously ill, the former with Fever, the latter with dysentery. Remembering my own little George Paul, of almost ten years previously, I devoted my most intense medical attention to the little child. But, he died on Tuesday, July 27.

A letter, recalling Mr Schorsch, had arrived from the Board in New York. There was confusion in his case; he had disappeared; supposed to have returned to the Ogawe. On Aug. 2nd, the "Hudson" was sent to Corisco, to bring Mr. DeHeer, for a specially-called mission-meeting, in regard to Mr. Schorsch. It returned on the 4th, with Mr. DeH., bringing me distressing word of my sister's sickness at Elongo Station.

I was anxious to get back to my Ogawe work; and, believing that the coast-monopoly had been broken, I decided to ascend the river in my Konde canoe. On Aug. 6th, in the "Hudson"

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August

with that canoe in tow, I started for Nazareth Bay. That little vessel was poorly built, and could not sail into an opposing wind; progress was made only by long tacks. (How much I suffered, for years, from persistent sea-sickness, in my necessary voyages on that vessel!) In sight of the Nazareth mouth, we ran aground. While waiting for the tide to turn, an Ovengue boat came alongside, and stated that M^r. Schorsch had already gone up-river. We finally reached the mouth in the night of the 9th. I had twice ascended the Ogowe by steamer; for the first time I was to attempt it by canoe.

Leaving the vessel about 7. A.M. of Tuesday Aug. 10th, with a crew of three Kombees, one Galwe, and one Galwe passenger, good-bye was wained from the "Hudson's" flag. I lunched, in the mangrove swamp; and slept in the canoe among bamboo palms. Next day, ^{the 11th} reached King Esongé's town, Angâla. In the afternoon, passing another village, was told that M^r. Schorsch had stopped there, was sick with Fever, and that in his delirium, had attempted suicide in the river. At night, slept in the muddy mouth of a creek, where I had seen several snakes wriggling. On

Thursday 12th, I passed old King Njâgu's, of the Nkâmi tribe, and the site of the "Pioneers" two weeks "rest" in the previous September. The night camp was a poor one; noises of monkeys, mosquitoes, parrots and bats. On the 13th, in the afternoon, I stopped at Chief Isagi's. On Saty 14th, proceeded up a Back creek, to avoid the rough water of the main stream. This was the middle of the Ogowe Delta. I passed the mouth of a stream leading to Lake Ayingo. In the creek, I had never before seen so many pelicans and monkeys. I was reaching the limits of the Galwa tribe. I emerged again into the main stream; and, shortly after sun-set, was glad to stop at Igenja. It was the home of my passenger. I was too weak to hold any evening-prayers. I was glad to disrobe; and slept the sleep of exhaustion. In the helplessness of Red-sickness on the "Hudson", and the houselessness of my camps in the swamps and low jungle, I had not undressed for nine days. On Sunday, 15th, I tried to hold a religious service. Not knowing the Galwa (Mpongwe) dialect, I spoke in Benga through an interpreter who understood little of either Benga or of the story of the Cross I was

telling.

With returning health on Monday 16th, I resumed the journey. One sign of health, I noticed at that time (and have marked it until the present day) i.e. enjoyment in drinking water. If I was thirsty, and water "tasted good", I was sure that my system was in good condition.

In passing Ngom, at the mouth of the exit of Lake Oranga, I met two Oranga canoes; they were on their way to Gaboon. They told me that Mr. Schorsch was sick at Mr. Sinclair's. In an unusual dry season rain, we stopped at Aramba. The next day, we came to the village my Galwa, Jivino. And, at night, at a village where I met a slave, who said that he had run away from Louises. I bought three skins and an idol. (Of such things, I have given very many, as curios, to friends in the United States.)

On the 18th, I reached Mr. Sinclair's, ^{before} mid-day, in time for the trading community's idea of "breakfast". In its cuisine, was eaten a small informal hasty meal in the morning; then breakfast at 11 A.M.; informal cups of tea in the mid-afternoon; and a hearty course "dinner" at night.

Mr. Schorsch was there, looking very poorly. Mr.

Sinclair told me of his vagaries, to the point of loss of reason. After breakfast, I quietly handed him the official letter of his recall by the Board. He broke down, and made a voluntary and pitifully humble acknowledgment of all his wrong doings toward my sister, myself and the Mission. He begged me to "allow" him to remain. I assured him that the action of the Board was based on the report of the entire Mission, and not of myself alone. Whatever resentment I had against him, disappeared, when, actually on his knees, he asked me to retain him as my personal servant! That he could make such a proposition was itself evidence of unbalanced mind.

As he had no funds, he would have to leave the river. But, it would not be safe for him to journey alone. In his helplessness, the only solution of the difficulty was, for me, tired as I was with my nine days canoe-journey, and anxious to return to my work at Kasas, was to turn and escort M^r. S. to the river's mouth. He submitted, apparently gratefully.

So, the next day, Aug. 19th, I started down river, in the canoe with him. At night, in the village where we slept, he uttered thoughts of suicide.

He was full of suspicions. On the 21st, when I shot an iguana, as food for my crew, he was shocked at my cruelty(?) in killing the animal, (I have never killed animals, simply for the sake of killing). At Onanga's Nkâmi village, when the people presented me with fish and fowl, M^r. S. was distressed, suspecting that those articles were a sale and purchase of himself! The next day, resting quietly at Angâla, a certain man with a canoe-load of slaves stopped, on his way to Cape Lopez. And, when, after midnight, I and the slaves resumed our journeys, M^r. S. expressed his absurd fear that I intended to sell him to that slave! On the Monday, I reached a little island at the river's mouth, on which was a small German trading-house, with a Mpongwe trader in charge, and where was lying at anchor a steam-tug. We slept on the deck of the tug. From that trader I obtained the loan of a large comfortable canoe. There were repairs needed; and I stood by the native carpenter, making measurements. At night, M^r. Schorsch's suspicions came out again; and, for the first, my patience broke, as I answered indignantly his charge that he had seen me mark on

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the canoe the places where the crew should cut him! Well provided with food, he started on Wednesday Aug. 25th, with a strong crew of eight men, their wages depending, on my written order, on their safe delivery of him at Libreville. [He was kindly treated by them, and arrived safely.]

Then, on Thursday Aug. 26th, I began another week's journey in ascent of the river, reaching M^r Sinclair's at sun-down of Wed. Sept. 1st. The exposure on the way had given me ague-chills; and my feet were sore with the dry season chigoes, to which I had not been able to give proper attention. Ulcers broke out, from the neglected chigoe pruritics. I had to make an inventory of M^r Schorsch's effects, and arrange for their transportation to him. [For which, he, later, thanked me in a warmly written letter.].

I was troubled by reports that Bakélo had been building on my Belambéla premises. So, as my feet were better, I hastened up the river, on Sept. 7th. A convenient stopping-place at night would have been at the Akile, Anyambe-jerris. But, he was not a pleasant man; and the crew, tired as they were, preferred to pull on to an island,

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Sept.

where was a Gabwa trader's, Sakwile, house. They wished congenial company, His wife could understand a little of my Kumbes Benga. The next day, I stopped at King Ondine's. He said that Belambela had not been trespassing. I doubted him. Arrived at my premises, I saw where people had cleared, but had not actually built. As I approached Kasa's, I fired a salute with my Winchester. People came running to the landing.

Chapter XVIII

At Belambla.

Sept. 1875 - Oct. 1876

Sept. 10th was the fifth anniversary of the death of Mrs. Mary C. Nassau. It was also the first anniversary of my entrance into the Ogoewe. That I resumed my building was a fitting work by which to mark the day, gradually each day taking a portion of my goods from Kasa's. Sunday Sept. 12th, was the fourteenth anniversary of my landing on Corisco island. I had a large collection of people at the morning Service. One of the Kumbes, Ikunduku, helped teach the children in a little afternoon Sabbath School. On Friday Sept. 17th,

(also an anniversary day) I finally removed my goods from Kasa's, and established myself at my hut, though only one of its four rooms was complete as to doors, windows, bedstead, shelves, &c.

I had hoped that, by choosing the Belambla forest, I would escape the noise and proximity of villages. But, by my delay at the sea-coast, some of the people, believing that I would not come back, had begun to clear on my premises for a village.

At my protest, they stopped, and built elsewhere, but near my boundary-line. One man, however, unwilling to lose his labor of clearing, began to make a garden on that spot, claiming that he was not taking my ground, but using it only temporarily for a crop. And, men hunted over the premises; they also saying that they were not taking my ground, but only wild animals which belonged to any one! And, a woman cutting fire-wood, made the same excuse, saying that she was taking only trees. I was very much disturbed by all this. I had believed that I had conquered in my contest with Kasa. And, now, in the very beginning of my residence on my own ground, to have Basingwe's and Nanda's people actually do what Kasa had not dared to do, was outrageous. I did not know in whom to believe. I was not sure that Kasa himself was not back of it all. I had a talk with Basingwe and one of the offending women. All promised to behave. Those people had much to learn. (I thought of the trespassing on farmers fields and woods by hunters in America.) Some of them had not ceased to ask me for rum!

On Monday 20, there was shouting on the opposite

side of the river, and news of Fariwe having killed an Akile. This was the beginning of what eventually proved to be a revolution in the tribal conditions of the Ogowe. A year later, the difficulties became more pronounced. And, ten years later, the entire river was practically in possession of the Fariwe.

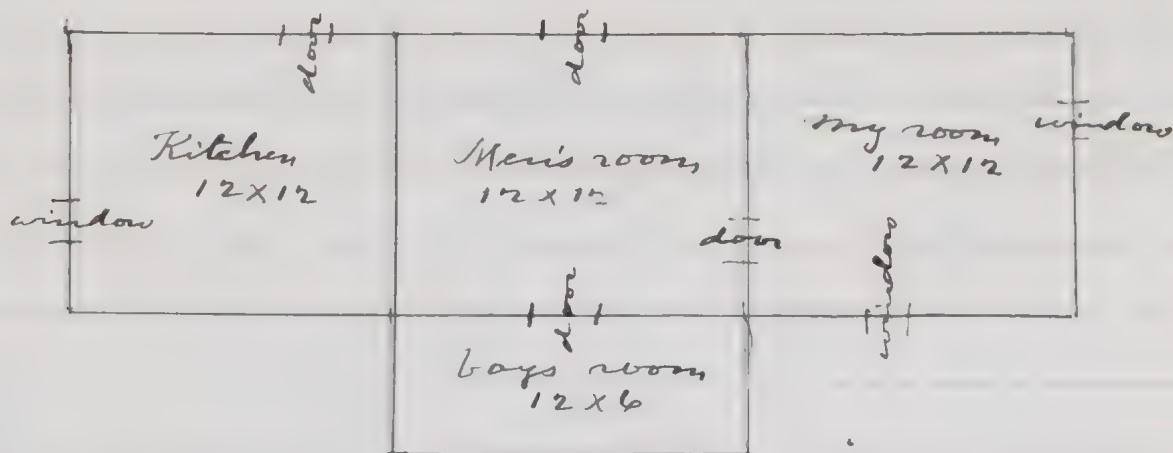
On the 23^d, I sent my crew with letters and for goods down river to Mr. Sinclair's. At night, I sat alone late, reading my United States newspapers, by the combined light of a candle, a native "bush-light" (mahogany-gum torch), and a great fire of logs. It was romantic. It appealed to my suppressed spirit of adventure and my boyhood's desire to be a soldier. There were no living beings near me (unless unseen wild ones) except my goat, chicken and monkey. I am sure that the goat felt lonely; his occasional cry was diagnostic.

On Sunday, Sept. 26th, the river was rising so rapidly in its semi-annual flood, that I could almost see it advance, as I watched it at the landing. Boys from Tando's village came, not simply to my little day-school, but to remain with me as part of my family.

Monday, Sept. 27th, was a notable day. My hut was completed, and I was established in it. Its

dimensions were 36 ft x 12 ft; with an annex in the middle of the rear, of 12 ft x 6 ft. It had only the usual clay floor. I began to gather material for a larger and better house.

My Hut.



Kasa had been away trading. On his return, he made his visit of welcome to me. It was quite formal. First, came some of his children announcing, "Our father is coming!" Presently, some of his women; they did not venture to utter his name, simply, "He is coming!" Then, finally, himself, his chief wife, and a few men.

In clearing ground for a shed, in which to collect new building material, I found charred human bones. Cremation of the dead was not an Ogowe custom. These were the remains of the burning of witches and wizards.

On Oct. 1st, a fine big mail was brought me by Mr. Sinclair's canoe. I hastily glanced over the letters, in those

busy hours. At night, I sat down to fully enjoy them. That became my habit. Letters that I had longed for were too sacred to mix with crude cares.

Kasa respected the decision that excluded him from building on my grounds; but he insisted on removing his village to a point near me. On Oct. 2^d, he and his people were busy clearing his new premises.

The view of Benue across the river, on certain days in the Rainy Season, was splendid. Nowhere else in Africa have I seen such magnificence. One day, I attempted to describe it. But, how successfully describe what, every moment, as the sun sank, was changing like a kaleidoscope! Nevertheless, five years later, I did incorporate my attempt, in the first chapter of my "Hawedo" (1881).

I suppose that one reason why I had such difficulty in protecting my premises was that these Ogoe people had no idea of land-tenure. A man built his village or made his garden on any unoccupied ground. And, if he removed, any one else could take that place. Only, when foreigners came and desired the permanent and exclusive possession of a spot, did native cupidity find a reason for making a claim. At evening-

prayers of Oct. 7th, Kasa's little son Kimageve asked me to explain the Scripture I had read. This pleased me; for, though people listened to my daily religious services, very few had asked me questions, or shown personal interest in the Word.

By Oct. 8th, my premises were becoming enlarged, like a little hamlet. Besides my own hut (all of whose rooms I would soon need for myself) I had built an out-house kitchen, and a hut for my employees; and I was building a shed for the storing of material for the real Station-house that was to be erected.

On Sunday, Oct. 10th, Kasa brought a number of people from the Interior. After service, I allowed him to take his guests into my inner room, that they might see the white-man's strange things. He pointed out to them the door-lock, and turned the key, fastening the door. Without thinking that my joke would be misunderstood, I remarked to them, "Now, you are captives!" As soon as the door was unlocked, two of them rushed out, to escape! Probably, they had heard of treachery in the days of foreign Slave-trade.

On Monday, Oct. 11th, I was forty years of age. The next day I expressed my feelings in, "Something to Mend".

"Something to mend!" It's the regular cry
 Of my garments abused with the week's toil and crush,
 And the Mondays come 'round so much faster since I
 Have had the new task of "looking over the wash".

I never so counted the days' run before,
 By the loss of a button, or shirt-sleeve all torn.
 And, now late, I begin to see slightly more
 Of the burdens so petty that others have borne.

Something to mend! From my frail bamboo shed,
 I look down the hill-side, where the wave on the stream
 Of Ogowe's swift tide so grandly out-spread,
 Flashes clear in the light of this tropic sunbeam.

From the window's low edge, I lay down for awhile
 The stitches my fingers unskilfully learn,
 To watch "Driver ants", in their soldierly style,
 Climb o'er yonder log green with orchid and fern.

There are heathen songs ringing from deep forest glade,
 Or that float from canoe with the paddle's quick stroke;
 There's the laugh of my school-boys at play in the shade,
 Or, some spite about food o'er their kitchen's blue smoke.

Is it all right with these? Is it all right with me?
 And I think of my work for each life and each heart;
 Of the daily reproofs for the faults that I see,
 And the strength to overcome that I try to impart.

Something to mend! Is there something to mend
 In my own wayward heart, as I teach these lost sheep?
 Are the words that I tell of their Heavenly Friend
 Vainly told, while my soul fails its own truth to keep?
 Ah! the rents in our lives! The sad rents in our lives!
 The failures to fill the grand breadth of God's Law!
 The weak faith that wears; the error that strives
 Allegiance from Duty's strict limit to draw!

Something to mend? There is something to mend,
 As long as the immortal is mingled with clay.
 But, I strive on, in hope for the Hand that shall rend
 The imperfect from what shall be perfect away.
 O! that Sabbath of Rest! Joy's fulness above
 When the world's Week of Toil forever shall end!
 O! the Voice that shall say with such wonderful love,
 "Beloved, my child, there is nothing to mend."

In one of my previous journeys to the lower Ogoe,
 I had engaged a Nkâmi man, Onanga, to make
 me a native dug-out boat. On Monday, Oct. 18th,
 I started down river, to get it. At Mr Sinclair's,
 the German Schneider had just arrived in his
 steam-tug with a mail, a precious supply from
 America! He was going down river two days
 later, and offered to tow me. The ride was

delightful in speed, though, towed in the vessel's wake, the water was rough; and, in two days, I was at Onanga's. I was greatly disappointed in his work. I had bargained for a boat (clende); he had made a Kongongo (a boat without a keel,) and, it was not yet completed. Nevertheless, on the following day, Saturday, after the usual native effort to claim more than the agreed-upon price, I took the Kongongo, and would complete it myself. I had an extra crew; and I took from Onanga his little son and another lad and a young man, as additions to my school.

One day on the return journey, we were slowly toiling close in shore, to escape the current. The unfinished Kongongo had no guard on its gunwale above the stern-sheets, on whose platform I was sitting with my Winchester and other articles. A projecting branch brushed our side, and extending across the platform, suddenly swept the rifle into the river! I instantly stopped progress, and had the crew hold the craft in position against the current, by seizing that same branch. I was intensely grieved for my precious rifle. Not because of its pecuniary value; but, as a gift from Mr Nassau in 1868, for its frequent use in obtaining fresh meat, for protection

against wild beasts, and for the moral effect of the sight of it as the natives saw and heard of its repeating power. I went ashore and cut a slender 15 ft pole. Then, from the variety of goods which I always carried, I tied several large hooks to the end. With this, I firmly, slowly, and systematically raked the river's bottom. Presently, I felt that the pole was dragging something. Pulling carefully, the end came up with the rifle, by its leather strap, hanging to the hooks. The gun was uninjured.

In a Galwa village where I stopped at night, I had a good religious service. At its close, I over-heard some of the people trying to imitate my singing. One man asked, "Why did this Jesus, of whom you have spoken, die?" An admirable text for a sermon!

Every day of that journey, there had been rain. By noon of Sat'y Oct. 30', I reached Mr Sinclair's, where I needed to dry all my clothing, and write letters. When at Benita, in the previous July, I had seen that the wooden enclosure, around my graves in the cemetery, was falling under the attacks of white-ants. I wrote to my father in the United States, ordering an iron fence.

The "Pioneer" arrived on Sunday, Oct. 31', with some passengers; Mr Jobet,

the agent of H. & C. at Libreville; a new young trader, M^r. Beccaria; and M. Marche, who, some three years before, had made a survey of the river in company with M. Compeigne. Their report had resulted in the organisation of a new French Expedition, under the charge of Lieut. Savorgnan P. de Brazza, an Italian Count, who had become a French subject. To prepare the way for him, M. Marche had come again to the Ogowe.

The "Pioneer" brought me another precious budget of letters; also, a lot of windows, doors, and 100 boards, for my new house. I hastened to load them for a return to Belambra.

M^r. R. B. N. Walker, the General Agent of H. & C., was interested in the opening of the Interior, and had always shown friendship for me, because of my fellow sympathy and interest in African geography and philology. He was planning, with the Royal Geographical Society of England, a journey into the Interior by either the Bonito or Ogowe rivers. He invited me to accompany him. My zeal was fired at the thought of adventure, exploration, and probable missionary extension. Awaiting the consent of my Board, I assented to accompany M^r. Walker. [Sec'y Louie, of the Board, in his reply

to my request, received in April 1876, for a temporary leave of absence (at no expense to the Board) refused. I was exceedingly disappointed, Livingstone was none the less a missionary when he took up the role of an explorer. Had I gone on that journey, the Kongo would have been opened, in advance of Stanley; and the Mission might have been the first to enter the region of the (Present) Kongo Free State.] Mr. Walker then gave up his plan, and remained as a trader on the coast. Tuesday,

Nov. 2, I started up-river with my two crafts heavily laden. The river was in its highest semi-annual flood, Sakwê's island, where I slept, being almost submerged. Next day, there were pleasant stoppages; and Belambla was reached late in the afternoon. Affairs were quiet, and all right; except that the inevitable white ants had been at work in my boxes of clothing. The more urgent were my plans for at once erecting a house on posts. These indeed would not keep out the ants; but, their approach could be daily seen and thwarted.

I had, by this time, thirteen young men and boys living on my premises, and at work either in the school, or in the forest gathering logs to be

squared for the new house.

For ten days about that time, from Nov. 11th to 21st, I was sick with a heavy cold, that developed into bronchitis and almost pneumonia. I lay in a hammock out doors, so that I could have some over-sight of the work. A new hut went up rapidly. It was 24 ft x 14 ft, as a temporary kitchen for myself, and a room for my employees.

My Komba, Ikunduku, faulty as he was, I had to use during my sickness, to assist in Sunday Services. He had been educated at Benita, and, in my presence, could conduct a Service properly. Shortly after the meeting had been dismissed on Nov. 21st, a large company of people came; and, from the hammock, I led a second Service.

As I was recovering on the 22nd, I started a mixed crew on an errand to the Adali-n'-ananga trading-house. They were delayed by family quarrels at villages which they had to pass. Instead of returning in three days, as could ordinarily be done, they did not come back until ten days later. They told a long story of how they had been seized at a village near the Ngunye, and had been released only through some interest with Mr. Sinclair. (Even at unfriendly villages, presence of myself in the boat or canoe

always protected the crew). With the delayed canoe my mail, in which was a letter from Count de Brazza.

Work had gone so well, notwithstanding the constant inter-tribal frictions of my employees, that when, on Dec. 8th, their out-house and my new kitchen were completed, I gave them a holiday, by taking them a fishing and hunting excursion far up Mbilze creek. I shot for them a number of birds, and gathered some beautiful orchids.

My building operations had confined me. I had not itinerated since Sept. So, one day, early, I took my entire company to visit the villages up-river. At Mborni, and Sënë, on to (original) Odamukita. I came to the spot where M^o Beccaria was building his trading-house. I had been the most advanced among the white men of the river. Now, Trade was passing me. Farther, on the way to Fleke's, we met a canoe of men who suspiciously inquired our "tribe". (In my crew of ten were representatives of four tribes.) After they had passed us, they turned and followed, as if pursuing, I said nothing to them or to my crew; but quietly (but ostentatiously) filled the magazine of my Winchester. Those men noticed my act, and ceased their pursuit. I found

Aleke and his people very unpleasant.

On my return down-river, I stopped again at M^r. Beccaria's, and found valuable information from him about cross-country routes from the Ogowe to Gaboon. Maps were inaccurate, from the habit of natives, in abandoning a site, taking the name of the old place to some new locality; thus confusing white travelers in their records of places. On Sunday

11th, just as I was preparing for Services, came M. Marche and L^t. Ballay, advance guard of the French Expedition. They stopped to give me word that the "Pioneer" was soon expected at Adali-ni-awanga. This news decided me to hasten preparations for the usual journey to the Coast, for the Annual Meetings. Possibly I could find passage on the "Pioneer".

On Dec 14th, the workmen brought from the forest the last of the logs needed for my real dwelling to be built on my expected return in January. On Sat'y 18th, Kwamja and another woman came, to take charge of the huts during my absence. That there should be no chance of dispute, I made out, in their presence, an inventory of goods left in their care. And, then, started away, stopping

at several villages, and sleeping at night at Angambe-jena's over Sunday. It was a very heathenish and noisy town; but, they behaved better than I had expected.

On the Monday, reached Mr. Suicla's in good time for the "breakfast." Spent the afternoon and evening in company with him, on a visit to the camp of Count de Brazza, at Lambarene, the Inenga town of King Ra-Neki, on the left bank. (Later, that name was transferred to the French Post, three miles down the river, on the right bank.) De Brazza and Dr. Ballay as Frenchmen (not as officials) signed Kasa's deed of sale to me of the Belambula ground. There was a dog in the camp that attracted my attention. While I was petting it, Dr. Ballay said that I might have it. When I mentioned that to the Count, he, in good humor, said that the dog was his. It was suggested that Solomon's decision should settle the dispute. But, as he claimed the head, and I refused the tail, the joke was dropped. [Later, when they made their final start for the Interior, they felt that the dog would be an incumbrance to them, and it was given to me.]

There being no certainty of the "Pioneers" coming, I started, on Wed. Dec. 22^d, with Kongongo and company of ten, hoping for the possibility of

being met, at the river's mouth, by the "Hudson".
 Stopping at various places to drop off some of
 my people at their homes, with a crew of seven
 I emerged into Cazareth Bay, on afternoon of
 Monday 27th. How my three Kumbes rejoiced
 at the sight of their familiar ~~Redn~~! But, I began
 to dread the possibility of my having to make
 the seventy-mile sea-journey to Libreville, if
 the "Hudson" should fail to keep its appointment
 with me. Saw a small vessel far out at sea,
 and sent messengers in a small borrowed
 canoe to inquire. Before it returned, Ejombo,
 Mr. Menkel's native assistant, himself came
 in a canoe with mail from the "Hudson",
 to Schneider's little trading-house where I was
 waiting! After supper, it was a long and
 dangerous pull out to where the "Hudson" was
 anchored, not reaching it until near 11 P.M.
 At once, the vessel started, with my Kongongo
 in tow. With the Hudson's usual slow progress,
 and my sea-sickness, I was so wearied, that
 when, by the afternoon of the 29th, we were off
 Pongara Point of the Gaboon mouth, I believed
 I could make better progress with less pain
 by paddling. So, with my seven men, I entered
 my little craft; and crossing the ten miles of the

Estuary, I was ashore by 5. P.M., and welcomed at Baraka.

The next morning, the "Hudson" came to anchor; and some of my goods were sent ashore. Instead of waiting at Baraka for my sister to come from Benita, I decided to go and escort her; for, I heard of the aftermath of Mr. Schorsch's doings there. So, in the afternoon of that same 30th, I resumed the sea-journey on the "Hudson". And, in the very last night-hour of the old year, we came to the journey's end at anchor in the Mbade cove at Benita.

I lay down exhausted on a lounge at Mr. Mentel's house.

The next morning, Jan^y 1st 1876, sending a note to Bolondo, for my sister's "Evangeline" to come for me, I went to the cemetery and sat by my two graves. Then, the boat brought me over the two miles to Bolondo, and to warm welcomes from my sister and Miss Lydia Jones. But, it was distressing to listen to their accounts of unkindness to which they had been subjected by the Kombe people. The Benita, that I and my predecessor, Rev. S. H. Murphy, had built up so happily and successfully, was apparently ruined by Mr. Schorsch. The two ladies were reaping the ill-will of the people at his removal, aimed at them, in the absence

of myself, the prime mover against him.

Tuesday, Jan'y 4th, was occupied with the loading of the "Hudson", for a return to Libreville. My three Rombas remained at their homes. That night, with my sister and Miss Jones, we embarked. Stopping over Sunday, at Coniseo, we ~~renewed~~ the journey on Monday 10th, with the addition of Rev. G. De Heer, and a Benga, Melumbe, a volunteer for the Ogowe; and reached Libreville evening of the 11th. Our

Annual Meetings began on Thursday 13th. At their close on the 19th, a Reception was arranged at Mrs. Bushnell's, for the French Commandants. Besides our Mission ladies present, there was a visitor, Miss Johnston, of the Scotch U. P. Mission at Calabar, whose knowledge of French made her an efficient interpreter.

After preaching in the morning of Sunday, Jan'y 28th, on Noah's Dove of Peace, I was called to interfere in a savage fight between two of my Galwas, Aveya and Akaga. The former yielded; but, the latter was so wild that I had to violently seize him; roughly flung him into his room, and threatened him with the police if he emerged without my permission.

We were all waiting for the coming of delegates

from adjacent Missions, whom our Mission, in Jan'y 1875, had invited to a Conference of W. Africa Protestant missionaries, for the discussion of missionary topics. In the afternoon of the 29th, our expected visitors came. They were:- the Rev. Anderson Coates Crowther and wife, of the English Episcopal Mission at Bonny; the Rev. Hugh Goldie and wife, of the Scotch U. P. Mission at Old Calabar; the Rev. Messrs Samuel Griffiths and Theophilus Parr, of the English Primitive Methodist Mission of Fernando Po; and the Rev. Messrs Robert Smith and Joseph J. Fuller and Mrs Fuller, of the English Baptist Mission on the Kamerun river. Letters of regret at being unable to attend, were received from Rev. Messrs J. Milum and J. B. Wood, of the English Wesleyan Mission at Lagos; and from the Right Rev. S. Ajai Crowther, Anglican Bishop of the Niger territory. The Rev. A. Bushnell. D.D. was chosen President; Rev. Hugh Goldie Vice-Prest.; Rev. Messrs Griffiths and Smith, Secretaries; and Rev. Messrs Goldie and Vassan a Committee to prepare a Report of our proceedings, for publication. On the Program there were instructive Essays read on assigned topics, mornings and afternoons; and helpful sermons in the evenings. The Conference closed

on Satdy, Feby 5. In that Conference, I first heard the two hymns, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," and "Home of the Soul." On Monday the 7th,

with goods, supplies, and material for my new house, day Brownie given me by Mr. Mankel, my crew, and an unwilling recruit, Re-Jemo, a Mpongwe of Baraka, who was directed by Dr. Bushnell to join me, and my Kongongo in tow, I was given passage for the Ogowe on the "Pioneer". Entering that river on the 9th, we reached Adali-n-anângã on the 14th.

How rapid the changes in the river, since I had first entered it eighteen months before! At that time, there were in the river, all told, only five white men. Now, there were two dozen. Ten of us were gathered at Mr. Sinclair's dinner-table on the evening of the 15th.

I finally succeeded in engaging several new Galwas. And, on the 17th, started late in the Kongongo, with a crew of five, myself at the rudder. There were rumors of quarrels and war up-river, due to local jealousies over Trade. I yielded to my crew's fears, by stopping for our lunch in the forest opposite the Ngunye mouth, rather than in any of the villages. The crew pulled well; for, they wished to reach, for the night, the safe shelter

of Sakwēle's trade-house on Kenge-sika island. The next day, there was the excitement of nearing home. Even the dreaded hippopotami seemed to welcome me; certainly, they bellowed! And, with other welcomes from passing canoes and passed villages, we were safely at Belambola, saluted by Mokumi with a fire of guns. Nwanaja reported all my goods safe. This was

the third trip to the sea-coast, on which I had been delayed twice as long as I had expected. So, I was anxious to get at work at once. But, the next day, I had to sit and receive visitors, Nandi and his people, Ondēne and his people. He vexed me by asking for rum! How little I had impressed them by my frequent assertions that I did not deal in rum! They seemed to think that though I did not sell it, I should offer it as a matter of the common hospitality of the river, exercised not only by traders, but also by R.C. missionaries, who not only drank it, but also bought and sold with it. That Sat'y was the first night in the Ogowe that I slept on a mattress, one of my new treasures from the Coast. On Monday the

21st, Kasa presented me with a young gorilla. It was tame; but, got angry, like a spoiled child, when its wishes were crossed. Had I been only a

naturalist, it would have been worth to me \$1000., in those early days of gorilla investigation, if safely landed in Liverpool. On the 25th, a little steamer "Orungu", on its way down river, stopped and took for me the gorilla to Libreville, to be forwarded to the United States, as a gift to the Philadelphia Zoological Garden. [It never reached its destination; it had to pass through too many hands.]

I soon observed a change in the Bakile. Few came to my tent; and, but little was brought for sale, of food or building materials. My first feeling was one of depression, lest it was the result of ill-will. But, after a while, I recognized the real cause, in the sudden increase of the number of traders, both foreign and native, who were paying larger prices and higher wages than I had been giving.

On March 2nd, St. Ballay, on his way down, with a large number of Okanda people, stopped to make a polite call. This impressed me with the thought of the number of men, the efficiency of influence, and the power of wealth, that were back of commercial and scientific movements, while I was transferred at every step.

The young Mpongwe, Ke-Teno, could have been of great assistance by his knowledge of a civilized household's affairs.

But, he had no interest in my work, and grumbled about having to do without his coast-~~life~~^{tribe} comforts, forgetful of the greater sacrifice I was making.

On Monday, March 6th, leaving Melum in charge, I had to go to Adâli-n-anângâ for supplies. On the way, at Manda's, I found a man, accused of witchcraft, closely held in foot-stocks and neck-sticks. I plead for his life. Finishing my errands, on my return, I made the usual night-stop on Nenge-sika island. Late at night, there was a cry of robbery. A thief was caught who had stolen from the trader an iron-pot. The next morning, I quite approved of his being tied and beaten. As I approached Belambla, there was an oppressive quiet. The villages were in fear of a war between the French Senegal Goree traders and some Bakâle.

Saturday March 18th was a marked day in my house-building. After weeks of preparation in collecting material, the first foundation-post was set. On the 24th, King Ondène visited, with a retinue of his people. He came to see the new idea of a house elevated on posts four or five feet above the ground. His curiosity was almost boyish at the sight of the use of a spirit-level, and of the efficiency of a one-man cross-cut saw

(given me by my friend Mr. Wright of Tacoma, Pa.)

Having two professing christians with me, Melumme and Re-Jeno, I sent them on the 25th to hold a meeting at Sömegwe's, while I went to Walingjã's. With their aid also I gave the little Sunday School a more organized form than it had had. The evening singing became more attractive. And, there was aroused a spirit of emulation, when I gave my household a report of their successes or failures in the week's lessons.

On the 28th, Twanajã and seven other women, led by one man, with palm-leaves in their hair, and ferns around their shoulders, came marching to my door. They said that they had come for gifts; that they were on a dancing tour of the villages. I could not understand whether their dance was merely for amusement, or whether it had some superstitious significance.

I had to make a hasty journey on March 29th to Aguma trading-house for a load of window frames &c. As usual, I stopped at villages, to hold at least short meetings. At Myanganã's, the people were unusually superstitious. They listened to my talk; but, when I closed my eyes in prayer, most of them ran away. Some

undefined fear of my "talking to a spirit"!

After returning to Belamulla, a mail delayed for two months, came on April 13th. It came as a great blessing; for, I was sick in bed with Fever. What wealth of love and friendship! And, the British naturalist, Mr. Andrew Murray, of London, sent me a copy of an English agricultural paper, "The Gardiner's Chronicle", containing the account I had written, in the previous Fall, accompanying a rare specimen of a mygale spider I had sent him. My

house-building was going on rapidly. The frame was up; and, on the 15th of April, I marked the day by raising the ridge-pole to its place.

How different the river from its condition of a year previous! My situation had then been one of isolation. Now, with the growth of Trade, there was, every few days, the passing of large canoes by strong vociferous crews of fifteen or twenty men. Some of these native traders assumed such dignity that they had among their attendants a trumpeter, who blared notes of warning as they passed the various villages. This very much impressed the Bakéle.

On another hasty journey to Agouma, on

May 3^d, for my boards, I met a new man, Mr. Findley, and Dr. Ballay, both sick. I too was seized with a diarrhoea that made me helpless for two days. Then, on my return, on the second day of the journey, the narrow channel that I had to take was so obstructed by Hippopotami, that, before venturing to enter it, I had to fire on the animals, in order to drive them away. On Sunday,

May 7^d, little Kivagwe asked some strange questions, showing that he was doing some thinking. In his lesson, he had been reading about the Resurrection. He asked, "Will the bodies of those who have been burned arise?" "Will infants always be infants?" &c. &c. He said also that his father Kasa, now prayed not only to the fetish-spirits, but to Jesus also.

By May 8^d, I reduced the number of employees, as the new house, though not fully enclosed, was roofed; and, we could work, even on rainy days, under that roof. I still had ten people on my premises; 1 Mphongwe, 1 Benga, 1 Akile, and 7 Kalwas.

By May 10^d, Kasa's people finally removed from their old location to the new site, where they had been building near me.

There were signs that the Rainy Season was drawing to its close.

On May 13th, I sent two of the men to Kasa's new town, to plant some orange trees I had promised him. At whatever place I lived, I always planted. Even in camps and other stopping-places, I stuck into the ground the seeds of fruit I had eaten. (Doubtless, many of those trees are living now.) The thought was an inspiring one as to other seed which I was "sowing by all waters"!

The growth of the house became quite absorbing. May 17th was marked by my beginning to lay the flooring. The number of my workmen was reduced, and I had sent four of them on an errand to Agumda. I had but four left. My boards were so precious, that I could not trust Melum's inexperience to cut or nail them. I did that myself, taking three days for the job. The stooping tired me. People came to admire a floor that was not mud, and which was dry enough to be slept on as a bed!

Native African prisons are many. Cases have occurred where deaths of even white men (as a matter of revenge) have been suspected due to prison. But, in

all my thousands of times of eating at hands of natives on my journeys, I never hesitated at, and rarely thought of, the possibility of danger.

My house was still growing. The work of tying the bamboo on the outside walls was completed on May 27th; and I began on the inside partitioned walls. Having been so successful, I dropped work, for a day's itineration on the 29th. With a crew of seven, I went up-river, to Mboni, ~~to~~ ^{and} Aleke's. I was impressed with the river's width, depth, and magnificent course. I came to a village where a man, Tyityi, told me more about the Interior than I had ever heard from any one, foreigner or native, in the Ogowe. For the first time, I heard a native name the Nyam-Nyam tribe, of which I had read as being in the center of the continent. O!, I thought, Science and Commerce and Politics could read De Brazza and Ballay and Leroy; why could not my Church have consented to let me go? He told me much about the customs of the Interior tribes. Years afterward, other men traveled there, and wrote books, and told of things new to them and to the world, things of which I had known, but had not been allowed opportunity to verify!

Work on the house progressed well; all its bamboo portions, walls and partitions, were complete; and Melumay was putting in the doors and windows. It would have been finished and ready for occupancy by June 7th, if I had not interrupted the work by itinerations. I had planned that the house should be a one-and-half story; but, I had no boards for an attic floor. A stone came from Iguma. Up to that time, my cooking had been done on the clay floor.

Finally, the front-door had been put in place, in the afternoon of the 13th. There was a sadness about it that dampened the otherwise joy of the completion of the house. That was the front-door of my first African home, the old Maluku Girls School, on Corisco, in 1861. (The house had been torn down, after the Evangelisimba-Station work had been transferred to Benila, about 1869.)

It was time for me to start on the duty-journey for the semi-annual meetings at Gaboon. Every thing had been arranged; and I had appointed two of my Galwas, Lendagingye and Anangâ-re-we, to remain in charge of the premises. At the last moment, they refused to remain unless under higher wages. I never

yielded to a "strike". So, I put the care of the house and grounds into the hands of, good Twanajâ and two Akêla lads, telling her that I would return in a certain number of days. (That was unwise; for, on three previous journeys, I had unexpectedly been detained double the length of my stated time. Though there was no probable detention of which I could think, I should have left room for possible ones,) Kasa was not at home when I made this bargain with his wife.

On Sat'y June 17th, in the heavily-loaded Kongongo, I started down river; remaining over Sunday at Manda's village; and at Agum on the Monday. There, there were two new men of a new trading-house; and a new German, M^r Lubcke, in place of M^r Schneider.

On June 21st, leaving my day in care of the H. & B. House, I resumed my down-river journey, stopping at many places; dismissed my two strikers; and engaged Aveya to go up and assist Twanajâ; reaching the mouth at night of the 26th. The next morning, the "Hudson" was seen (having come by appointment.) I boarded her, finding a large mail. And, with unusually fine winds, landed at Libreville on the 28th. I was entertained

by my friends, the Readings. Miss Sewanah was absent, visiting her friend, the former Miss Lusk, who had married the Rev. Robert Smith, of the English Baptist Mission at Victoria, Kamerun.

I sent to my friend Thomas S. Morton, M.D., of Philadelphia, two mandril monkeys and an eye-worm. [He subsequently wrote me, telling of the monkeys' destructive antics in his office. The eye-worm, though in an imperfect state, was a great rarity, the first known to be examined in the United States. Prof. Lidy, of the University of Pennsylvania, wrote of it, in a medical journal, calling it *Dranunculus Loa*.] The frigate

"Venus", of the French Admiral, entered the Harbor on July 1st. On the 3rd, with Rev. Dr. Bushnell, I went, to pay my respects. The Admiral was very much interested in my statements about the Ogowe. When we left, he gave us a salute of six guns. As the

Meetings were to be held on Coosico island, Dr. Bushnell and I, on leaving the "Venus", immediately boarded the "Hudson". We were at Elongo Station of Rev. C. de Neer the next morning. The native minister, Rev. M. Mbiga, occupying the old Ewangasiimba house, was there.

Also, three of my sister's candidates, Myongo, Petige, and Kongolo, awaiting examination.

On July 6th, the "Hudson" returned to Libreville, promising to return for me, "soon". After the meetings, and while awaiting the "Hudson's" return, I spent time at Mr. Mbiya's, where I used his aid in revising the Benga New Testament. And, I set my halber to cut away the shamefully over-grown grass and weeds from the graves of my friends Rev. J. S. Ogden and Rev. George Paull. The "Hudson" finally came on Sat'y July 22nd.

My promised number of "days" was passing; but, in any event, before returning to the Ogowe, it was necessary for me to go to Benita, in order to erect around my graves the ordered iron-fence, which, ~~un~~expectedly promptly, had just then arrived on the "Hudson". After his failure about the Bolondo house, I could not trust Mr. Menkel's offer to do that sacred task for me. So, on Monday 24th, sail was set for Benita. There, the erection of the fence, with few tools, and with unskilled native aid, took time and labor. I spent my days in the cemetery, and my evenings at Bolondo in company of my sister and Miss Jones. I obtained candidate

Kongolo as my Ogowe aid, in place of Melurnu.

And, on July 31st, on the "Hudson", started back to Libreville; which, because of dry season opposing winds, and stopping at Conico, and the loss of our anchor, we did not reach until late at night of Aug. 5th. My anxiety for Belambeba had by that time become real. But, fortunately, I happened to meet on the beach a Nkâmi man who said that the Ogowe news was "good". (He did not lie; for, afterwards, on comparison of dates, I found that, up to that time when he had left the river, all was safe.)

M^r. Reading wished to see the Ogowe, and made plans to visit it with me. Finally, on Monday Aug. 14th (the date on which I had promised Tivanajà to be back at Belambeba) he and I started on the "Hudson", having my canoe and Kongougo in tow. Of course, these hindered the vessel's progress, which was so unusually slow that we did not reach the Ogowe mouth until Friday Aug. 18th; and were landed with my goods, at the little German trading-house wood-station on Kengie island. In the evening, I sent three of my Galves across the Bay, to buy food at the Orange village of Lisbon. (I had supposed that the old Coast-monopoly had,

died.) My men returned without food, saying that they had been robbed, and one of them, Agénese, was maimed; because of a recent war (of which we had not known) between Orangeo and Galwa.

The next morning, there was enacted a scene that might have been a tragedy. As my two crafts could not comfortably carry all my goods, I intended to leave some stored in the German house. Mr. Reading and I were selecting, and packing in the two crafts. While we were thus occupied, there came a fleet of canoes, with forty armed, war-painted, angry, shouting Orangeo men, led by a tall man Aziza-njile. I had entered the river two years previously, safe on the deck of the "Pioneer". Since that time, so many new traders, and a French Expedition, had entered, that I had not thought of danger in attempting the journey with slow-going paddles. (Probably I could have gone safely, if my presence had not been revealed by sending to Lisbon for food.) The Orangeo leaped ashore, with threats. I felt that there were not against my crews nor against Mr. Reading, but against me. But, I asked him to stand near me, in the rear, where he leaned our guns prominently against the side of the hut.

I did not really believe that personal violence would be given us. But, it was probable that we would be robbed. In a few quiet words I told Mr. Reading that, in the end, as an alternative, I might yield to giving some of the goods. How much, would depend on my diplomacy. And, then, for a whole hour, Aziza-ryele and I fought that battle of taunts, compliments, refusals, concessions. I stood with folded arms, looking him coldly and steadily in the face. He pranced around in a variety of dramatic postures, gestures, tones, and speeches. He began, in a loud fierce voice, with violent gesticulations, ordering that I should not go up-river, but should turn back to Libreville. "I will not go back; I shall go to my house at Belambla!" Then, some more dramatics; and, he changed, saying that I might go, but simply in order to remove my belongings from the house. "I shall go; and will remain there?" Raging furiously, he said that not only I, but all the other white men should be driven from the river. I quietly put my finger to my eye, saying, "Look at my eye!" (Native Africans fear the white man's blue or gray eye, so different in expression, from their dark ones.). Again,

he changed, saying that I might go and remain in the Agowe, if I would give Orungu a mission-station. I softened, saying that I would be pleased to do so, but that I had not the authority, nor was there a missionary to be spared for them. He raged, saying that Orungu were insulted in being passed by for the sake of despised Bakile. "No!" Again he changed, demanding, as a condition of being allowed to proceed, that I should pay him an annual tribute of \$180. "I pay tribute only to the French, who govern both you and me." That made him more angry, and he said that he would seize my goods, unless I at once gave him \$150. "You may seize them, if the great Aziza-njèle wishes to be known over the country as a common thief." Then, he became apologetic, and asked, would I not give him at least a present. "Yes, I'll give you \$20." O! what a lot of dramatics he went through, at the very idea of \$20. being a proper recognition of his greatness. Then, he reduced his demand to \$100. "No." Then to \$80. "No." Then, to \$50. Mr. Reading whispered to me to yield. I said, "\$40". Aziza-njèle agreed, advanced smiling with extended hand, saying, "Now, we are friends!" His mob of men were disappointed,

and started to strike my people, who were guarding my boxes from seizure. He ordered his men off; and with his \$40. of goods, selected by Mr. Reading, he left.

Mr. Reading and

I hastened to get away, piling most of my goods into the now crowded crafts (leaving the remainder in care of the Mpongwe at the German hut) and at once started up-river, lest our assailants should change their minds and return. We had no time for breakfast, and hurried away, without eating; stopping for that purpose later in the mangrove swamp.

Resting at Angâla over Sunday, we continued our journey with a variety of experiences. Mr. Reading had been so impressed by the Ovinger assault, that he did not wish to stop in any villages, but preferred the forest. But, as we found no favorable spot for the night, we stopped at Oñwa-ombé's. There, next morning, was another ugly demand for "tribute"; but, no attempt at violence. This revealed to me that there must be some tribal unrest, even among the Nkâmi, as to Trade, of which I had not known.

On Sat'y 26th, in the Kalwa region, while passing Aveya's village, his uncle violently protested, for our safety, saying that Aveya had recently come from Belambé with word that my house

had been robbed! I could not believe it; and, passed on to Ayemwe's, stopping there for the Sunday, and to verify the evil report. Avega confirmed it. At once, I thought; if Kasa gives me no satisfaction, where next shall I go? To Galwa?

The next morning, I was slow in leaving. I dreaded the unknown coming evils. On our way Mr. Reading was keenly looking for some site for me to take when I should abandon Belambla. (which, he at once assumed that I would do.) As we moved up the Ajemba branch, he pointed to a prominent hill, saying, "There's the place for your new station!" It was Kängwe! We reached Agema before sun-set. On the pier were Messrs. Travis, Woodward, and Findley. They confirmed the report of the robbery. I was slightly relieved by their statement that the house was uninjured, and that Kasa had a prisoner in chains awaiting me.

Traveling slowly the next two days, we gathered at villages details of the robbery, and reaching my house by 5 P.M. of Aug. 30'. Kasa was absent. It was true that doors and windows were broken open. Nwanaja came with the front-door key, and the story of the robbery:— Every thing had gone on well, until the time had almost expired, at which I

had promised to return. Then, Faniwe had suddenly appeared on the other side of the river. Kasa was so alarmed that he ordered her to return for safety to his village. She faithfully objected, but he insisted. Even so, the house unguarded, had stood safe in the forest for almost two weeks; safe under the prestige of the names of Nassau and Kasa. Then, two Orange traders, following a risen wave of coast-tribe animosity, spread a report of a deliberate lie that I did not intend to return. Those men added that, as I had abandoned my house, they would take possession of it. Some of the Bakela claimed that they were my heirs. So, they had joined the Oranges in breaking into and plundering the house. To this present day, I believe that Twanajã was honest and true. I am not quite sure about Kasa. He came; and we arranged for a public "palaver". He and Ondene came on Sept. 2^d. An unsatisfactory talk; shiftings of responsibility; plans for delay; the prisoner had escaped. Kasa returned me a few articles, such as tubs and buckets; but almost everything of value was gone; a personal loss of \$200., and of the Mission's, \$100. Why had Kasa delayed two weeks?

Mr. Reading was urgent that I should abandon the place at once. But, I had put so much love into Belambla, notwithstanding the many annoyances of trespassing and Akile heartedness, that I was willing to wait for Kasa to prove that "only a few Bakile" had joined the Orungu in their crime.

As the question of abandoning Belambla was still sub-judice, and I must come back there, at least temporarily, after I should escort Mr. Reading down-river, I did some little work at repairing doors and windows, leaving in the house some few goods, as sign of possession and occupancy.

On Sept. 6th, I accompanied Mr. Reading to Aguma House. There, Mr. Travis informed me of an attempted robbery of some trade-canoes of the German, Mr. Schultze, by Orungu near Ipâgi's town. So! it was not only a missionary who could be attacked! Indeed, he thought it not safe for Mr. Reading to attempt farther journey. But, the latter felt that he was needed at Libreville; and, we continued our preparations. But, we took a day off, to visit Kângwe Hill. We admired the Ravine, its spring of water, and the views from the hill-top.

Starting with him on

Sat. Sept. 9th, and over Sunday at Agénoué's wife's village, we made our journey, with some desertions (so great was the fear by my Galwas) and with a remarkable volunteer, Awoda of Djenja (who afterwards became a Christian and a church Elder). At Iâgî's, I found aid from him. It was he who had defended Schultze's men. At King Ajâgué, Kpongwe traders warned us not to proceed. But, we continued on to Angâla. Then, my Akâmi friend, Onango, at his adjoining village, was hired to take Mr. Reading in a good native boat (which I would afterwards buy) with a strong crew, the thirty miles to the river's mouth; and (if the expected "Hudson" was not there) the seventy miles of ocean, to Libreville. On Monday, Sept. 18th, Mr. Reading was off, under a slight rain, by 7. A.M. [He reached Gaboon in entire safety].

When the rain ceased, I started my Kougongo up-river. With various stoppages, and some changes in the crew, I was at the Agéma House early in the afternoon of Monday, Sept. 25th, where I was comfortably safe; for, that night there was rain with thunder and lightning, the official announcement of the Raining Season.

On the 27th, I resumed the two-day journey to Belambé. As I passed the villages, I heard that Bakile had been killing

Faïwe. That boded ill for my mission-prospects. When I reached my house, on afternoon of the second day, there was another blow to my hopes. It had again been plundered! This time, every thing moveable was gone, doors, windows, and furniture!

I had given faith and love and trust and devotion to the Bakile. And, they had failed me. If it was true that "only Orenge" had been the robbers in August, it was obvious that Bakile, Gooe, Orenge, and all were sharers in this last demonstration. If I remained at Belambla, would it not be a case of "casting pearls before swine"? In the meantime, whether my temporary ^{continuance} residence there should be weeks or only days, I had to put in order the house in which I was still to sleep, mending its broken doors and windows. Nwanaja and Akaenda came; and I gave them the pretty dresses sent for them by ladies of the Mission, before I had even dreamed of such a thing as this robbery. As to Nwanaja I still had entire faith in her.

Misfortunes do not come singly. About midnight of the 29th, I was aroused by an alarm of fire. The bamboo kitchen, only a few yards from the house, was in blaze. I worked desperately at beating out the flames, and formed a

bucket-line of my people, from the river-side. Fortunately, the wind was blowing from the house. (I have never suspected that the fire was other than accidental.) Next day, Kasa came to inquire about the fire; and, I was told ~~that~~ an investigation of the robbery was being made on a charge against Nandi's people. On

Monday, Oct. 2^d, my heart was hurt again by the numbers of Bakalo who came begging for gifts! As if the loss of my plundered house was nothing to the rich white man! Doubtless, some of those beggars were also the thieves. Of course, I gave nothing. Nothing was really being done by either Kasa or Ondène, in the way of defense of myself or punishment of the offenders. It is impossible that those two men did not know whom some of them were.

So, I rebuilt the kitchen; for, with all my hurt feelings that were deciding me to go away, I still had too tender a memory of the love I had put into my work for Belambé, to abandon the place. I still would retain it as an out-station, under the care of some educated native.

The cold which caught me on the night of the fire, increased; and, by Oct. 4th, I was feverish. The Fever grew, as the days went by.

I did not go to bed; but, sat wrapped in an overcoat, receiving visitors, and superintending work. But, on Oct. 6th, I succumbed, under a threatened attack of pneumonia. My diary records are chronologically incorrect from Oct. 6th to Oct. 18th. I made them, after a partial recovery, on inquiry among my people as to the sequence of events. Somewhere, I am short of a day. Part of the time, I must have been unconscious. My cough was bad. My employees brought me doses of my medicines, as I was able from time to time to direct. Desiring warmth and air, I had my bedding brought out of doors, and placed in a hammock under the shade of a tree, but still in the hot African air. Under that cover, I ate nothing. One day, Kongolo offered me food. On my refusing it, he exclaimed, "You! Dr. Nassau! you! an only missionary! and you are going to die for not eating?" (To a native African, inability to eat is the worst sign in any sickness.) A lame female cat that had wandered to my house, and which I had petted, clambered into ~~my~~^{the} hammock with me. Only the affection of a cat! On the 9th, I was so faint for food, and yet without appetite, that I ordered a can of oysters

to be stewed with a quantity of hot chili-peppers, and a roast ripe plantain. It did me good! The 11th of Oct., my anniversary birth-day, made me feel that a continuance of such conditions would make an old man of me. So, on the 12th, I arose, and attempted some work. A Mpougwe trader brought me a note from M^r. Travis confirming a report of the killing and drowning of five Orungu, for the assault on M^r. Schultz. Their assault on me had found me helpless. Back of the German was his rich employer, Woermann, and the German Empire!

Oct. 18th was a notable day. Two Fairs came to see me, from the village just across the river. They and the Bakile had been reciprocally afraid of each other. I said to myself:—this may be the beginning of many Fair coming to a station neglected by Bakile! It was so. Leaving Kongolo in charge, I got things together to go down to M^r. Travis, in order to meet the expected "Pioneer". Arriving there, in the evening I was chatting with M^r. Woodward, and suggested that on a certain day we go bird-hunting. He said, "That day will be Sunday". I insisted that it would be Saturday. As we could not agree about the date, we waited until the "Pioneer" should

come, and its ship's-log would decide. [The final decision was against me: my diary was wrong; for three weeks I had been keeping Sunday on the wrong day!].

Mr. Travis was hospitable; but, the sleeping accommodations were limited. So, I lodged at night, in Chief Re-Nkombe's town, Atangina, on the left bank of the Ajemba branch and opposite to Kanguwe Hill.

On Monday, Oct. 23^d, I announced to the Atangina people that I would come and build at Kanguwe. And, the next day, I went up-river to inform the Bakile. One of my eyes was swelled and pained with an eye-worm; but, I held the rudder; reaching my house on the 25^d.

The next day, I told Kasa that I would leave. He seemed depressed; said that he would come again to say his thoughts. Two days later he came. He tried to change my determination. He finally agreed not to obstruct my going, on my promising to retain the Belambila house with a native teacher. But, he asked me to delay, and listen to his proposed public "talk" about the robbery. I yielded. But, the talk amounted to nothing. It was too late. He had allowed two months to pass; and nothing had been done by him, in the way of defence or reparation.

On Monday, Oct. 31, I left Kougolo in charge of the house, the little school, and the Sunday services. For companions, I left with him two of my halwas, to keep the premises in order. And, I bade good-bye to Belambla!

I did not stop at any villages on the way down-river. There would have been the traitorous inquiry, "Why are you leaving Belambla?", and empty denials of a share in the robbery.

Arrived at Agumua, I found a mail that had come by the "Pioneer", five days previously. And, I passed on to Atangina town.